

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

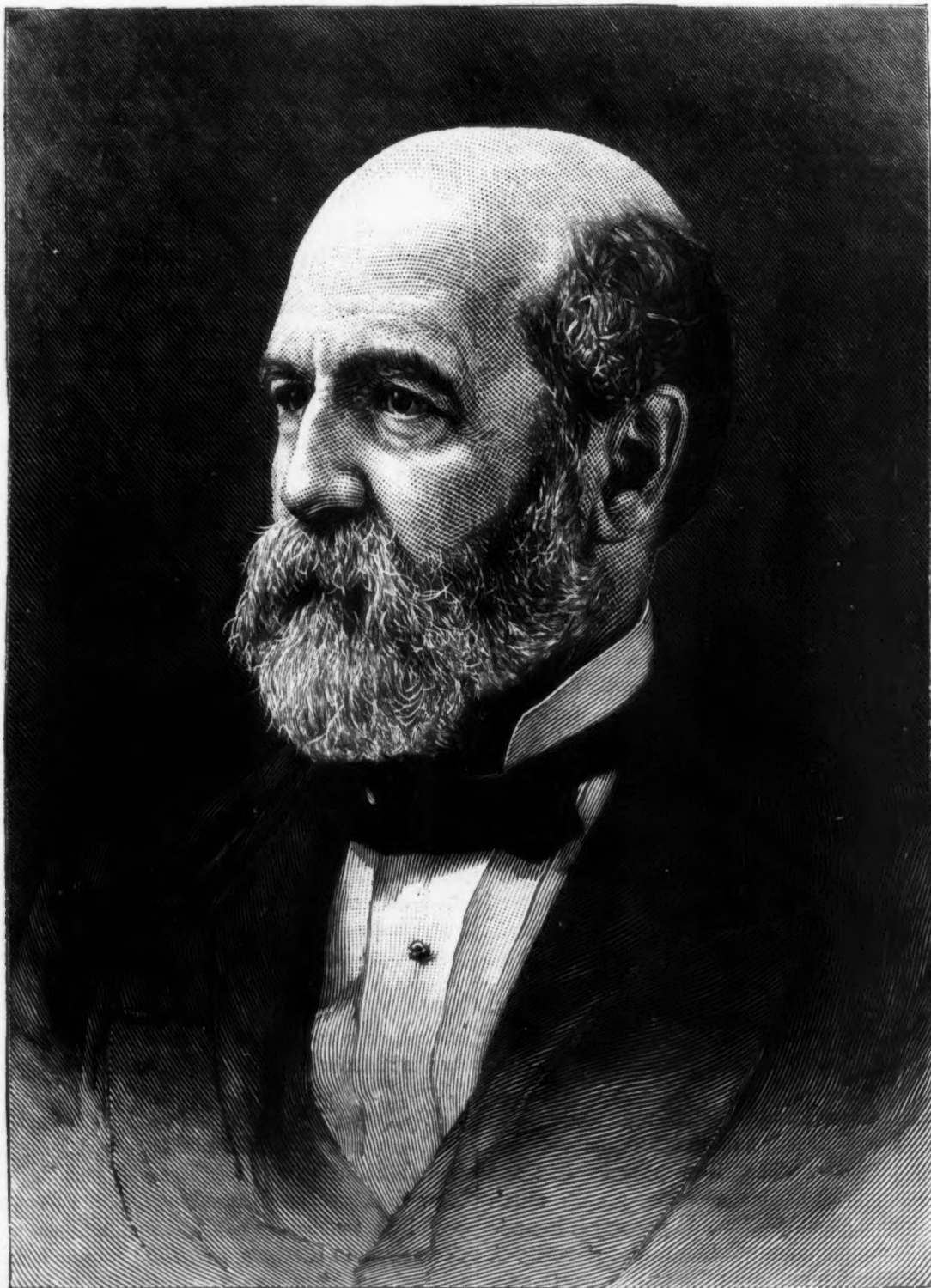
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THE GOVERNING POWERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D.



C. P. HUNTINGTON, CONTROLLING THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

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It is related that an English lord, on an adventurous journey in the East, was received by the chief of a large tribe which trade had brought in contact with Great Britain. The barbaric potentate was unsparing in his attentions to his distinguished guest. The lord was quite unable to understand why so much pains had been taken to honor him. His entertainer finally threw light on the subject by remarking (I reduce the Oriental hyperbole to our plain vernacular) that the English custom for keeping the aristocracy strong and powerful was similar to their own. "With us," he continued, "we put to death all the younger sons; you degrade them and leave them to starve. It amounts to the same thing—concentrating power in one at the expense of the rest of the family. But you perceive our plan is far superior to yours, and I have no doubt your Queen will adopt it on your representation."

The inequalities of human life—how do they come about? How comes it that with the uncivilized hordes of a fawn-colored despot, and the enlightened and finely cultivated subjects of Queen Victoria, a parallel could be drawn so striking that it sets everybody thinking?

Waiving this for the moment, let us transfer the subject to our own country. It is the just assertion of the citizens of the United States that we have no aristocracy by right of birth, and that such an aristocracy is impossible here; for care was taken by the framers of our constitution that no right of primogeniture should exist, while the laws of entail have been abolished in the separate States of the Union, so as to prevent overgrown accumulations in one family.

Nevertheless power has constantly been stealing from the many to the few. Complaints are perpetually heard of the tyranny of the rich, and curses are rife everywhere against those who have secured control, no matter of what. The question comes back again; the inequalities of life, how do they come about? For here certainly we had a very fair and equal start, taking possession almost in common, not so very many years back, of an uncultivated, wild region, where everybody was as nearly as might be on a par with everybody, with all laws creating a caste repudiated. I repeat here, within a limited number of years we find enormous private fortunes—fortunes, some of which dwarf the magnificent incomes of European princes and great landed lords and notable money kings; we find colossal schemes and enterprises which require a thousand-fold more than a "king's ransom" to compass, and also a general expenditure at which the Old World holds up its hands in amazement.

With all this we find poverty—poverty not sunken so low, not so absolutely and so desperately degraded as in the "old countries," but still a poverty which has ceased to be a negative principle; a poverty which is active, resolute, menacing—menacing, that is, in times of exceptional distress, times such as we are now passing through, and in the course of events shall pass through again periodically.

Poverty is in its nature humble, let us remember that; for it is ill-housed and ill-fed, and in consequence weak and far from courageous. Therefore poverty will not break bounds except from dire necessity; still, much more is to be feared from well-informed poverty if bounds be broken, than from unenlightened, ignorant poverty. A series of Sunday-school lessons by the pious agents of a complacent upper class in England has successfully en-

forced submission, resignation and entire subservieney. Such lessons did not serve for the well-informed and skilled workmen and artisans of Paris. Hence that terrible Commune at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, of which Bismarck observed, "Those fellows would not hold their position a week but that they represent a principle." Neither do such lessons serve for the sturdy mechanics of our own land.

What are we going to do about it? Nobody by divine right, or by any inherited right, can legally become a ruler or a titled individual in our country. But we have laws of inheritance as well as of testamentary control. An immense accumulated fortune can, even in this famed Republic, be devised to an elder son; and in the City of New York two well-known instances occur to us (in this respect the laws of France put us to shame), so that there is nothing to prevent the continuance of such a disposal of property in a family for generations. The chances may be against it; but they are merely chances. As our laws stand it is difficult to say how these overgrown accumulations are to be prevented; yet everybody admits the evil. What shall be the remedy?

There are in the City of New York many striking examples of immense accumulated wealth passing from generation to generation, increasing by careful investments and the great rise in the value of real estate. To preserve and add to this accumulated store requires prudent, methodical, clerk-like routine which, properly continued, the vast estate becomes an institution—an aristocratic institution in the midst of what we term our republican equality. We have, besides, the immense fortunes got together in trade—literally in trade—which surpass the almost fabulous incomes of the Duke of Devonshire or Richmond, while others, wrenching from the weak by the strong hand, have got control of great lines of railway, by the possession of which they come to rival in monetary power those I have just mentioned. These prominent examples might be readily added to. On the other side we have the story told of Agassiz, who, when a man of affairs sought to turn his wonderful scientific knowledge to account in some of his schemes, and offered a large sum to secure it, quietly replied that he "had no time to make money."

The reader is not to suppose, because I place this anecdote in contrast with what precedes, I undervalue the men of money. On the contrary, I think there is a great deal of senseless twaddle about them, and a great deal of uncalled-for vituperation. In the distribution of qualities and mental force and capacity among men, each does and acts and fulfills after his kind. We do not expect from the tiger the patient labor of the ox; nor can we claim of the vulture the peculiarities of the barnyard fowl. Place a colony on a desert island with nothing but their hands to commence with, and in twenty-four hours you will have indications of wealth and poverty among them.

What would you demand of these industrial, scheming business and financial giants? "A proper application and distribution of their immense wealth," you respond. Now that involves a moral question. Preach as much as you like to these people, lecture them soundly about their duty to the poor and unfortunate, enlarge upon the wickedness of overgrown accumulations, talk to them of the difficulty of a rich man's entering the kingdom of

heaven, and all that sort of thing ; but what is to be done if they don't listen to you ? The fact is they won't listen ; they will run their course, and will be succeeded by others, who will run theirs as regularly, though not in hereditary line, as Devonshire succeeds Devonshire, and Richmond, Richmond.

Therefore, with regard to the abuse of personal power and influence by a single individual, whether by reason of his immense wealth, or by reason of exceptional capabilities or acquirements, it is not easy to suggest a remedy after moral suasion has failed. There is of necessity concentration in power, and this demands exclusiveness, by which I mean the shutting out and the crushing out, if necessary, all rivalry or opposition. Neither is it always money-power. One man intellectually towers above all who surround him ; in fact, he cannot help controlling, and he does control in his sphere accordingly.

It is pleasant in this connection to look at very different examples and very different achievements. Here is a man, who, by the subtle force of inventive skill, opens up new paths for the world to tread in, yet he lives and dies in poverty ! Another uncovers the very arcana of science and bids us profit by his work, when for him there is no material compensation. Still another, who gives his life to the amelioration of the condition of the suffering, of those who are in despair and are ready to perish, finds in the work his only reward, and is content.

Each one of these is a power in the land, but what a contrast ! For the man large-brained and skilled in affairs, no matter in what department of the world's business, concentrates his whole strength on a certain course, which course involves destruction and ruin to antagonist or rival interests, and there is no preventing it. After all, who can tell how far it would be judicious to prevent it ? The rank and file of the inefficient, the indolent and the vicious, all cry out against the "bloated" man of wealth, who, as is claimed, absorbs the substance of every man with whom he comes in contact. The unfortunate are very apt to join in this cry, so do a large body of envious and detracting people generally. Yet, if we stop to consider, we shall find we cannot get along without these rich fellows. They build our fine churches, they endow our colleges, schools and hospitals, and head important lists of various charities. We accept their money and do not feel very much like scrutinizing where it came from, or how it was got together. Washington Irving describes the devotions of a bandit chief before the shrine of the Virgin in a little church in an Italian village, wherein tears and sobs and groans were mingled with prayers and pious ejaculations. These at an end, and bestowing liberal contributions and alms in abundance, he strode from the sanctuary and sped away to the mountains ; there to resume his career of robbery and violence. It was noticed that the bandit received grateful benedictions and good wishes from the poor peasants as he passed along. Who will undertake to number the thousands who are ready to bless the name of many a New Yorker for erecting a church, endowing a college, founding an asylum, or inaugurating some great and deserving charity, notwithstanding that same name is sufficiently potent to strike terror in Wall Street by an unlooked-for move and to call down the anathemas of the crowd of small speculators as they learn their doom.

All this cannot well be remedied, that is as things go. To control in any line of business requires a sharp looking after your own special interests, with no recognition of those of your rivals. It will surprise the general reader when I say that two of the most truly benevolent

and charitable men in the City of New York, lately deceased, who gave immensely without parade or ostentation, who were devoted to helping others, who were ever ready to listen to applications for relief, and who received and deserved the title of philanthropists, acquired their immense wealth, each in his way, by the application of great business talent in controlling the market for an article absolutely essential in human industry, controlling it in a manner to make bitter enemies of competitors and small rival producers, whom it was charged had been crushed by the relentless use of money-power, and who cried out against these men as cruel, unfeeling and remorseless.

I confess I see little to come from the mere denouncing of rich men, and I believe that a large proportion of those who indulge in these vituperations are in the same category with *Philip Faulconbridge*, when he exclaims :

"And why rail I on this commodity ?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
Well, whiles I am a beggar I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary."

Such is the situation touching the personal power of the individual. That conditions will in time be ameliorated without disruption of society, but through a moral solution, is the hope, if not the expectation, of thinking men.

Thus much for an introduction to the main subject. When I placed an anecdote at the beginning of this article and pointed it at the hereditary aristocracy of England, it was my design, since no danger could threaten us in that direction, to inquire from what our Republic has most to fear ? In this way came the question, "What are the Governing Powers in the United States ?" Dealing first with individuals, the reader will perceive I do not apprehend any special danger from the vice of large personal accumulations any more than from various other vices which certainly impair the health of the state, but about which it is difficult to legislate. At the same time, in this most favored of all favored lands, we have erected and are doing our best to strengthen a system more powerful than was the feudal system of old, more exclusive than is the aristocracy of England, and more audacious because relieved of personal responsibility. I mean the business corporations known as railroad companies, in conjunction with the telegraph companies and the express companies. I place them in the order of their importance, relative influence and power.

These corporations were created by the people in their legislative capacity to supply an overwhelming need. Our country is so enormous in extent from east to west and from north to south, its resources are so rich, so abundant and so varied, while the means of development were at first so scanty and the necessity for developing so strong, it is not to be wondered at that companies and associations formed to bring out the dormant wealth of the nation and to supply its instant pressing necessities of whatever sort, should be granted extraordinary powers and facilities, accompanied with extraordinary grants and privileges. An iron course to the Pacific was the immediate need of the nation, at a period when it was battling for its very existence, and it can be readily understood why companies which undertook to lay it received all the substantial encouragement the Government could bestow. The same thing was repeated for other large lines, and on shorter lines, and on local lines, by the action of various States rich in lands, and by the action of counties and of towns and villages. The railroad



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, EARLY CONTROLLER OF THE HUDSON RIVER, HARLEM AND CENTRAL RAILROADS.

projector, after taking the legal course to secure the enormous land grants under the national or State's provision, makes a triumphant tour over the proposed line, and is hailed as a public benefactor by the inhabitants. Grants of land are secured from individuals, labor is furnished, as well as materials; stock in small quantities is subscribed for, and then the road is built by the creation of a large bonded debt. These are first steps only. The result, so far as the inhabitants are concerned, is all that was expected. The whole country along the line, and for miles away from it, is benefited, and the people are content to have given liberally, for the reward is great. That is the pleasant side of the picture. Time passes. The road requires repairs, the rolling stock is wearing out, the receipts are not as large as anticipated, it becomes difficult to pay the interest; at length the company makes default. It turns out that a large corporation in making up fresh combinations, requires this particular line; certain of their friends have purchased a quantity of the defaulted bonds at an enormous sacrifice to the holder; the mortgage is foreclosed and the road falls into the hands of the large corporation for probably less than half its cost; the old stock and bonds are wiped out, and a fresh issue pays the purchase-money thrice over. This is a general illustration. In this way a number of railroad corporations, by combination, co-operation and absorption, the larger roads swallowing the smaller, have come to exercise an enormous power in municipal, State and national Legislatures. There are special illustrations in abundance. The Hudson River Railroad was built through the influence, and by the generous expenditure, of the most prominent merchants in New York. Before it was constructed the city was almost literally cut off from communication with the North during the long period when the Hudson River

was closed by ice. The enterprise was carried through under great difficulties, but the result was that our city was open to all comers, Winter as well as Summer, and a great additional element of prosperity was added to its other advantages. Another result was that the projectors of the road lost their money, and its subsequent history, wherein it came to form a link in one of the most powerful and important railroad combinations in the land, is well known. A similar history attends the construction of the Harlem Railroad, the stock of which fell to a simply nominal price till taken up by the same combination which controlled the Hudson River Road and placed in line and made to form still another way of communication between New York and Albany.

I beg the reader to understand I am not now criticising these operations. Whatever may be the processes of those who manage to get the control, and who consolidate various lines or companies into one, I am not at present dealing with these processes. On the contrary, there is no doubt that the extinction of shorter lines with their corps of officers, from the president down, with their separate arrangements, or rather their merger into larger companies, whose lines are managed with care and system, is of very great benefit to the public. Further, the public will not specially interest itself about these methods, except possibly in a curious way, as one regards the tactics of the fish-eagle, which from its aerie watches the persevering labors of the fish-hawk in its attempts to snatch from the water provision for his family dinner. As the hawk successfully secures his prey and mounts with it in his talons, the eagle pounces upon him, compels him to drop his capture, and then seizes it and proceeds to incorporate the fish into his own system of digestion. True, there may be weeping and lamentations in the fish-hawk's young family, as there may be sighs and tears of those whose all had been invested in the extinguished road, but the "public," as a public, are benefited by the change, to say nothing of the huge corporation.

It is difficult fully to take in and to comprehend, either by intellectual or imaginative process, the enormous network of railroads which is now laid over the whole



J. W. GARRETT, WHO CONTROLLED THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD AND ITS CONNECTIONS, WITH TELEGRAPH LINES.

country. It is still harder to comprehend the scope and power of the mammoth corporations which control them, and how that power is employed. If we can manage to get an insight into this, we shall learn something about the Governing Powers in the United States.

There are to-day in the United States at least 125,000 miles of railroad in operation—more than in all Europe, and nearly as much as in all the world outside our own limits. Of these, there are now several mammoth corporations controlling by association, by lease and actual consolidation, not far from 12,000 miles each! I have

referred to the extraordinary grants and privileges bestowed upon these corporations. From the period of the first Government land grant of importance, which was to the Illinois Central Railroad Company, in 1850, including the enormous grants in Texas, there have been over 100,000,000 acres of land bestowed on railroad companies. This is not all. These lands, granted mainly in alternate sections, the other sections remaining with the Government, gave in most instances a kind of control of the whole. Further, the influence of the larger railroad

corporations at the Land-office in Washington, has been a paramount influence, no matter under what Administration or who was Secretary of the Interior. The first extraordinary advantage gained was in 1857, when Jeremiah Black was Attorney-general, on the application of certain railroad companies for *certified* lists of their lands before the lands were earned. The Attorney-general held that these lists could properly be furnished in the light of information, and they were furnished. What next? Some years later the Secretary of the Interior held that a complete legal title was conveyed by such certi-

fied lists, and that they were equivalent to patents and that he could not review the acts of his predecessors! This was a short way of disposing of some extra million acres of land which had never been earned, but of which the country was plundered. The power of these large corporations has been a controlling power, not only in securing extraordinary grants of land, but in the successful retaining of immense areas of land after their forfeiture. They have invariably succeeded in their claims against the Government, by which I mean claims for lands alleged to have been disposed of by the United

States, included in their grants; and, in a word, in all controversies touching their land grants, where the Government, or those holding under the Government, were parties. This is a broad statement, but the reader need only to look back to the record for the last thirty years to verify its truth. In other words, these great corporations have controlled in the Land-office, in the Interior Department, in the Law Department, and in the Legislature. The Indian, who, as the fable runs, expressed his three wishes by demanding—first, all the rum

in the world; second, all the tobacco in the world; third, more rum, faintly shadowed forth the ravenous greed of these railroad monsters. True, the Supreme Court of the United States has from time to time by its decisions attempted to limit these illegal encroachments. But the decisions have been little else than a dead letter, in face of the *construction* put on them by the Department.

Thus far I have spoken of the influence of the companies with every department of the General Government with regard to their immense land grants. This touches but one branch of an inexhaustible subject. . . The powers



WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, CONTROLLING THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

which control at the seat of Government also control the special legislation in a majority of the States. I do not now speak of what is termed corrupt influence, that is, the influence of unblushing, direct bribery, or of the direct employment of appliances such as those whose exposure disgraced the session of Congress ten years back. I refer to the influence of *power*; that sort of power which our railroad corporations hold to an extent which should alarm every one of us. For it compasses society: it has to do with every small and large town and village; its connections are unbroken, for it is a power which in its everyday working is accommodating, not to say beneficent, and whose machinery we cannot dispense with. I say in its everyday working; but beyond this its plans for obtaining control of whatever comes in its way; its audacity in demand, its impudence in resistance; its tenacity and unyielding perseverance in consummating what it decides upon, stamp a great railroad corporation of to-day as the behemoth of industrial associations.

Put yourself in opposition to this power, and you will quickly comprehend me. Resist in the courts an illegal encroachment on your property; bring suit for damages for injury to certain vested rights; endeavor to restrain from a cruel and inexcusable trespass, and you will speedily find your proceedings crippled by interlocutory motions, by temporary injunctions, by dilatory orders, until, unless you have both money to pay for the defense against these harassing methods, and the courage to continue to the end, you will abandon the attempt to maintain your rights, or perhaps accept some humiliating sum as a compromise, which does not even serve to defray your legal expenses. This is an everyday experience here in the City of New York. Much doubtless is owing to an indolent but certainly a vicious habit with nearly all our judges in granting *ex parte* orders, leaving the error, if any, to be set right on motion without thought of the terrible annoyance caused to the other party.

But there is another and a still more humiliating view of this matter. It is what I alluded to earlier in this article. I mean the continual and never-ending robber contests between these large corporations. I have said that the public are benefited in the consolidation of railroad lines, inasmuch as a better system of travel is introduced; but I have not referred to the evil inflicted on society by a series of acts by these different corporations, not done in a corner or hid from the light, but openly, defiantly, boastfully, which informs our youth and our young men that to be smart and quick-witted, they should be grasping, deceitful and unscrupulous, and that all these are necessary in order quickly to get rich; and that to be rich is the be-all and the end-all of life. Such are the lessons taught by the action of those who control these mammoth companies.

There are to-day four routes from the East to the Pacific Ocean. To-day desperate efforts are making by four powerful combinations, each for a continuous control of a route thither, which shall have its terminus in the City of New York. Each of these combinations controls not far from 12,000 miles of railroad, yet none of them as yet has secured a clear line from New York to the Pacific. Doubtless it will be accomplished by each sooner or later, for no scruples will stand in the way, nor any judicial action will prevent any means, however unjust, which shall be employed to subjugate other lines for the purpose. No Court or Legislature will interfere to check the career of corporations more powerful than Courts or Legislatures—corporations ever vigilant, ever active, with a legal machinery perfect in every appliance, and a treasury inexhaustible.

Another terrible result is the periodical ruin brought on the country by the collapse in prices of the shares and obligations of these companies. The one-man power controls a majority of the stock, it is often a bare majority and no more, and he as absolutely controls the fortunes of the road as if he owned every share issued. But what of the remaining shares which are scattered over the country, in the hands of persons of small means, of widows and minors who are dependent on them for an income? It is a decline in these which brings distress on the land, and when these shares become worthless come ruin and misery.

The period from 1879 to 1883 was one of great apparent prosperity in railway affairs. These were halcyon days for railroad projectors and speculators; everybody was eager for shares, and everybody got shares! With the collapse of the Northern Pacific came a sudden distrust in this sort of property. This was occasioned by the immense increase of fictitious capital during the four years named. The share capital of all the roads in the United States amounts to about \$4,500,000,000, the bonded debt to \$4,000,000,000 (four thousand million), the floating debt to \$400,000,000, making the total liabilities of the roads about \$70,000 per mile, when the actual average cost could not have exceeded \$30,000 to \$35,000 per mile. I have remarked that combinations by which the railroads are consolidated to bring small lines under one system and government benefited the public. But what shall we say of another public who have been brought to bankruptcy and are suffering infinite distress through the manipulations of those who control railroad companies in which the public own *nearly* one-half the share capital, and perhaps four-fifths of the bonded debt? It is impossible properly to characterize the methods, or to picture the widespread distress caused by them.

In answer to this arraignment, it is idle to tell me that a company consists of a large number of stockholders, many of them of the highest and most intelligent morality, and that eminent and thoroughly good names adorn the list of directors. While the balance of power in the share list is in one or more persons in combination, it is really the one-man power which controls. Besides, if the good people who are in the board of directors take some share in what is done, it is not as individuals, but as members of an immense impersonal concern. They are mere spokes of a wheel in a corporate machine. As such, they will vote for measures to secure certain legislation, to get possession of property in their path, or to circumvent a rival, such as probably not one of them would think of entertaining in his individual capacity. The history of the past few years is filled full of these unhappy illustrations, and they are so glaring that it seems incredible the country does not take the alarm.

I have mentioned two other business associations—the telegraph companies and the express companies. Neither of these can be compared with the railroad corporations in the volume of power held and exercised. Both are American inventions. [Indeed, we may well say that the management and manipulation of the railroads, as I have endeavored to describe them, are American inventions.]

Since the eventful morning of the 4th of March, 1843, when Professor Morse, coming to the breakfast-table in Washington, was told that the Bill in aid of his telegraph which had failed to pass the evening before, was attached to another Bill and passed after midnight, the entire length and breadth of the land has been interlaced and the remotest parts brought in close connection through that subtle means of communication which we call elec-

tricity. Not so conspicuously active as the railroad or express companies, its influence is more subtle and insinuating, as its machinery is more rapid and penetrating, because it can be concentrated and brought to bear instantly on its object. The small expense, comparatively, in constructing a line of telegraph, its large compensation, the enormous quota of secret intelligence it must perforce acquire, place in its hands a responsibility and a power impossible to measure. This is not all. The last few years' experience has shown us that the demon of monopoly has taken possession of the great and powerful corporation which seeks to possess and control every avenue of telegraphic communication over the whole of the vast area of the United States. The history of the doings of this institution is a sickening one. The determination to crush every rival company, and the high-handed and audacious measures resorted to, have, of late especially, filled our journals. Imagine for a moment that success shall attend the efforts of this corporation. Imagine for a moment that only over its lines can you communicate anywhere on this continent. Picture to yourself that they who control this awful machine—for it is entitled to the appellation—also control great lines of railroad and other corporate interests *whose shares are on the various stockboards of the country*—Why need I fill out the picture? You already comprehend what I would say, and I have your verdict that such an institution shall not be allowed to exist in this country. A healthy telegraph competition failing us, the telegraph lines, like the Post-office, must be made a part of our Government machinery.

In the latter part of the month of February, 1839, a young man by the name of William F. Harnden, of Boston, advertised in the newspapers that he would make a trip to New York as a public messenger, starting from Boston on the 4th day of March following. His route lay by Providence and by steamboat on Long Island Sound. He started punctually and had in charge several bookseller's parcels, broker's packages, and considerable sums of uncurrent money to exchange. Almost immediately after he added freight to his list, having made arrangements with the railroad and steamboat companies which enabled him to expedite in advance of the ordinary passage. The business grew and promised so well that in the following year Mr. P. B. Burke and Alvin Adams established a similar company. Still a year later, Mr. Burke retired, and William B. Dinsmore joined Adams. Here was the beginning of the famous Adams Express Company, while Harnden ultimately, in conjunction with others, devoted his energies to the European Express business. From these two enterprises sprung the great lines, which, like arteries and veins, course the entire surface of the United States, penetrating other countries. And what an advance from the early beginnings! To undertake to deliver parcels in a neighboring city; to carry money-packages from one broker to another at different points, and to attend to matters of similar consequence was the object of the original express. Since then these companies have grown from year to year and their purposes have multiplied. They will deliver the smallest parcels, and at the same time the largest amount of merchandise in bulk. They not only do this, but they have perfected a system of "Express banking." They will collect money or pay money at any point over their numerous lines; they will attend to the presentation of drafts for acceptance and to their collection when due, or their protest if not paid, and this at remote points where no bank has correspondents or any means of communication. They will do even

more. They will, to a certain extent, purchase and sell and forward for you. On every steamboat line, on every railroad line, and, when at the end of these, on every large stage line, across uninhabited or sparsely habited districts; through Mexico, into Central and over South America you will encounter the express-agent—sturdy, resolute, quick-witted—armed to the teeth, executing the orders of the "company," defending, at the risk of his life, attacks upon his consignments, and often sacrificing his life in endeavoring to protect them.

While there have been at times bitter rivalries between various companies, and while from time to time, as in railroad companies, stronger combinations have crushed out the weaker ones, there is not that perpetual, never-ending, unscrupulous warfare going on between the express companies such as we witness with the railroads. The express companies have a better understanding with each other; they are interlaced, they own each other's stock, which brings them under a kind of central control, and enables them to wield an immense influence. This influence appeared to culminate about ten years ago. For at that time the express companies were often in a position to dictate to the railroad companies, claiming to name one or more directors in the board, and claiming that certain articles formerly placed for a passenger in the baggage-car must be delivered to the express company. By degrees the express companies, as such, have come more and more under the control of the great railroad lines. In other words, these two great interests are becoming to a large extent united, and when united their joint power is nearly irresistible.

Thus much in relation to certain corporations, which contain within themselves every necessary element of a despotism—to wit, exclusive powers, rights and privileges in perpetuity. These companies have every advantage over the man who succeeds to titles and hereditary power, though these continue indefinitely from generation to generation. There is, and there always must be, a strong moral responsibility attending the action and the doings of an English nobleman. He cannot afford to defile his descent of hundreds of years. He can enter into no particular combinations beyond the link which is formed with those of his class, and which is mainly social.

The American corporation is hampered with none of these embarrassing circumstances. Power, the lust for which is ranked deadliest of human vices—power is the all-attractive, all-absorbing pursuit. Not that the ordinary work for which they were created is lost sight of; on the contrary, it is ordinarily performed with energetic efficiency. But I repeat that surely, it may be imperceptibly but with no step backward, these corporations intrench themselves in and around the vital points of our general, State, county and municipal Governments, one and all. They seek by various means a paramount and controlling influence with courts of justice, and they control efficiently its machinery by the employment of the ablest and most subtle legal talent.

In these observations I have endeavored to avoid all personal allusions. I have directed my remarks against the dangers which, as it appears to me, will surely come from these vast corporations which I denominate the "Governing Powers in the United States." I have remarked that I saw no special remedy for the vice of enormous personal accumulations beyond what lay in moral influence. Touching our corporations, the case is different. As they are creatures of the statute, laws can be employed to hold them in check. This can be done by circumscribing their powers, curtailing their profits, and

by such a careful oversight and supervision that they will be shorn of their extraordinary facilities and privileges, and brought strictly and surely within the scope and sphere of the duties for which they were created.

This will prove a most difficult matter. What if it prove to be impossible? What if it turns out that we are already so within the grasp of these corporations that we are helpless? Still there is a remedy; for if legislation fails, if the courts are stricken with paralysis, if all fountains of legitimate redress are destroyed, we have one other resource—public opinion. It is seldom stirred to its depths; but when stirred it is idle to resist it. It is that "higher power," before which wealth, though intrenched within its vast accumulations, turns pale; in whose presence corporations tremble and dishonest Legislatures quail; a power which tries the judge on the bench and the ruler in his cabinet; a power which invokes revolution—not the revolution of the barricades, but of the ballot—revolution peaceful, but which it is impossible to successfully oppose; a revolution which saves us from dynamite and the assassin; which places honest men at the front, and relegates rogues to their own place; a revolution brought about by the enlightened judgment of an educated people stirred by a sense of danger to the republic and its institutions.

SOME FLOWERS OF FANCY.

THAT the lily should symbolize purity seems appropriate enough, but why should parsley in olden times have been associated with death? It is recorded, as we know, that a few bundles of parsley once threw a whole Greek army into panic, because in Greece the tombs of the dead were strewn with the herb. With them "to be in need of parsley" was equivalent to being beyond hope. The name itself offers little explanation of this superstition, for it is derived from the Latin *retroselium*, which again was taken from the Greek name, signifying the "plant of the rocks." According to the myth, however, it sprang from the blood of Archemorus, or Orpheltes, the son of Lyeurgus of Nemæa. Archemorus was killed by a serpent while his foster-mother was showing the soldiers of Adrastus where they might find a fountain. On the place where he died there sprang up the parsley, which the Greeks, in grief for his loss, wove into chaplets for the victors at the Nemæan games. At these games it was always customary to deliver a funeral oration in memory of Archemorus, while the participators were dressed in mourning. Hence the association of

parsley with death among the Greeks, and the long-prevailing Western belief that the plant is "unlucky" is only another instance of the marvelous longevity of superstitions. Professor Dyer tells us that in Devonshire to transplant parsley is accounted a serious offense against the tutelary spirit of the herb, and is certain to be punished within the year by some great misfortune. In South Hampshire, the country-people will never give parsley away, for fear of trouble; and in Suffolk it is believed that if it be sown on any other day than Good Friday, it will not grow double. The *Folklore Record*, not long ago, gave the case of a gentleman near Southampton, whose gardener refused to sow some parsley-seed when ordered, because "it would be a bad day's work" for him to do so; the most he would do was to bring a plant or two, and throw them down for the

master to pick up if he chose. To give them, however, the man regarded as fatal. But even to move parsley is regarded in some places to be unlucky, and we have read of a parish-clerk in Devonshire, who was bedridden, and who was popularly supposed to owe his trouble to having moved some parsley-beds. There is a similar superstition, we believe, in Germany, and many of our readers have probably often come across an old saying, that "Parsley fried will bring a man to his saddle and a woman to her grave." The allusion to the saddle is obscure; but it is obvious that all the superstitious dread of parsley is a survival of the old Greek fable immortalized in the Nemæan games.

That the rose should be associated with death may appear strange to some of our readers, yet so it was. The Greeks certainly used the rose in

their funeral rites and for the decoration of their tombs. The Romans used it for similar purposes, and, we are told, often left legacies for the express purpose of keeping their tombs adorned with the flower. Whether it was by them that the practice was introduced into England is not capable of direct proof, but it is worthy of note that at Leckley, a place where the Romans were often located in large numbers, it was a custom of comparatively recent experience for girls to plant roses upon the graves of their dead lovers. Hence, no doubt, its origin in Gay's riddle:

"What flower is that which royal honor craves?
Adjoin the Virgin, and 'tis strewn on graves."

The answer is "Rosemary," which, although sometimes understood to mean the Rose of the Virgin Mary, was neither a rose, nor in any special way associated with the



GEORGE B. ROBERTS, CONTROLLING THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SYSTEM.—SEE PAGE 385.

Virgin. On the other hand, the rose is associated by most Catholics with the Mother of the Saviour, and in Italy especially, during the celebrations of May, the rose is abundantly used. By some it has been thought that the early association of the rose with death led to the expression "under the rose," applied to anything to be done in secret or silence. Others, again, have ascribed the origin of the expression to the perfect beauty of the flower, which, as language is unable to portray it, is a symbol of silence. Sir Thomas Browne, however, says the origin was either in the old custom of wearing chaplets of roses during the "Symposiack meetings," or else because the rose was the flower of Venus, "which Cupid consecrated unto Harpocrates, the god of silence." There is a basis of probability in both theories, and we know that the rose was peculiarly the property of the goddess of love. Indeed, according to the old fable, the flower was originally white until dyed by the blood which flowed from the foot of Venus, pierced by a thorn as she ran to the aid of her loved Adonis. Hence, Spenser says:

"White as the native rose, before the change
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress."

According to others, however, it was the blood of Adonis which dyed the flower. Thus Bion, in his Lament: "A tear the Paphian sheds for each blood-drop of Adonis, and tears and blood on the earth are turned to flowers. The blood brings forth the rose, and the tears the wind-flower. Woe, woe, for Adonis! he hath perished, the lovely Adonis!"

This tradition is preserved in the German name, Adonis-blume, which, however, is usually applied to the anemone. The rose, however, being the emblem of



JAY GOULD, CONTROLLING THE TEXAS PACIFIC RAILROAD SYSTEM AND THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH.

love, and love having a natural abhorrence of publicity, it is not difficult to see the connection with silence. It is said that the Romans used to place a decoration of roses in the centre of their dining-rooms, as a hint to the guests that all that was said at the banqueting-table was in the nature of "privileged communications," and in old Germany a similar custom long prevailed. In the sixteenth century a rose was placed over confessionals, and the inference is that the hint was then well understood. There was also an obvious meaning in the adoption by the Jacobites of this flower as the emblem of the Pretender, to whose service they were secretly sworn. It was the white rose which was especially affected by the Stuarts, and the Pretender's birthday, the 10th of June, was for long known as "White Rose Day," much as "Primrose Day" is now definitely associated with the late Lord Beaconsfield. Of course the story of the Wars of the Roses is known to everybody, and how, in consequence, the rose became the emblem of England, as the thistle is of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland.

In the East there is even more of poetic significance attached to a rose than with us. It is related of Sadi, the Persian poet, that, when a slave, he earned his freedom by the adroit use of the flower. One day he presented a rose to his master, with the remark, made with all humility: "Do good to thy servant whilst thou hast the power, for the season of power is often as transient as the duration of this flower." This was in allusion to the Eastern fancy, which makes the white rose the emblem of life—transient and uncertain. In Persia they have a festival called "The Feast of the Roses," which lasts, as Moore tells us, during the blooming of the flowers. One of their great works is called "The Garden of Roses," and everybody knows how closely they associate the rose with the bulbul or nightingale. The belief is that the bird



ALVIN ADAMS, FOUNDER OF ADAMS EXPRESS.
SEE PAGE 385.

derives his melody from the beauteous flower, and they say, "You may place a handful of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, but he wants nothing more than the odor of his beloved rose."

Thomas Moore seizes, with happy effect, on this legend in "Lalla Rookh," which poem, indeed, is almost redolent of roses. But poetry generally is as full of the rose as the rose is of poetry, and it would take a great deal more space than we can spare to mention all the fancies and superstitious associations of the queen of flowers. Before quitting the subject, however, we should not omit to mention the Oriental traditions of how the rose received its various colors. It is said that when Mohammed was journeying to heaven, the sweat which fell from his forehead produced white roses, and that which fell from Al Borak produced yellow roses. But an older tradition is given by Sir John Mandeville. It is that of Zillah, the beauteous maiden of Bethlehem, who, being falsely accused, was condemned to be burned alive. At the stake the flames passed over her and shriveled up her accuser, while, on the spot where she stood, sprang up a garden of roses—red where the fire had touched, and white where it had passed. "And these were the first roses that ever any man saw."

We have referred to the lily as the emblem of purity, but, curiously enough, this innocent-looking flower has its baleful superstitions as well. In Devonshire it is accounted unlucky to plant a bed of lilies-of-the-valley, and to do so is to insure misfortune, if not death, within a year. Yet this flower has always been closely associated with the Virgin Mary, and according to one legend, it sprang from some of the milk which fell to the ground as she was nourishing the infant Jesus. The Greeks, however, had a similar legend, ascribing the origin of the flower to a drop of Juno's milk. The Greeks have always made a favorite of the lily, and even to this day use it largely in making up bridal-wreaths, while the sacred significance which Christians have found in the flower may be traceable to Our Lord's use of it in imagery. In this connection, the legend of the budding lily of St. Joseph will be remembered, and we know that the mediæval painters generally depicted the Madonna with a lily in her hand. There is also a tradition that the lily was the principal ornament in the crown of Solomon, and typified love, charity, purity and innocence—a combination of virtues scarcely to be found in the character of the Wise King himself. Nor must we forget that the sacred flower of the East—the lotus—is a lily, and that even to name it seems to carry ineffable consolation to the Buddhist. Thus, the universal prayer of the Buddhist—that prayer which is printed on slips and fastened on cylinders which are incessantly revolving in Thibet—"Om mani padme hum!" means simply, "Oh, the jewel in (or of) the lotus! Amen!" So Mr. Edwin Arnold, in "The Light of Asia":

"Ah, Lover! Brother! Guide! Lamp of the Law!
I take my refuge in Thy name and Thee!
I take my refuge in Thy Law of Good!
I take my refuge in Thy Order! Om!
The dew is on the lotus. Rise, Great Sun,
And lift my leaf, and mix me with the wave.
'Om mani padme hum,' the sunrise comes,
The Dewdrop slips into the shining sea!"

It seems that the lily, or lotus, was held sacred also in ancient Egypt, and the capitals of many of the buildings bear the form of an open lotus-flower. And naturally, in a land of Buddhism like China, the lotus occupies an important place, both in art, in poetry and in popular

fancy. It is recorded that the old Jews regarded the lily, or lotus (*Lilium candidum*), as a protection against enchantment, and it is said that Judith wore a wreath of lilies when she went to visit Holofernes, by way of counteractant charm.

The lotus, which is the sacred lily of the East, must not be confounded with the mysterious plant mentioned by Ulysses, and of which Tennyson has sung—the plant of oblivion and sensuousness. That there is an element of enchantment about the lily we have seen is still believed in our own country, but the association of misfortune with it is not universal. On the contrary, in some parts the leaf of the lily is supposed to have curative virtues in cases of cuts and wounds, and Gerard, the old herbalist, even says that "the flowers of lily-of-the-valley, being close stopped up in a glass, put into an ant-hill, and taken away again a month after, ye shall find a liquor in the glass, which being outwardly applied, helpeth the gout."

We confess that we have heard of no experiments having been made with this remedy. But if not to cure gout, the flower has, it appears, been used to pay rents, for Grimm says that some lands in Hesse were held upon the condition of presenting a bunch of lily-of-the-valley every year. This, of course, would not be the whole burden, and the custom had, no doubt, a religious origin and significance. The flower is often associated with the sword of justice, and both the Dominicans and the Cistercians held it in high honor. It is worth noting, too, that some traditions make the lily the favorite flower of St. Cecilia, although the popular legend makes the angel bring her a bouquet of roses every night from Paradise.

But how did the lily become the badge of France? One tradition is that it was adopted by the French kings because it was the emblem of purity, and closely associated with both Christ and Solomon. One old legend has it that after one of the great battles of the Crusaders, the French banners were found covered with lilies. According to others, the Fleur-de-lys is merely a corruption of Fleur-de-Luce, or Fleur-de-Louis, and was not a lily at all, but the purple iris, which Louis VII. adopted for his emblem on his departure for the Holy Land. On the other hand there is a legend that a shield of azure bearing the device of three golden lilies was presented by an angel to Clothilde, the wife of Clovis, and it is claimed that the lily has been the true national emblem since the time of that sovereign. Whatever the origin, however, of Fleur-de-lys, it certainly means lily now, and the "Lily of France" is a symbol as definite as the "Rose of England," or as the Shamrock of Ireland.

It is curious how much superstition and romance have clustered round the humble clover-leaf. Not one of us, perhaps, but, as a child, has spent hours in looking for the four-leaved clover that was to bring untold luck. What trouble to find it! What joy when found! And what little profit beyond the joy of the search! As the old couplet had it, somewhat inconsequently:

"With a four-leav'd clover, double-topp'd ash, and green-topp'd
seave,
You may go before the queen's daughter without asking leave."

The advantage here is not very obvious, but the Devonshire people had a more defined idea of the virtue of the double clover, and they state it thus:

"An even-leaved ash,
And a four-leaved clover;
You'll see your true lover
Before the day's over."

But in Cambridgeshire it seems that the two-leaved clover is the object of desire, for there the saying goes :

"A clover, a clover of two,
Put it on your right shoe;
The first young man you meet,
In field, or lane, or street,
You shall have him,
Or one of his name."

This, while presenting a considerable amount of uncertainty in the result, at least has the merit of presaging something. In other parts, however, and in more ancient days, the carrying of the four-bladed clover was believed to bring luck in play and in business, safety on a journey, and the power of detecting evil spirits. In Germany the clover was held almost sacred whenever it had two or four blades. Now, as to luck, a curious thing is stated by the author of "The Plant Lore of Shakespeare." He says that clover is a corruption of "clava," a club, and that to this day we preserve the emblem of luck on our playing-cards in painting the suit of clubs! Somehow the etymology here does not seem very satisfying; but, at any rate, we all know what "living in clover" means. Yet, perhaps, every one does not know that in rural districts the clover is looked upon as a capital barometer, the leaves becoming rough to the feel when a storm is impending. Professor Dyer, indeed, quotes a writer who says that when tempestuous weather is coming the clover will "start and rise up as if it were afraid of an assault." It is probable that the association of good luck with the four-bladed clover arose from its fancied resemblance to the cross. Support is given to this hypothesis by the traditional origin of the shamrock as the badge of Ireland. In the account given of St. Patrick in "The Book of Days," it is stated that once when the saint wanted to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity to his pagan hearers, he plucked a piece of the common white clover. Now it seems that the trefoil is called "shamrakh" in Arabic, and was held sacred in Persia. And it is remarkable that Pliny says the trefoil is an antidote against the bite of snakes and scorpions. It is not by any means certain that the common clover was the original shamrock of Ireland; and even to this day many claim the title for the wood-sorrel. Still, for fifty years, at any rate, the popular belief has been that the trefoil-clover is the plant which was plucked by St. Patrick, who drove out the snakes from Ireland, who is still her patron-saint, and whose badge is worn to this day. But how did the name come from Arabia, and what is the connection between Pliny's theory and the legend of St. Patrick's victory over the vermin? These remain among the unsolved mysteries of folk-lore.

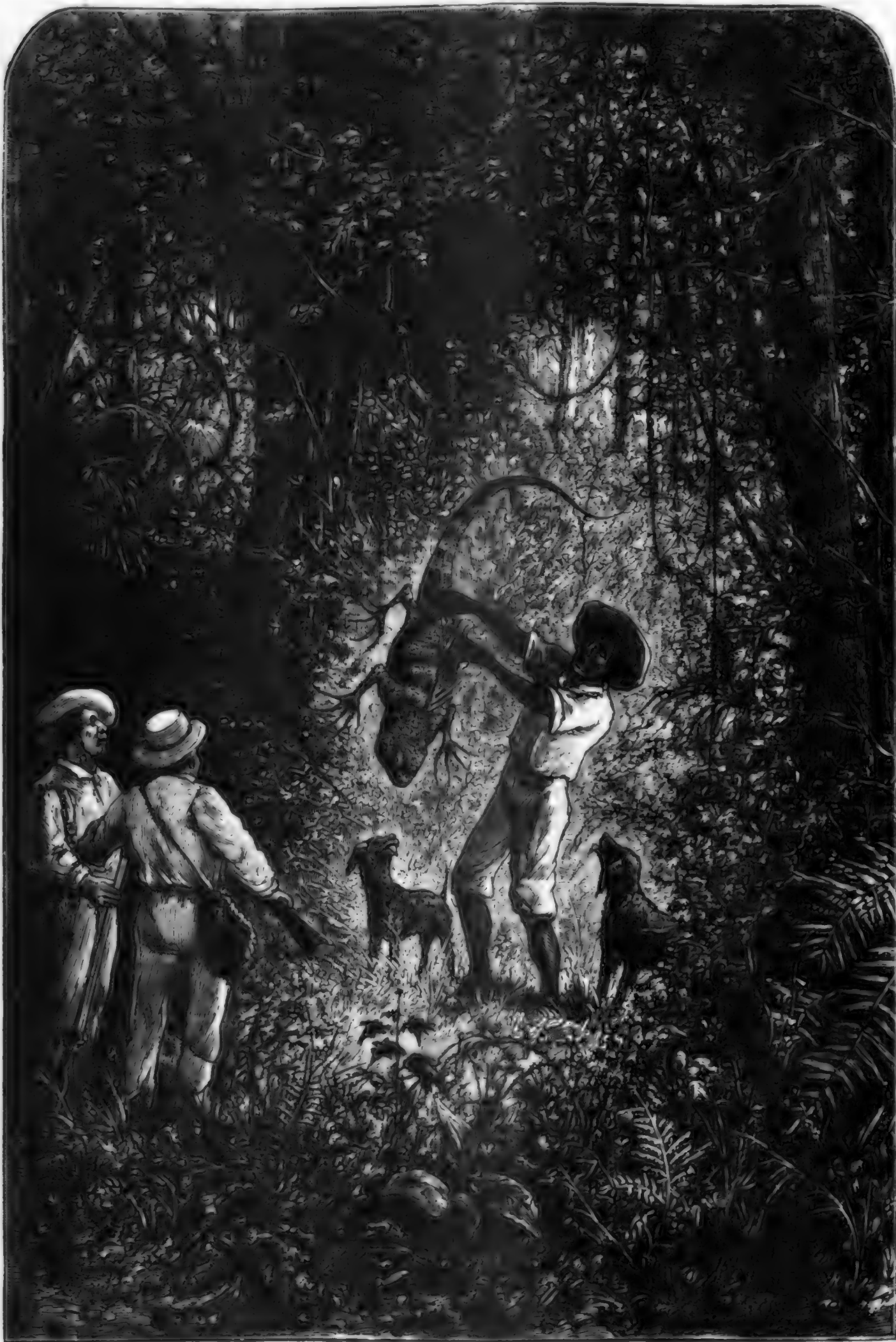
With the emblem of Scotland—the thistle—we shall not find so many classical associations and active superstitions, but yet it is not devoid of folk-lore. Of course opinions differ as to what was or is the true Scotch thistle, but of the several varieties of thistles many beliefs are entertained. One variety—the Carline—is esteemed in some parts as a barometer, as it closes up when rain is approaching. In Tartary there is a variety which grows to such a size that it is planted for shelter on the windward side of the huts on the Steppes. This thistle is called the "Wind Witch," because, after the heat of the Summer is past, the dried portions take the form of a ball, with which the spirits are supposed to make merry in the autumnal gales. The origin of the name thistle is probably Scandinavian, and associated with Thor. The plant was, at any rate, sacred to the Scandinavian god, and was believed by the old Vikings

to receive the color of the lightning into its blossom, which thereupon became endowed with high curative and protective virtues. If we mistake not, it was a species of thistle on Dartmoor which used to be called Thorn-mantle, and was used in the district as a febrifuge. We have also read that in Poland some infantile disorders are supposed to be the work of mischievous spirits using thistle-seed.

The Lady's Thistle, which some believe to be the true Scotch thistle, was one of the many plants associated with the Virgin. The tradition, according to Brand, is that the white spots on the leaves are due to the falling of some drops of the Holy Mother's milk, a legend we have seen to be attached also to the lily. Then the great Emperor Charlemagne's name is blended with that of the Carline Thistle, the story being that during the prevalence of an epidemic among his troops, he prayed to God for help. An angel appeared, and indicated, by firing an arrow, a plant which would allay the disease. This was the *Carlina acaulis*, which, of course, cured all the sick soldiers, and possibly may have some of the febrifuge virtues which the Dartmoor people fancied existed in some kinds of thistle. Nettle-soup, as we know, is still a familiar housewife's remedy for some childish ailments.

In Germany there is said to be a superstition that sores upon horses' backs may be cured by gathering four red thistle-blossoms before daybreak, and placing them in the form of a square upon the ground with a stone in the middle. It is not easy to trace the probable origin of this belief, but many of the old herbalists mention the thistle as efficacious in cases of vertigo, headaches, jaundice and "infirmities of the gall." Says one, "It is an herb of Mars, and under the sign Aries." Therefore, "it strengthens the attractive faculty of man and clarifies the blood, because the one is ruled by Mars. The continual drinking the decoction of it helps red faces, tetters and ringworms, because Mars causeth them. It helps the plague, sores, boils, itches, the bitings of mad dogs and venomous beasts, all which infirmities are under Mars." This same writer agrees with Dioscorides that the root of a thistle carried about "doth expel melancholy and remove all diseases connected therewith." In other words, the thistle was held to possess all the virtues now claimed for podophyllin, blue-pill and dandelion—a universal anti-bilious agent.

But how did the thistle become the emblem of Scotland? Well, there are as many traditions on the subject as there are opinions as to which variety of the plant is the true Scotch thistle. It is impossible here to refer to all, so we may mention that although the *Carduus Marianus*, or the Blessed or Lady's Thistle—the origin of whose name we have given—is very commonly accepted, so competent an authority as the author of "Nether Lochaber" rejects both that and all other varieties in favor of the *Cnicus acaulis*, or the stemless thistle. In doing this, he founds his belief upon the following tradition: Once, during the invasion of Scotland by the Norsemen, the invaders were stealing a march in the dark upon the Scots, when one of the bare-footed scouts placed his foot upon a thistle, which caused him to cry out so loudly that the Scots were aroused, and, flying to their horses, drove back the Danes with great slaughter. Now, this could not happen, says "Nether Lochaber," with any of the tall thistles, but only with the stemless thistle, which has sharp, fine spikes, and grows close on the ground. This, at least, is as reasonable an explanation as any of the great national badge of Scotland. It but remains to add that



HUNTING THE IGUANA IN THE FORESTS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

the first mention of the thistle as a national emblem occurs in an inventory of the jewels and other effects of James III., about 1467, and its first mention in poetry in a poem by Dunbar, written about 1503, to commemorate the marriage of James IV. with Margaret Tudor, and called "The Thrissell and the Rois." The Order of the Thistle dates from James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, about 1687.

And now, as we began with the wreath of parsley, which symbolizes death, let us end with the crown of orange-blossoms, which, among us, now symbolizes the twofold life of the married state. Among the Greeks, the brides used to wear garlands of myrtle and roses, because both of these plants were associated with the goddess of love. In China the orange has, from time immemorial, been an emblem of good luck, and is freely used to present to friends and guests. But although the orange is said to have been first brought by the Portu-

it will continue to hold its place in the affections of the maiden bride, to whom it seems to sing:

"Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and increasing;
Hourly joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you."

CAPTURING AN IGUANA.

The repulsive-looking iguana is perhaps the most unattractive creature used for human food. The family is a large one, and claims America as its special and exclusive abode. Columbus, in his first voyage, saw and described the strange-looking creature.

The iguana is found in the West Indies and in nearly



"Who be ye that seek admision?
Who cometh for food and rest?"

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 396.

guese from China in 1547, nevertheless this fruit is supposed to have been the golden apple of Juno, which grew in the Garden of Hesperides. As the golden apple was presented to the queen of heaven upon her marriage with Jupiter, we find here a definite explanation of the meaning attached to the fruit. But, besides this, it seems that orange-blossom was used centuries ago by Saracen brides in their personal decorations on the great day of their lives. It was meant to typify fruitfulness, and it is to be noted that the orange-tree bears both fruit and blossom at the same time, and is remarkable for its productiveness. It is possible, then, that the idea of orange-blossom for bridal decoration was brought from the East by the Crusaders; but we have been unable to trace at what date the custom began to be followed in England. However introduced, and whether retained as a symbol or merely for the exquisite beauty of the flower,

all parts of tropical America, there being some fifty varieties, but none that can claim beauty of form.

The iguana is a percher on trees, living almost wholly among the branches, to which it clings with its powerful feet, and on which it finds the greater part of its food. It is almost always to be found on the trees that are in the vicinity of water, and especially favors those which grow upon the banks of a river, where the branches overhang the stream.

Though not one of the aquatic lizards, the iguana is quite at home in the water, and, if alarmed, will often plunge into the stream, and either dive or swim rapidly away. While swimming it lays its fore-legs against the sides, so as to afford the smallest possible resistance to the water, stretches out the hinder legs, and by a rapid, serpentine movement of its long and flexible tail passes swiftly through the waves.

It has considerable power of enduring immersion—as, indeed, is the case with nearly all reptiles—and has been known to remain under water for an entire hour, and at

the end of that time to emerge in perfect vigor. From the aspect of this long-tailed, dewlapped, scaly, spiny lizard, most persons would rather recoil than feel attracted, and the idea of eating the flesh of so repulsive a creature would not be likely to occur to them.

Yet, in truth, the flesh of the iguana is justly reckoned as one of the delicacies of the country where it resides, being tender and of a peculiarly delicate flavor, not unlike the breast of a Spring chicken.

There are various modes of cooking the iguana, roasting and boiling being the most common. Making it into a fricassee, however, is the mode which has met the largest general approval, and a dish of iguana cutlets, when properly dressed, takes a very high place among the delicacies of a well-spread table. The eggs, too, of which the female iguana lays from four to six dozen, are very well flavored and in high repute. It is rather curious that they contain very little albumen, the yellow filling almost the entire shell. As is the case with the eggs of the turtle, they never harden by boiling, and only assume a little thicker consistence.

Some persons of peculiar constitutions cannot eat either the flesh or the eggs of the iguana, and it is said that this diet is very injurious to some diseases. The eggs are hid by the female iguana in sandy soil near rivers, lakes, or the sea-coast, and after covering them with sand, she leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun.

In consequence of the excellence of the flesh and eggs, the iguana is greatly persecuted by mankind, and its numbers considerably thinned. Those who hunt the animal for sport, or merely to supply their own homes, generally employ a noose for the purpose, which they cast dexterously round the neck of the reptile as it sits on a branch, and then, by a sudden and sharp jerk, loosen its hold and secure it. The creature is very bold, having but little idea of running away, and, in general, is so confident of its capability of frightening away its antagonist by puffing up its long dewlap and looking ferocious that it is captured before it discovers its mistake.

Even when caught it has no notion of yielding without a struggle, but bites so fiercely with its sharp, leaf-like teeth, and lashes so vigorously with its long, whip-like tail, that it is not secured without some trouble and risk. It is also very tenacious of life, and does not readily die even from repeated blows with heavy sticks, so that the spear or the pistol are often employed to kill it.

Those, however, who hunt the iguana for sale are obliged to have recourse to other expedients, such as nets and dogs, the latter being trained to secure the iguana without killing it.

Many persons set out on regular expeditions of this sort, embarking in a little vessel, and visiting numbers of different islets and inlets in chase of the iguana. Those which they can succeed in taking alive have their mouths carefully secured to prevent them from biting, and are stowed away in the hold, where they will live for a considerable time without requiring any nourishment. Those which are killed are either eaten on the spot, or else they are salted down in barrels and preserved for Winter consumption.

Were the iguanas quick of foot, they would seldom be captured; but, fortunately for the hunters, they cannot run fast, and according to the quaint language of Catesby, who visited the Bahamas about 1740, "their holes are a greater security to them than their heels."

The food of the iguana seems to consist almost entirely of fruits, fungi and other vegetable substances, and it is

known that in captivity it feeds upon various leaves and flowers.

The iguana is capable of domestication, and can be tamed without much difficulty by those who are kind to it and accustom it to their presence. It will even permit itself to be carried about in its owner's arms, though it will not permit a stranger to approach.

The general aspect of the iguana is most remarkable, and can perhaps be better understood by reference to the illustration than by any lengthened description. Suffice it to say that the head is rather large, and covered above with large scales. The mouth is enormously wide, and studded around the edge with those singularly shaped teeth which have already been described. Above the angles of the jaw there are generally some large, solitary, rounded scales. The chin is furnished with a kind of dewlap, large, baggy, and capable of being inflated at the will of the animal, scaly, and edged in front with a row of bold, tooth-like projections. The sides of the neck are covered with tubercles. The tail is extremely long, and very thin and tapering. The usual color of the iguana is dark olive-green, but is rather variable even in the same individual, being affected by change of weather, or locality, or temper. On the sides a few brown bands are generally seen, and the tail is marked with brown and green of various tones, the two colors being arranged in alternate rings.

The average length of the iguana is about four feet, but it often attains a much greater size, reaching a length of six feet or a little more.

MAKING GOLD LACE.

ONE of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable is the making of gold wire for what is known as gold lace. The refiner first prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he heats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold leaf, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. This rod is then subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire, when it is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations; it is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill. It has been calculated, however, that the gold actually placed on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one-millionth of an inch in thickness; that is, not above one-tenth the thickness of ordinary gold leaf.

A LAUGHING PLANT.

THIS is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travelers are to be believed. It grows in Arabia, and is called the laughing plant because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing-gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them; and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman; for he will dance, sing and laugh, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition.

for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep; and when he awakes, he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

BOOKBINDING.

THE bookbinder's craft was at its zenith just before the invention of printing; it has waned since, because nobody would care nowadays to give such prices as were cheerfully paid for books in the days when it took twenty-five months of a patient scribe's work to produce one copy of the Bible. The bindings of such costly books were works of art. Milan first, we are told, acquired a reputation for its bindings of Spanish leather, arabesqued and gilt, which superseded the old-fashioned bindings of wood, metal or ivory; but until the close of the fifteenth century the bindings of presentation volumes and of the church-books used on the high altars of cathedrals were mostly of solid gold or silver. Bruges has produced some beautiful works of this description.

At Ypres, the great cloth mart of North Europe, were first made plain bindings of cloth, embroidered more or less; but these were used only for small volumes of jests and ballads, and for the horn-books out of which the children in noble families learned their letters. Venice had a name for its bindings in ivory and woods from the East; Florence, like Ghent in Flanders, abounded in brass artificers, and produced brazen bindings gilt or silvered, each one the work of a master craftsman, for none ventured to make book-covers who were not skilled with their tools; but the most gorgeous bindings of all that were made before the invention of printing came from Rome. Here the guild of Italian goldsmiths had its chief hall; and there was also a sure sale for rich bindings of wrought gold.

ANIMALS AS BAROMETERS.

I do not know of any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather than by observing the habits of the snail. They do not drink, but imbibe moisture

during a rain and exude it afterward. This animal is never seen except before a rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees and getting on the leaves. The tree-snail, two days before a rain, will climb up the stems of plants, and, if the rain is going to be a long one, will get on the sheltered side of a leaf; but if a short rain, on the outside.

Then there are species that before a rain are yellow; after it, blue. Others indicate rain by protuberances, which before a rain rise as large as tubercles. At the end of each tubercle is a pore, which opens when the rain comes, to absorb and draw in the moisture. In other snails, deep indentations, beginning at the head, between the horns, and ending with the jointure of the tail, appear a few days before a storm.

Every farmer knows that when the swallows fly low rain is coming—continues the writer of these words, in a contemporary—sailors, when the sea-gulls fly toward the land—when the stormy petrels appear, or Mother Carey's chickens, as they are called—predict foul weather.

Take the ants. Have you never noticed the activity they display before the storm, hurrying, rushing hither and yon, as if they were letter-carriers making six trips a day? Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to lie before a fire, as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles, fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, and frogs croak more clamorously.

When you see a swan flying against the wind, spiders crowding on a wall, toads coming out of their holes in unusual numbers of an evening; slugs, worms and snails appearing, robin redbreasts pecking at the windows, pigeons coming to the dovecote earlier than usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice squeaking or geese washing, you can put them down as rain signs. Nearly all the animals have some way of telling the weather in advance. It may be that the altered condition of the atmosphere with regard to electricity, which generally accompanies changes of weather, makes them feel disagreeable or pleasant. The fact that the cat licks herself before a storm is urged by some naturalists as proof of the special influence of electricity. Man is not so sensitive. Yet many people feel listless before a storm, to say nothing of aggravated headaches and toothaches.

LADY YEARDLEY'S GUEST.

(1654.)

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

'Twas a Saturday night, mid-winter,
And the snow with its sheeted pall
Had covered the stubbled clearings
That girdled the rude-built "Hall."
But high in the deep-mouthed chimney,
'Mid laughter and shout and din,
The children were piling yule-logs
To welcome the Christmas in.

"Ah, so! We'll be glad to-morrow,"
The mother half-musing said,
As she looked at the eager workers,
And laid on a sunny head
A touch as of benediction—
"For Heaven is just as near
The father at far Patuxent,
As if he were with us here.

"So choose ye the pine and holly,
And shake from their boughs the snow;
We'll garland the rough-hewn rafters
As they garlanded long ago

Or ever Sir George went sailing*
Away o'er the wild sea-foam—
In my beautiful English Sussex,
The happy old walls at home."

She sighed: As she paused, a whisper
Set quickly all eyes a-strain:
"See! See!"—and the boy's hand pointed—
"There's a face at the window-pane!"
One instant a ghastly terror
Shot sudden her features o'er;
The next, and she rose unblenching,
And opened the fast-barred door.

"Who be ye that seek admission?
Who cometh for food and rest?
This night is a night above others
To shelter a straying guest."
Deep out of the snowy silence
A guttural answer broke:
"I come from the great Three Rivers,
I am Chief of the Roan-oke."

* Sir George Yeardley, Governor of the Colony of Virginia in 1636.



Straight in through the frightened children,
Unshrinking, the red man strode,
And loosed on the blazing hearthstone,
From his shoulder, a light-borne load;
And out of the pile of deerskins,
With look as serene and mild
As if it had been his cradle,
Stepped softly a little child.

As he chafed at the fire his fingers,
Close pressed to the brawny knee,
The gaze that the silent savage
Bent on him, was strange to see.
And then with a voice whose yearning
The father could scarcely stem,
He said—to the children pointing—
"I want him to be like *them*!"

"They weep for the boy in the wigwam;
I bring him a moon of days,
To learn of the speaking paper,
To hear of the wiser ways
Of the people beyond the water,
To break with the plow the sod—
To be kind to papoose and woman—
To pray to the white man's God."

"I give thee my hand!" And the Lady
Pressed forward with sudden cheer;
"Thou shalt eat of my English pudding,
And drink of my Christmas beer.
My sweethearts, this night remember,
All strangers are kith and kin.
This night, when the dear Lord's Mother
Could find no room at the inn!"

* * * * *

Next morn from the colony belfry
Pealed gayly the Sunday chime,
And merrily forth the people
Flocked, keeping the Christmas time.
And the Lady with bright-eyed children
Behind her, their lips a-smile,
And the Chief in his skins and wampum,
Came walking the narrow aisle.

Forthwith from the congregation
Broke fiercely a sullen cry:
"Out! out! with the crafty redskin!
Have at him! A spy! A spy!"
And quickly from belts leaped daggers,
And swords from their sheaths flashed bare,
And men from their seats defiant
Sprang, ready to slay him there.

But facing the crowd with courage
As calm as a knight of yore,
Stepped bravely the fair-browed woman,
The thrust of the steel before;
And spake with a queenly gesture,
Her hand on the Chief's brown breast,
"Ye dare not impeach my honor!
Ye dare not insult my guest!"

They dropped at her word their weapons,
Half-shamed as the Lady smiled,
And told them the red man's story,
And showed them the red man's child;
And pledged them her broad plantations,
That never would such betray
The trust that a Christian woman
Had shown on a Christmas Day!





THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME.—"WILD WITH INDIGNATION AND PAIN, SHE SCREAMED LOUDLY. KENT, RUSHING TO THE SPOT, BEHELD HER STRUGGLING IN DIMMICK'S ROUGH EMBRACE. PULLING OUT A PISTOL, KENT FIRED."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

WAYSIDE TINTS.

BY MRS. S. C. STONE.

ASTERS, sumachs, and golden-rods!
 Kings and queens of the ripened year!
 Bright with the first autumnal rains
 And earliest suns, we find you here.

Not in the groves do you hold your court,
 Rather your haunts are the hillsides bare,
 The lonely lanes and the ruined fort,
 And the wayside banks your liveries wear.

Lances of crimson and spears of gold,
 And crowns of purple and silver sheen,
 All of the wayside nooks now hold,
 Marshaled against their living green.

Over your ranks the barberry leans,
 Waving its fingers of loyal red,
 And the wild vine mingles its tender greens
 With the flame of the woodbine overhead.

Where is the painter can match your dyes?
 Who, with such royal largess, fling
 The rarest tints where the fewest eyes
 May find them out and their praises sing?

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME;
AN ORIGINAL STORY.

BY CELIA LOGAN.

CHAPTER I.—A KISS AND A CURSE.

A SLEEPY old slave was drawing out the figures of what would now be called a carpet-dance. A couple of violins and a piano furnished the music for the young folks to dance to at the little merrymaking given to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of Grace, the only daughter of Dr. Morton, the most popular physician in all Kentucky at the time, at least a dozen years before the late war. In those old slave days in the South, splendor and simplicity were often found together under one roof, and so it need not be thought strange that while the birthday party was of the most informal character, Dr. Morton's present to his daughter was a magnificent diamond necklace.

After admiring the splendid gift and exhibiting it to her adopted sister Agnes, Grace ran over to show it to her bosom-friend, Miss Cameron.

Lost in wonder at the beauty of the necklace, Mary Cameron asked Grace to leave it with her until the afternoon, so that she might show it to her brother Kent. As Grace was secretly in love with the brother of her school-mate and friend, in his name the guileless young girl would have granted any request, however foolish. Mary promised to bring the necklace to the ball, as the little dance was grandiloquently called.

So Grace left the necklace. Little did either of them foresee the terrible consequences which were destined to arise from this girlish act of trust and confidence.

Agnes was the daughter of a friend of the physician. Both had lost their wives at nearly the same hour, leaving them each with a female infant upon his hands. Agnes's father desired the doctor to care for his child while he sought to bury his grief in foreign travel. To oblige his friend and to have a companion for his own little one, the benevolent, stay-at-home country doctor consented.

Remittances were sent to him for the first eight or nine years of Agnes's life, then all communications ceased, but having abiding faith in his friend's integrity, Dr. Morton charitably concluded that he had died in some

foreign land and made no sign, and so by the time Agnes reached womanhood she had come to be regarded as the good doctor's own child and was always called Agnes "Morton."

She was a brilliant beauty, but a heartless flirt, and more than one difficulty that threatened serious consequences had arisen on account of her unscrupulous toying with men's hearts. Southerners were hot-headed and rash in those days. It was usually a word and a blow with them, and the blow first.

It took all the doctor's tact to keep the peace between the lovers of his adopted daughter.

Mary Cameron was not so beautiful as Agnes, but was possessed of a far higher moral nature, and was of a quiet, self-contained bearing.

The Camerons were orphan twins who lived alone in their little home attended by their two slaves, Sue and Jacob. The house was very old, built in the old-fashioned Southern style, of two stories, and straggling over a good deal of ground. It had descended from father to son through many generations of Camerons, and had been named by some of the first of them "The Old Cameron Home," but in course of time had come to be called "The Old Kentucky Home." The last Mrs. Cameron had been a staunch Southerner, and finding herself the mother of twins, had proudly and loyally named them after the sister States of Maryland and Kentucky. Fortunately for the boy and girl, these appellations were capable of being contracted into "Kent" and "Mary," and so they were generally called. Their parents died while they were still children, leaving them to the care of a grandfather, their sole relative, who bequeathed them his possessions, but hampered by a singular condition.

And still the old slave was drawing out the figures when the twins arrived, and in the waiting-room of Dr. Morton's house they met Charles Dimmick, Grace's cousin. Mary gave him the diamond necklace to take at once to his cousin, saying:

"Tell her I'm sorry I was not here at the opening of the ball, but Kent was late and kept me waiting, and I've to take off my things, put on my slippers and scold him before I go in, so take her the necklace quick!"

Dimmick promised to give the necklace at once to Grace, and left the twins alone.

"And now," said Mary, playfully, "please give an explanation of what kept you from home all the afternoon, brother Kent."

"I have been with Agnes," he answered, with an air of "I must out with it now, or never!"

"With Agnes!" echoed his sister. "What for?"

"To try and induce her to become my wife; and she has consented."

"Consented to become your wife?—Agnes?" she said.

"Yes; I know you would sooner I married Grace, but my heart has never wholly gone out to her, and Agnes alone can make my happiness. But you do not congratulate me. Are you not glad?"

"Oh, yes," she said, with a forced smile; "as glad as I can be of anything that will really cause a separation between us."

Kent said, impatiently:

"You know there must have come a time when each of us would seek a mate, and you were the first to do so. In becoming the wife of Roderic Hope, you follow the inclinations of your own heart, as I do in choosing Agnes. But, come, are you ready? There's a waltz beginning. Let's go into the ballroom."

Kent found young Hope, and turning his sister over to him, went in search of Agnes, who was not on the floor.

Maryland's betrothed was twenty-five years old, tall, and of that massive build and breadth betokening Scotch descent. His face was rather square than oval, with firm lines about the mouth and chin. Blue eyes and sandy hair softened the sternness of the countenance, and all pronounced him a handsome man, of a truly masculine type of beauty. In disposition Roderic was grave, and of an argumentative, thoughtful mind; possessing, in short, in an eminent degree those gifts calculated to insure him a brilliant future in his profession, that of the law. In point of temperament and high principles, the couple were well suited to each other, but now all they thought of was to enjoy the golden hours of youth and love, and the delights of the dance.

Charles Dimmick was one of Agnes Morton's many admirers, and she had encouraged and led him on almost until the moment of her acceptance of Kent. The first intimation Dimmick had of his being cast off, was her refusal to dance with him, but she danced with others. This so enraged the irascible and jealous man, that in watching and pursuing Agnes he forgot to give Grace the necklace. At the conclusion of a round dance with a man he detested because he thought him a favored rival, Dimmick hurried up, and drawing Agnes's arm within his, he whispered that he must and would speak to her alone. He led her out on to the veranda, and in a secluded part, unseen by the dancers, and with no one within earshot and the sound of the music distant, Dimmick, with almost a tone of command, bade Agnes be seated.

"I will not!" she answered, in a tone of cool contempt; "what do you mean by half dragging me out here, all by ourselves? Fortunately, I want a breath of air, so I forgive you, but I wish to be alone. Go, leave me!"

"I will not," said Dimmick; "not until I have had an explanation with you!"

"An explanation of what?"

"Of why you persist in breaking off with me?"

She turned away, not deigning to reply.

"Will you not answer?" he demanded, in low, resolute tones, but striving to control himself.

"You have no right to compel me to!" she answered, sullenly.

"No right! no right!" he reiterated. "So, then, you were deceiving me when you said you loved me?"

"I—I—" stammered the girl, for once abashed and hanging her head.

"Come," he said, roughly; "tell me the truth. I will be satisfied with nothing less," seizing her hand.

"Let me go!" she said, trying to pass him.

He barred the way, saying:

"Not until I have warned you of the consequences of your treachery. Remember that you pledged yourself to me, solemnly. You said you loved me, and promised to be my wife. That was but a month ago, and now you try to cast me off, without even a word of explanation; but I'll show you that I am not a man to be trifled with like that."

"Speak lower, for Heaven's sake!" said Agnes, as his voice rose with his increasing anger.

"Tell me his name, I say, that I may put a bullet through his brain. *Who* is the man that has caught your fickle fancy, and for whose sake you would not even dance with me to-night? His name, I say! Tell me!"

"I will not," she said, endeavoring to brush past him, but he caught and held her in such an iron grasp that she could scarcely repress a scream.

"Let me go!" she cried, "or I will call for help!"

"Call, call, if you like. I do not care. It is *you* only who have cause to fear the scandal of an exposure."

"Scandal! Exposure!" she echoed. "Why, what have I done wrong! Nothing, and you cannot make it appear that I have, so what can you do or say?"

"Say! Why, I will say to this new lover of yours that you were mine before you were his; that you dropped me for him. He will throw you off, and disgraced, you will be glad to take up with me again, and beg you to marry you."

"Marry you! Never! What! after this scene! this revelation of your character! Why, I would not marry you now if you were the last man in the world."

"Then I will kill the man you do marry," he said.

Agnes replied, calmly:

"Your threats do not frighten me; they only make me hate you."

"Hate me!" said the man, fairly staggering, and losing of a sudden his anger, he repeated, tenderly: "Hate me! after all that we have been to each other! You *cannot* hate me—unsay that! You shall love me again; I will forgive you this passing fancy; we will call this misunderstanding but a lovers' quarrel, and be all in all to each other once again."

"Never!" said Agnes, determined to pass him, for the music had begun again, and she knew some one or other would be coming to look for her, and she did not want to be found alone with Dimmick. "Never! You may forgive me, but I never can forgive you for your violence, threats and insults of to-night. Once more I ask you to end this folly and let me go quietly into the house."

"Quietly!" he retorted, with a bitter laugh. "Quietly, after you have ruined me for life? Quietly! why, woman, do you know that I have almost beggared myself for you? That to give you the costly presents which you have so lightly accepted I have committed— But what matters it to you if I have bartered my very soul and salvation to obtain trinkets for you? See here," he said, drawing Grace's necklace from his pocket; "take it, and give me but a kiss in exchange—the last—"

He flung the necklace at her, and seizing her, kissed her savagely.

Wild with indignation and pain, she screamed loudly. Kent, who had been seeking her, heard the shriek, and rushing to the spot, beheld her struggling in Dimmick's rough embrace. Pulling out a pistol, Kent fired.

Dimmick instantly released his hold, staggered, and as he fell, hissed out:

"You light o' love! curse you!"

CHAPTER II.

THE O'ER-FRAUGHT HEART.

THE report of the pistol brought every one to the veranda, and when Dr. Morton knelt and examined Dimmick, it was to find him dead.

With the smoking pistol in Kent's hand, there was little doubt as to who had done the deed. In fact, he confessed, saying that he had had an altercation with Dimmick about the necklace which he had refused to relinquish, and for which Kent's sister was responsible. In the struggle that ensued for its possession Kent, in a sudden impulse, fired, without, however, any intent to kill. This was looked upon as a flimsy attempt to hide the true cause of quarrel—jealousy on Agnes's account. Kent was arrested on the spot.

No one believed that Dimmick had met his death because he tried to appropriate his cousin's diamonds.

The feeling in Kentucky is that a man's betrothed



A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, FORTY YEARS AGO.—SEE PAGE 410.

should be as sacred as his wife. The people believed that Kent had come between Dimmick and enticed from him his promised bride, and popular indignation ran high against Kent Cameron. The crowd was so great at Dimmick's funeral that it overflowed into the adjoining streets, and the feeling ran so high that threats were openly made of lynching his murderer. Murderer! That appalling word penetrated even to the ears of his sister in her seclusion, for since the tragedy she had resolutely refused herself to visitors, and in particular

most positively declined to see or speak to Agnes Morton, whom she looked upon as the willful cause of all the trouble. Agnes deeply resented this refusal to see her,

as she feared that it might create a prejudice against her, and on the day of the funeral, knowing the home would be deserted by the men, Agnes slipped into the house, went noiselessly upstairs, and opened the door and went into Maryland's sitting-room. Starting up from her chair, Mary confronted her, abruptly demanding:

"What do you want? Why do you come here?"



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON—PRESENT APPEARANCE.

Did I not send word that you alone of all the Morton family I would not see?"

"I don't see why," replied Agnes, composedly. "I am not to blame."

"Not to blame! Not you! Who, then, is to blame that my brother is now a prisoner, and in peril of his life? Who but you?"

"I am *not* to blame," repeated Agnes; "not in the least. Dimmick had long been thrusting his unwelcome attentions upon me, and that night on the veranda I made him understand that I would have no more of them. For reply he seized me roughly in his arms and kissed me. At that moment Kent, who had been looking for me, came up, and driven suddenly mad—I suppose—by jealous fury, shot Dimmick dead. So you see I was not to blame."

"You were to blame for flirting with Dimmick."

"Well," said Agnes, nonchalantly, "if you call flirting admitting him to some degree of intimacy in order to learn his character before intrusting to him the happiness of my life, then I *did* flirt with him; but I think that a girl should have as wide a circle of suitors as possible, because her choice of a husband, once made, must be abided by, be the consequences what they may;

his? Oh, but there *are* looks and tones, smiles and low whispers which are the wiles of the practiced flirt. She needs little else to bring a lover to her feet, there to spurn when weary of him. And when the hour of reckoning comes she is amazed that she should be blamed, even though blood be shed for her false sake."

Agnes turned pale and gasped:

"Spare me! spare me!"



A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—SEE PAGE 410.

so, finding upon better acquaintance that I did not like Dimmick for a husband, I rejected him in favor of your brother—that was all there was to it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed. Anything worse than that I defy you to prove. Not a ribbon, not a flower, not a note did I ever send Dimmick; there was *nothing* he could show."

"And," inquired Maryland, "are there no other means than written words and the interchange of love-tokens that may make a man think a woman's heart is wholly

have had to slay to clear his pathway to your arms?"

"Mercy! mercy!" entreated Agnes.

"Mercy! You ask for mercy—you who showed none! Well, I *will* show you mercy—the mercy of silence and contempt. Go your way in life, and let me go mine, my eyes unsullied by the sight of you."

Agnes had been groveling at Maryland's feet. Stung to the quick, she now started up, exclaiming:

"All this virtuous indignation for a harmless flirtation!"

"Harmless!" said Mary. "See what the end has been! Leave me, before I am tempted to point you out to the world as that heartless woman whose hypocritical beguiling led one man to his death, and it may be another to the scaffold!"

"Point me out!" cried Agnes. "Take care, you proud and stony-hearted girl, that some day you yourself be not pointed out as a creature to be shunned? For who among us may not become the victim of circumstantial evidence which will convince the world of his guilt! But I care little for what you think, so long as my own conscience does not reproach me."

So saying, Agnes left the room.

Maryland sank exhausted into a chair. Her sorrow had taken that dangerous form which sheds no tear, the hardest of all to bear, for

"—the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

CHAPTER III.

THE RESCUING PARTY.

AGNES had not been gone half an hour when there was a light tap at the door, and Roderic entered when Maryland said, "Come in!"

"You here!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered; "did you not know I would come? I thought that at first you would be best alone."

"And you did not stay away because of my brother's disgrace?"

"Oh, my darling, how could you so misjudge me?" he asked, and drawing her to his breast, he kissed her tenderly.

The tried heart suddenly melted; the floodgates of the dried eyes opened, and Maryland wept long on her lover's breast. He held her silently until the much needed storm subsided. At length she calmed herself sufficiently to ask if he had seen Kent.

"No," he replied; "they would not admit me, but they assure me that he is well, and confident of acquittal."

"And so am I," she answered, "if they will allow him to stand his trial; but our black boy tells me that the people call Kent a murderer, and threaten to lynch him."

Roderic mentally cursed the officious slave for babbling to his mistress, but all he said in reply was to urge her to be calm.

"Calm! calm! when his life is at stake? Merciful Father in heaven, I shall go mad if I sit here inactive. Can I do nothing to help; can you do nothing to save him?"

"What can I do?" he asked, eagerly, for he was ready to risk his life for the woman he loved. "What would you have me do?"

"Release my brother from prison, and quickly, before the mob in its unreasoning fury may do him violence."

"What! I release him, alone and unaided?"

"No, not alone. My brother has friends as well as Dimmick, and if they can break into the jail to lynch Kent, surely other resolute men can do the same to rescue him."

"It is a risky and a dangerous thing to attempt," said Roderic, musingly.

"Are you afraid?" asked Maryland.

"No, not to expose my own life; but I doubt if I have the right to enlist others in a lawless undertaking which endangers their lives, and might not succeed in liberating Kent."

"That remains to be seen."

"And if I should succeed in releasing him, what good would it do? He would soon be retaken, thrown into prison again, and compelled to stand his trial with the fact against him that he sought by flight to evade honest inquiry into his act. That would create still greater prejudice against him than already exists. Believe me, he is too well guarded to be in danger from outsiders. Let me advise you to let the law take its course. He may be acquitted, or get off with an easy sentence. Listen to reason."

"Your reason is that of a coward."

"Coward!" said Roderic, drawing himself up proudly, and a flush of anger overspreading his features. "Have I deserved that reproach?"

"Yes, for you have sworn time and again that you would risk anything for my sake. You only wanted an opportunity, you said, to do some difficult and dangerous deed to prove your love for me; and now that the chance has come, you hesitate, argue and refuse. Oh, I have put your love to the test, and your courage too!" and Maryland laughed with such bitter scorn that it stung her lover to the very quick. With flashing eyes and heaving chest he sprang to his feet. Although he knew he was being urged on to a foolhardy and useless undertaking, he felt that he must attempt it, whatever the outcome, or lose her love, and be branded by her as a coward.

"Say no more!" he said; "I will make an attempt to rescue Kent, on the condition, however, that if I fail you will hold me blameless."

"I promise," she answered; "forgive me that I doubted you."

She held out her hand, but he clasped her to his heart in a convulsive embrace, the thought flashing through his mind that it might be their last. He bent and whispered in her ear:

"I will go at once and organize a rescuing party; but be silent as the grave itself. I may succeed in storming the jail to-night. Keep cool and quiet—farewell."

Another kiss, and the brave knight of modern days was gone, to lay down his young life, perhaps, for the sake of his betrothed.

Maryland fell upon her knees, invoking Divine aid upon his efforts.

* * * * *

Directly opposite her home stood the little old frame jail. She could see into the prison-yard from the upper window of a room over the kitchen. All that day she wandered through the house, a prey to anxiety and suspense. It seemed to her that night would never come. It did at last, and all night long she watched the prison from behind the curtains of the window overlooking the jail-yard.

A hundred times she asked herself if Roderic had failed her, and as many times her heart replied that he would be true to the end. The next day she passed in the same state of suspense and deferred hope, and still there was no sign of extraordinary moment in the prison opposite. In after years Maryland remembered those days of watching and waiting as the longest in her life.

Time wore to midnight of the second night, and Maryland, who had momentarily left her post, flew back to it as a noise of feet and a confused murmuring struck upon her ear.

Her heart seemed to cease beating in the agony of expectation.

Could it be that the rescuing party had at last begun its work?

The pale Spring moon shone brightly at times from behind the shifting clouds, heavy and black with promised rain. When Maryland reached the window there was already a crowd of men moving about in the jail-yard, but she could not distinguish their features. Their faces all looked black, and a parting cloud revealing the moon, enabled her to see that they were masked. Who were they?—lynchers or rescuers? How to determine that? She could not.

They surrounded the old jail, and for a while were strangely silent. Then they seemed to begin the attack. There were shots and shouts and groans, and among the crowd the girl could distinguish that there was one man over whom they were fighting. Between them they dragged him backward and forward, now one side of the combatants seizing him, and now the other. *Who* was it? At last a number of men got hold of him and carried him nearer to the street wall of the jail. His face was uplifted in the moonlight.

"Merciful God, it is my brother!" cried Maryland, crouching on her knees and shutting out the sight.

Oh, the alternate dread and hope of those terrible moments! Were they going to murder or to save him! Had she precipitated his fate by urging her lover on to rescue him? Terrible thought! Another wild shout brought her all trembling to her feet. Once more she clutched the curtain and strained her eyes upon the scene, but she could no longer make out the figure of her brother. With demoniac cries the mob rushed out of the yard into the street; the storm-clouds burst, the fierce rain poured down its long-pent-up fury, and completely obscured the black, surging mass of humanity. Mary's eyes grew dim; her senses failed. How long she remained unconscious she knew not, but was recalled to consciousness by a pounding upon the door which she had locked, so that no one should intrude during her gloomy and anxious watch.

Mechanically she tottered to the door, opened it, and Roderic stepped in.

"My brother!" was all she could say. He turned away. "Speak!—those men—tell me that those brave and noble men have rescued my brother—say that they have rescued him?"

"From all earthly troubles—yes" he replied, almost inaudibly.

With a heartbroken cry Maryland threw up her hands, staggered and fell prone.

CHAPTER IV.

MARYLAND'S SECRET.

DR. MORTON, the old and faithful friend of the Cameron family, had not deserted the unfortunate twins in their time of trouble and danger. At the first outbreak of the riot he had hurried to Maryland's home to endeavor to calm her fears; but finding himself unable to get in to her, and time being precious, he rushed over to the prison in the hope of preventing bloodshed, if he could not entirely succeed in quieting and dispersing the mob; but little availed the conciliatory voice of one man in that storm of wild passion.

It was not a lynching party that had attacked the prison, but Kent and Roderic's friends whom he had gathered together to make the attempt to rescue Kent.

They had been stoutly resisted by the people in charge of the jail and responsible for the safekeeping of its inmates. But the assailants were all young, strong men who had grown up with Kent and Roderic—who had skillfully worked upon their feelings by representing the

fatal shooting as having been done in hot, unpremeditated passion inspired by the sudden frenzy of jealousy at surprising Dimmick in the very act of brutally embracing Kent's betrothed; such an event might have happened to any one of those hot-headed, fiery-hearted young "Southern bloods"—as they were then called—and the affair came home to them. The man, too, had been their play-mate as boys, their companion as youths, and they determined to release him and send him North out of harm's way. They were met by men as determined and brave as themselves, and the hand-to-hand fight became so fierce that they were soon unable to distinguish friend from foe, especially when the moon surged behind the heavy, rain-charged clouds. Cries, shouts, shots, louder, hoarser, oftener, were heard, until, packed together, the combatants seemed a horde of struggling maniacs, and in the midst of it the man they fought about was trampled, bleeding, under foot, and in their crazy passion scarcely noticed.

Dr. Morton had managed to keep on the edge of the crowd, which for a few moments fought forward, leaving Kent face downward on the ground. Morton plunged toward him, pulled him to his feet, and dexterously flinging his large circular cloth cloak—such as Southern gentlemen then wore—completely enveloped him. The doctor was a large and powerful man; Cameron, a slim youth of nineteen years; so that he found no difficulty in now carrying, now dragging him along to the gates; and unperceived by the maddened rioters, he ran with him across the street and into the opposite yard of Maryland's home. There he laid him in the woodshed, and ascertaining that life was not extinct, he waited and waited until the storm came pouring, pealing, plunging down from the angry heavens—waited until the cries of the retreating mob, beaten back and out of the prison-yard, were heard fainter and fainter in the distance. The jailers then began to search for their prisoner, and not finding him, concluded that the mob had succeeded in getting off with him. The rescuing party supposed the jail officials had dragged Kent back to his cell, and that their efforts had resulted only in getting them broken arms, and bleeding heads, and other wounds of a more or less painful character, which they had to nurse in secret.

* * * * *

When Mary fell unconscious, Roderic summoned the servants, and after she was restored she requested them to leave her alone.

She tottered to the window. The storm had subsided, day was breaking, and in the gray light she descried Dr. Morton signaling to let him in.

While she was coming down-stairs, he brought Kent out of the shed, and when she opened the kitchen-door he staggered in with his burden. Seeing her about to cry out, he said, in a low tone:

"Hush! He's still alive, but senseless! I can save him, I think, but there must be no intrusion into his sick-room—no fear of arrest and being dragged back to prison. His escape from death must remain a secret until his recovery is assured. Upon your silence and nursing depend your brother's life."

"Thank God for that!" she said.

"Are the servants abed?"

"Yes; both of them."

"Then help me get him up-stairs. Take his feet; I will carry his head. Gently, quietly now! Remember, his life depends upon our secrecy!"

They laid him on his own bed, in the room adjoining Mary's sitting-room. There were two folding-doors between the two rooms.



A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—A CORNER IN THE POET'S ROOM.
SEE PAGE 410.

After breakfast that morning, Maryland sent her two servants to Dr. Morton's house, explaining that she would have no one with her while mourning for her brother. In reality, she wished to be rid of their kindly but curious eyes. And so, alone save for the good doctor's visits, Maryland nursed her brother back to life, but not to health.

When he was pronounced out of danger, there was something strange about him which the young girl could not understand. He would call her by name, and when she went to him he did not seem to know her. For a long time the doctor evaded her anxious questioning, but finding she would be satisfied with nothing less than the truth, he told her that, although Kent would not die of the wounds received that terrible night, he felt certain that his mind would never again know the light of reason.

Maryland pressed the physician to explain, as she could not understand why her brother had recovered from the violent handling to which he had been subjected, and yet should lose his mind. The doctor said:

"When the mob dragged Kent forcibly out of jail without giving him any knowledge of what their intentions were, he doubtless thought they were going to lynch him, and the shock and fear suddenly turned his brain."

"Fear! Kent was never afraid of anything!" replied his sister, proudly.

"I do not doubt that," said the doctor; "on ordinary occasions, under ordinary circumstances, he might have faced any danger without its affecting him in this way; but this was an extraordinary occasion, extraordinary circumstances following right upon the extraordinary event in which he took a man's life, so that his highly sensitive mind, already wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, suddenly gave way under the added excitement, just as the violinist in tuning up his instrument screws

the strings tighter and tighter, till suddenly one, unable to bear further pressure, snaps, and then is mute for ever."

Another day passed, and Dr. Morton informed the sorely-tried girl that her brother was sufficiently recov-



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

ered for the authorities to be informed of his existence. To his surprise and perplexity, she clung to him, and wildly implored him not to reveal Kent's whereabouts, nor the fact that he still lived. After thinking a while, he said :

"Listen to reason, Maryland. You cannot always conceal the fact of his escape from death. As you know, search has already been made for him. Eventually he will be traced to your house, arrested and compelled to stand his trial. See the risk you run !"

"I will take that risk," she said. "Never again, if I can prevent it, shall he be exposed to the uncertainty of the law. How do I know that he would be acquitted? Would you have me deliver him up to the gallows? How could I reconcile it to my conscience if, after Heaven

"Alone?"

"Alone!" said the girl, solemnly. "Heaven helping me, I will bear my cross alone."

"There is another reason," said the doctor, thoughtfully, "why you *must* reveal the fact that he still lives. You know it was your grandfather's strange idea to consider Kent and you, being twins, as one individual, so he left his property to you and him jointly as long as both should survive, but on the death of either, the entire property goes to a charitable institution; so that by maintaining that your brother is dead you will be obliged to relinquish the whole of your little property."

"Except the Old Kentucky Home. That was left me unconditionally by my mother. Under this old roof we were born—under it we will die!"



A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—SHAKESPEARE ARRESTED FOR POACHING.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

itself has miraculously restored him to me, I should plunge him into prison again? It is almost certain that he would be condemned to death. If the charge were anything but murder, I might consent to giving him up, but as it is—never! He was left for dead, and dead to the world he shall remain!"

"Do you know what personal sacrifices you will have to make in order to conceal that he lives?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I do. I must renounce the joys of wife and motherhood. I must renounce the world, and be with him, dead to it, for ever!"

"What! sacrifice your whole life? You cannot do it."

"I can and will!" she answered, firmly.

"You know not the terrible fate to which you are condemning yourself," the doctor continued. "For all the days that he may live, Kent will be a lunatic—harmless, but still a lunatic, willful and helpless as a child!"

"Then like a child I will tend and care for him."

"Die you may, Maryland, but how will you live?"

"On the products of the little farm surrounding the homestead," she answered.

"They will barely suffice for your needs," said the doctor, shaking his head, sadly; "but do not let that thought disturb you. As long as I have a crust, you shall share it."

Maryland's eyes grew moist as she said, "Oh, if I am sorely tried, Heaven has left me at least one friend to comfort and sustain me!"

"And he will do so to the end!"

"And keep my secret too, doctor?" asked Maryland, pleadingly.

After a struggle with himself, the doctor replied:

"Yes, but it is against my better judgment."

Kent suddenly cried out from the inner room, and they ran to him as he kept moaning, "Help, help!—don't let them murder me!"

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

By E. POINGDESTRE.

THE other day I paid my first visit to Stratford-on-Avon, a case of love at first sight with me. I had been staying a month at a popular seaside, where idle crowds of inland mortals basked all day on the sandy shore, "drunk with gladness" beneath the glorious sunshine of 1884. But now that memorable Summer was coming to its end, and four or five successive days of over "90° in the shade" were gone for ever, when I found myself one hot September evening at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham. As I went to bed it occurred to me that Stratford-on-Avon was in the neighborhood, and that the Great Western would be ready with a "slip carriage" to take me there early next morning. I got what sleep I could between the nocturnal cries of the newspaper-boys below and the midnight reverberations under the station-roof; when I awoke at six o'clock the boys were in full cry again.

Having breakfasted, I caught the early London express at Snow Hill, and by eight o'clock was duly "slipped" at Warwick. Then retracing our steps to Hatton by a slow train, we cantered down the gradients through green pastures, till we curved in to a pretty oasis of red brick and tile amidst the meadows.

Everything was bright and warm and clean in the September sun. Just outside the station on the right was a path marked "To Shottery," and—thanks to Mr. Black—I felt at home at once. I lounged a little by the pleasant hospital, to light a pipe and watch the Stratford boys and girls trooping to school in twos and threes—the Board School opposite. Hilarious boys, and girls intent on domestic narrative; all quite unconscious of the thoughts they suggest—for they were not even "creeping" to their books. A little further on is a crossing where five roads meet, and on the corner house of one to the left a blue-and-white slip bears the inscription:

"TO SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE."

Across the way there opens out a broad street lined with trees, giving a pretty Continental air; and here, as everywhere in Stratford, the old half-timbered houses are charmingly colored with creeper and flowers.

I was so pleased at the first breath of the place that I declined to turn off immediately and see the house. So with no other guide than a pipe and delicious morning air, I kept on in the sunshine past the chattering children, down Wood Street, round to the right into High Street. Here was a perspective where all seemed spotlessly clean, healthy, and cared-for; the timbered fronts and gables made a rich contrast against the glowing flowers on every window-sill; a solitary dogcart stood waiting on some early errand; and a lull of scarcely-finished breakfast filled the pavements.

I strolled along Chapel Street in great contentment, past old stone buildings, past the Shakespeare Hotel (of this more anon) half smothered in flowers; a bicycle rested in the shady porch. At the next crossing on my left I noticed a tiny plot of lawn where some shallow holes were covered by wire netting; but unsuspecting of their significance I sauntered on, ignorant of topography, trusting the town to disclose itself. In front a slip on the wall said:

"OLD TOWN,"

and sent me round to the left into the sun. More timbered villas here peeped out among the trees, trim and

glossy in their cleanliness; then came the old churchyard straight ahead, with its tall spire above a rampart of elms; the early sunlight had not yet disturbed the dark peace of the limes and cedars.

My pipe was not finished, so I struck down Mill Lane, where the splash of a water-wheel soon rewarded me. Here was the Avon, with a list of its "flood-marks" painted up on a wall of the mill. The lane ends here in a footpath which crosses the river by a wooden bridge; on this I sat, enjoying the sun. The water swarmed with young fish, and a steady stream flowed noiselessly toward the Bristol Channel. Behind me the view was closed by the "E. & W. Junction" Railway, whose red brick arches divide the transparent current. In front lay the town, half hid by trees; an engine quietly fizzed on the embankment; the millwheel splashed; and an occasional voice gave or took orders for the day's work. Some hundred yards away, on the doorstep of a house withdrawn from the lane, a young girl stood rapt in a pretty attitude, reading a letter she had just received; her round cropped head leant against a luxuriant creeper bright in the sun, and a dog rejoiced on the lawn.

Upon this morning Paradise an interruption came too soon. A heavy tread shook the bridge, and a thick-set veteran drew near to me, dressed in a worthy hat of many years' service. I tipped the ashes from my pipe, and was moving off, but this ancient landsman held me captive with his eye. He began by a careless allusion to the fact that cholera in foreign parts had been the occasion of an unusual number of visitors to Stratford this year. Mere "birds of passage," he remarked; and to some it seemed a pity they should pass through such a place so hurriedly. For the town, he considered, though few might know it, had more than a Shakespearean interest.* He was one who respected independence of action in others, and was never more content than when each tourist pleased himself as to what he should see or leave unseen; still, to those who loved nature and beauty in general there was always—so he found—an unexpected treat "when they see the marvelous collection of quadrupls and other cur-osities," which he had during many years stored up in his "museum." For I h'am a self-taught man," he concluded, "and a labor of love it is to me to watch their ways, and the cur-osity of some of my quadrupls is extraordin-ary to those who have not seen them, though there's some as pass on and miss it all. The price it cannot be, for sixpence clears the whole, and the place you will find by asking any one, for ——— is my name, and ——— Museum is the Museum of Stratford."

Assuring him that I was only scamping the place that day, but hoped to return some other time with more leisure, he gave me "Good-morning," and stumped down slowly across the fields. He little knew that he was much more interesting than any of his "quadrupls" so carefully collected.

The Avon flowed tranquilly again when his voice had died away, the wheel splashed round, and the sunlight made soft mist on the meadow-land. In Stratford these interruptions are easily forgiven; with Shakespeare for central figure all the others fit in; the town seems a living drama, and no one is out of place in such a nest of human nature. The charm of the spot is not spoilt by

* "In this opinion the writer thoroughly agrees with him."

noxious "touts"; there is scarcely any professional obtrusion, but rather an air of neighbors chatting a week after a funeral. Unlike the illustrations of most fine tales, which so outrage our conceptions of the hero or heroine, in the case of Stratford the concrete picture makes Shakespeare stand out much more real than before.

However, half-past nine. Descending from the bridge I returned to the churchyard and entered the shade. If Stratford as a whole seems just what we should like it, the church is the keynote of a pictured harmony. Strolling round among the gravestones, I came to the low wall which forms the river-boundary, and looked down at the Avon gliding noiselessly beneath. The pensive elms leaning over the stream from the gravel walk where I sat just stirred above their images below, the freckled sunshine crept in here and there upon the sod, and a melody of last century stole out from the pipes of the organ within. Across the river two or three cattle grazed in silence, while some sketcher's easel stood close to the water's edge. The Avon kept its course, soft and still as three hundred years ago, when Naseby had not been fought on the oolite hills where its waters rise.

A group of gravestones accosted me, to the memory of four of a family, aged twenty-seven, twenty-four, ten, and the last, one year old. The two eldest were brothers, drowned; and the father closed the list. Near these a slab related how the body beneath it was once

"A DIRECT DESCENDANT
OF THE IMMORTAL."

Another described its corpse as having been in life

"AN INOFFENSIVE FRIEND . . ."

A smaller one had the words,

"VIOLET HONORA,
DEAR CHILD,"

who died at three years and eight months—her "little life" soon "rounded with a sleep."

I was reading this stone, when a crunching heel cast its shadow before, and looking up, I saw a large-built florid-faced man of about sixty, with soft brown eyes, ripe for conversation. Yielding to fate, I suffered him to remark—his voice of velvet, and his intonation full of sweet reasonableness—that it was just such a mornin' as Shakespeare might 'a' sat watchin' the fish among the reeds. He smiled again, but perceiving no responsive rise in my pulse, he made a swift transition to a brewery distant some half-mile.

"Ah, there!" he sighed; "that man have made his fortune out of Shakespeare, more than most: for his beer weren't drunk to speak of till quite o' late; and none would drink it now that knew better, for better's to be had in many places round. But when the fuss come,* and 'twere all 'Shakespeare' here, then he cry it over the country, and paste it on the bottles, as 'twas 'Shakespeare ale,' and many've a-had a pint as never would, but for Ho. Dear! I know plenty o' houses where finer drink's to be got, so's any one's t'offer me. I shouldn't look at none o' that 'Shakespeare ale' if I was a gentleman."

His voice dropped *piano* as he went on: "For I'm just out o' the workhouse, sir—our monthly holiday; that is, 'twere monthly once, but once o' two months now. Staid out too late at night, some on 'em, and we all suffer as one, we do. I'm a Staffordshire man myself, when there's work; but the iron been so bad o' late, I

couldn't hold on no longer, and my friends told me to come in the House. 'Tis a prison! there, that's what it is!" he exclaimed, with the only touch of temper he had shown. "Let us out once in two months, because some on 'em staid with their friends over a glass o' beer *after eight o'clock* in the evening! 'Tis slavery! Once o' two months to get a glass of ale! . . . But we got *one* Guardian the right sort," he resumed, with less rueful air; "for one day he bring an' open out a small paper o' 'bacey for each of us—and t'others they did the same when they see he do it, next board-day, and we have it reg'lar now."

I congratulated him on this warm-hearted breach of the spirit of the Poor Law by the Stratford Guardians; then he descended from these magnates to my individual self, and shot a random surmise as to the chance of my having "a pipeful" about me. I said unfortunately I had almost exactly that amount, but wanted it myself. But I might have "a copper" I didn't want, to give a man a treat once in two months, and help him enjoy the fine day? This transferred a threepenny-bit from my pocket to his, and he exclaimed with a smile that transfigured his rosy cheeks: "I *shall* have a day, to be sure!"* Then, overcome by this consummation of his oratory, he moved joyfully forward, and left me his room instead of his company.

Now for the church, I thought, ere a worse thing befall me! Entering at the northwest door, the woman took me up the oaken aisle straight to the altar-rail, inside which lies the small slab with those four lines beginning—

"GOOD FRENDS FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE."

while the bust on the wall above keeps watch for the observance of this request. Since the altar-rail was put outside, the thousands of annual tourists have, at any rate, forborne to wear away the inscription with their feet, as must otherwise have happened. The most prominent objects inside the rail are three stately tombs, and as the slabs of the Shakespeare family lie so that their letters are upside down to the gaze of the public, they might easily escape notice, were it not for the paid attendant, who leads the visitor up, and spreads upon the slab a "rubbing" of the words, that he may read. There is a "practical" humor about this state of things which no one would have appreciated more than the man whose "DVST" was "ENCLOSED-HEARE."

It is a refined chancel; opposite Shakespeare's bust is the "Scriven Window," a sympathetic picture in memory of those two drowned brothers whose grave is next to the Avon outside; and close to the bust the morning rays come through the "Seven Ages" of the "American Window." The bust itself is curious; perhaps from being colored it seems too business-like and well-to-do, but the other extreme would be out of harmony with the air of Stratford. The cherubs and skulls that guard the arch from which the face looks out are quite in keeping with Shakespeare. The skull at the top eyes us blankly like an inscrutable conundrum; the only visible solace is in the two last words of the distich underneath:

" . . OLYMPVS HABET."

It is no use staring at these counterfeit presentments, and as it was only a few minutes to the morning service the woman hurried me through the vestry, where I performed the rites of inspecting the font, the baptismal entry, and the huge visitors' book. Then, with a glance

* An allusion to the "nationalization" of Shakespeare in 1847.

* As he afterward did.

at some pretty carving on the organ-front, I retired down the aisle into the open air, looking back to the central figure, as after a presentation at Court.

I came back to the river-wall, and sat undisturbed for half an hour enjoying the quiet of this English nook. If the church and churchyard had been consciously framed as a memorial to Shakespeare, they would have been a foolish failure; but shaped by successive accidents of time, they are all of a piece with the man and the place.

As I sat bewitched a barge came slowly with the stream, punted past the wall by two silent men; the surname *Lucy* on the stern. Where are the "Shakespeares" of to-day? Under the tunnel of the limes an old man was sweeping Autumn leaves, a veteran gravedigger, who had doubtless turned up many skulls in his time.

The barge disappeared by the mill, and the river resumed its repose. From my seat I could see a few boats moored higher up the stream, and beyond these a fringe of red cottages near the bulkier reflection of the "Memorial."

The people were coming out of church, so I followed their skirts. A short walk through "Southern Lane" took me to the Memorial, a brand-new contrast to everything else in Strat-

ford. Having paid my sixpence (*cela va sans dire* in Stratford), I climbed the steps and ladders to the top of the tower. Here was a view worth many sixpences. The low undulation of Warwickshire hills; the mass of warm color mixed with foliage which makes Stratford a charming picture; the distant woods of Charlecote; the two railways, quiet and on their best behavior; the many-arched old Clopton bridge across the Avon where it broadens to admit the canal; the sleepy barges bright in the sun; the children playing on the pavements; but the eye always returns to a tall spire mirrored in the stream, with dear old trees for a beautiful inclosure.

Far below in some neighboring house a little girl, invisible, was playing on the piano from an "exercise-book"; every note of her "tune" came up clear with untroubled expression as she duly repeated it several

times; the clock struck eleven; a locomotive whistled leisurely across the fields; and these sounds had the air to themselves.

When up on this tower any Summer's day,

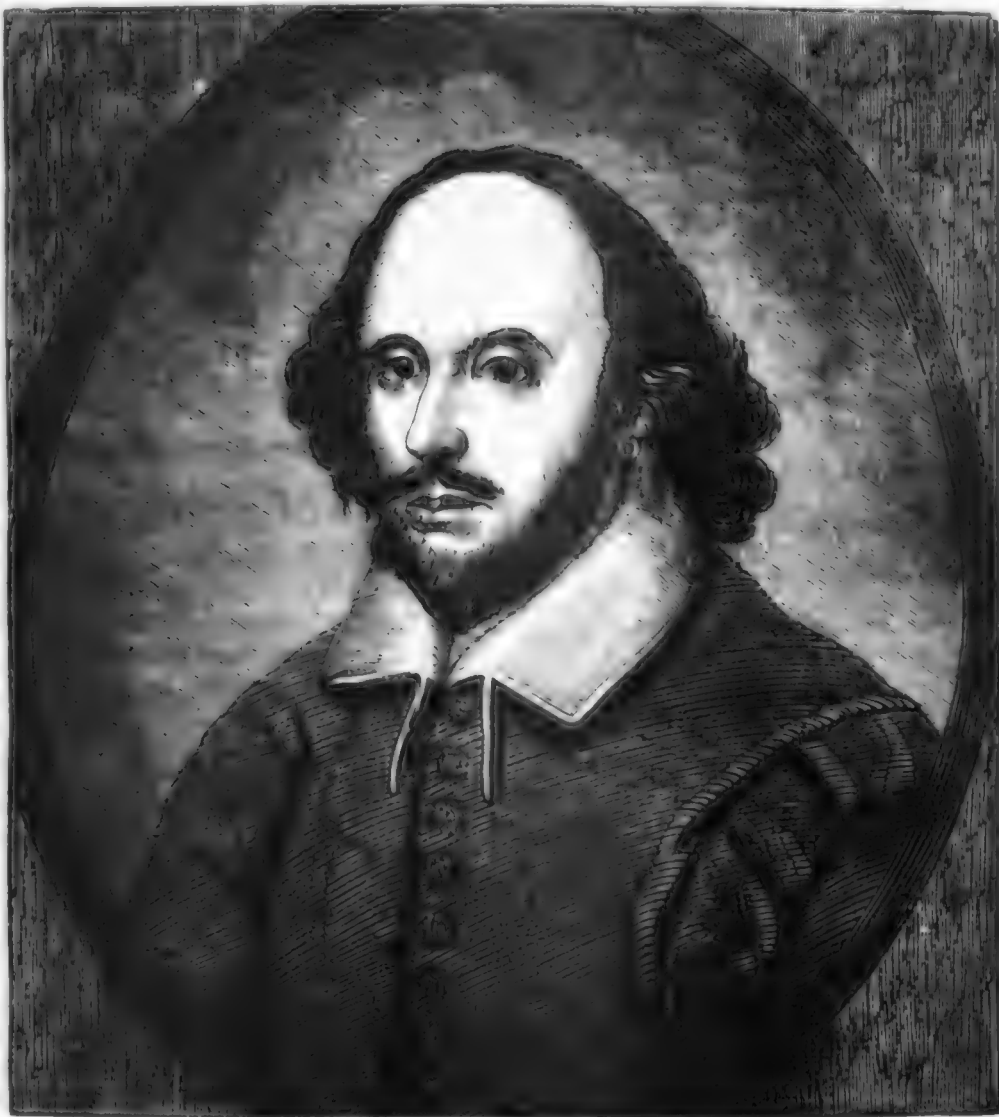
"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

The Avon winds its silvery surface east and west through the heart of England, bygone history haunting each bend of its banks. Far away the uplands of Naseby, nearer the sandstone romance of Kenilworth, and the great towers of Warwick just out of sight; west of us Evesham and Tewkesbury recall the tale; still further down the Severn breeze blows twice a day upon what is left of castles that were the landmarks of their time, Gloucester,

Chopstow, Monmouth; it will not be hard to persuade a man who loves nature more than centralization that this Avon is the English stream.

Come down from the lovely bird's-eye stretch, this sheltered landscape which is Shakespeare's real Memorial; the building is of use as a platform from which to survey the scene.

As for the structure itself, the effect on the whole is comic; visitors of the future will regard it as an erratic block left behind by the glacier-flow of



PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE BY DROESHOUT.

our competition-epoch. No doubt the masonry is good and the details first-rate, while the theatre, which stands on the very edge of the Avon, has an interior admirably arranged with perfect light and ventilation; but it is all out of place in Stratford. Stonework and woodwork unabashed are redolent of freshness and newness, for 300 years passed before the English nation rose to this pitch of appreciation. It can't be helped, since this Olympian immovability is part of the English nature; but enthusiasm arriving so late reminds one of the light we catch from distant stars, which have moved on through infinite space before we see what we think is them.

In the Picture Gallery a deer hangs down over the large stone fireplace; this was shot at Charlecote and sent for the performance of "As You Like It" in 1879, together with the hounds to chase the deer across the



INSCRIPTION ON SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

stage. The stag is now kept stuffed for future presentation of the play. "As You Like It" always goes well here?" the attendant said. I forbore to ask her if in the neighboring woods of Arden a Rosalind could be found as lifelike as the dogs and deer.

I made a rude survey of the Library, where they collect every edition of Shakespeare ever published, and every book concerning him: this is dust and ashes with a vengeance in honor of a man who wrote:

"Of his bones are coral made,
These are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

The way in which "the nation" has expressed its feeling is the most depressing thing in Stratford; the well-meant Memorial—a big hybrid among red cottages and timbered houses—looking so sleek and hopelessly obtuse, yet barely a stone's throw from that

"... star y-pointing pyramid."

However, we must not pretend to be better than our century; only let us stick to constructing ocean steamers and steel rails, to erecting commodious grand hotels and central stations; these things we do very well. And even this building, such as it is, is not completed. For instance, a series of lovely designs of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines waits to be carved along the headstone of the fireplace for want of funds; a nation on whose empire the sun never sets cannot afford the tenth of a farthing each which would suffice to finish it ten times over.

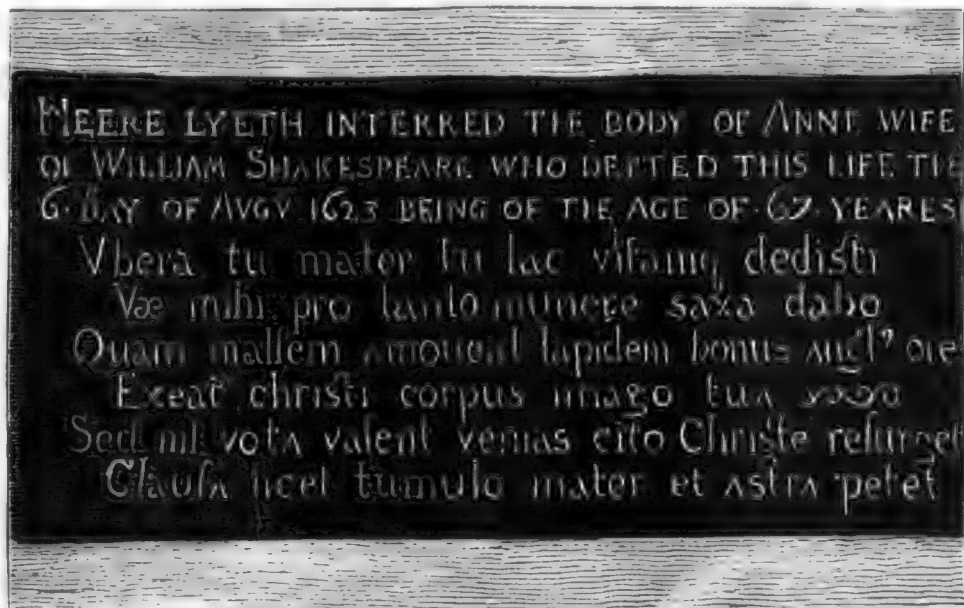
Come out quick and let us make for the grassy retreat of New Place Gardens, where Shakespeare ended his days. There is considerable humor about those remnants of the foundations with their wire netting. "The house," so the "Twopenny Guide" indignantly exclaims, "was foolishly

pulled down by some one unworthy of the name Reverend, Gastrell, who was annoyed at people coming to see the house and mulberry-tree." And the "Shilling Guide," as in duty bound, goes a little further: "Then he left the town amid the deserved execration of the inhabitants." I felt for this gentleman so roughly held up to opprobrium. Relics which when nationalized with due "admission fee" may easily excite most important emotion, are apt to occasion very different sentiments when they form an appendage of one's own dwelling-house. Even Job could not have stood a succession of

tourists. And besides, there is a pathetic interest about the razed walls that would have been absent from a well-kept original.

Having got so far, and the sun being hotter than ever, I proceeded to loaf along the clean streets, and presently found myself at the Great Western Station, where I bought a London paper and plunged into current events. Then lounging back again about half-past twelve, I fell into the arms of the "Hotel," and ordered lunch with a five hours' appetite. In three minutes I forgot the parsimonious "nation," forgot Shakespeare even, in the unexpected treat that tripped into the coffee-room.

"Memorial theatres be h-ng-d!" I murmured, while she went to see if the potatoes were done. "How can a theatre secure our vote when such straightforward sights as this come on us gratis out-of-doors?" What chance has a fashionable theatre against a pretty piece of naturalness like this? There, from expensive seats we watch the curtain rise on suites of superior upholstery, while the "actor" paces to and fro, pleased with his furniture, surveying the "house"—for an estimate of the "gate-money." Here is a genuine English inn, its walls and passages studded with interest, Stratford life pulsating quietly outside, flowers in profusion, and an interpreter telling you how it all appears to her, with her



INSCRIPTION FOR HIS WIFE.

healthy voice and affectionate eyelashes. "We don't keep 'Shakespeare ale' here!" she remarked, with careless dignity. I thought of my honest pauper in the churchyard. Then she told me—as I lingered over a tomato—that "the Americans" would buy up every single thing in the house if they were allowed, and especially a certain circular mirror in a heavy gilt frame, which happened to be just behind her tangled aureole of a head as she spoke.

"That wouldn't do!" I exclaimed.

"No?" she rejoined, turning with a flourish of skirts to interrogate her warm reflection; then smiling happily, I was left to dispatch that tomato alone.

My grief was interrupted by the sudden entry of a friend *en route* to Worcester on a tricycle. We soon adjourned to the shady parlor behind the bar, to smoke and chat with the pleasant hostess: skirts and laughter kept the passage airy.

Good-by! and out in the glowing streets again. At the corner of Henley Street we came upon my acquaintance of the workhouse. He was one of a group of three, the other two being apparently absorbed in playing the part of props to a wall against which they were leaning with the stolidity of buttresses. The face of the ex-worker in iron, though as reasonable as ever, was suffused by a tint indicative of more than health. As he advanced, smiling a rosy welcome, I was grieved to see that his mental powers had suffered invasion since we met a few hours ago; for he now took me to be a junior partner in that same brewing firm of which he had spoken so lightly in the churchyard. He solicited my opinion as to the likelihood of his getting employment there, and awaited my reply with the deliberate air of a political economist. Whether he was by nature versatile and adapted to many industries, or whether at the moment he was under the spell of that finished article in whose manufacture he showed such a desire to assist, I will not be mean enough to decide, but suddenly softening his voice he began to broach the familiar formula, "You haven't a pipeful of—"

"Confound you!" I cried, as I hurried off, electrified; "don't you know better than to behave like a recurring decimal?"

He fell gently back against the wall, smiling ruddily at the strange language, his brown eyes full of wonder at the day he was having.

In Stratford they all seem acting parts; the town abounds in "characters." Of course it is so in most remote parts of England, but we notice it more in the neighborhood where *Jakes* is made to say,

"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players."

We walked up the street toward the quiet gables of Shakespeare's house, pulled the iron bellhandle, and were ushered in by one of the Miss Chattaways. Some kindly Fate in gratitude to Shakespeare must have managed it so that on these two ladies should devolve the daily task of playing hostess to a stream of tourists. They could not do it better, and in consequence here is a spot in Stratford where we feel thoroughly satisfied. There is no hurry, no stereotyped recitation, or the usual paid monotony of narrative,* but you are treated like guests in a house where all share some joint recollection.

There are two rooms down-stairs and two up; the former have open chimney-seats, in which you sit, as thousands have done before you. Then we go up-stairs

into the bedroom where Shakespeare is said to have been born; the once white ceiling of this room is dense gray-black with the scribbling of visitors' names—a diversion now forbidden. On one of the diamond-shaped window-panes the name of "W. Scott" can with difficulty be disentangled from the chaos of signatures scratched over it. Thanks to the Miss Chattaways, even "Arry" behaves so well when he comes up here that it may be recorded of him, for once in his life,

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene."

The painting of Shakespeare in the adjoining room is impressive, looking out unruffled from the mercantile "safe" which forms his frame. There is a strange air about the entire scene, and we feel very childish. The visitors from across the Atlantic in particular—for they are most unaffected—regard the walls and floor, the lawn behind, the chimney recesses, put their heads out of the window and look down the rural street, then return to the bare oak beams, with a curious expression that plainly asks, "How was it done?"

Cynics smile at the hourly "pilgrimage" to Stratford-on-Avon. But the reason for these journeys is too modern to be called by such an old name. Judging from the faces of the tourists inside the house, it is not exactly blind hero-worship or reverence, but a quiet recognition of Existence at its best. There is more fascination than anything else, as with three-year-old children when they listen to a shell; so here faint echoes of the Outside are for ever detained to touch the tourist ear—if he have five minutes to spare. Barnum was going to buy up "the whole thing," house, lawn, trees, surroundings and all, and drop them down in America; but "the nation" went so far as to wake just in time to avert this disgrace.

Meanwhile the visitors come and go; every few minutes the bell rings sedately below; this is the everlasting tribute. Twelve thousand people signed their names last year in the book down-stairs, and a large proportion of these had crossed the Atlantic.

What does it all mean, these perennial groups with their look of inquiry?

The tourists know that Shakespeare had a truer perception of things—a better insight into them—than ordinary men; and by leaving us a description of what he saw, we have our own platform raised, we ourselves then look out on a more complete view of Existence. A lovelier picture of the world—lovelier because more complete—came into focus through his mind; he was a first-rate interpreter of our common environment.

Shakespeare was a real instance of what we call "expression." Existence, which laps against every pore of the bodily workings of each of us, was so entertained by him as to express itself in the splendor that tints all his plays. To use a very inadequate and misleading simile, because it is a lifeless one for illustration of a living fact, we may say that he lived inside a house with cleaner windows than the rest of us; as we listen to his language we stir ourselves, and our panes uncloud, so that we get gleams of the same hues and vistas. It is an instance of that happy vaccination which great men perform on their fellows; by simply reading their words, our actual blood and nerves learn a new liability for ever after; our nature becomes susceptible to its surroundings in a measure like theirs; we acquire part of their complaint.

"Do you know the Medicine of Example, the healthy power
of Admiration?"*

* "A striking contrast to that in the Church at Warwick."

* Jean Paul Richter (quoted in "Guide" to Stratford).

So the poor tourists of the nineteenth century finger the rafters of his house, sit in the chimney-seat, and touch everything, just as young children, nestling close when pleased by the spell of some mysterious tale, will curiously stroke the hands and clothing of the narrator. And the Miss Chattaways do not laugh, though they watch it every day of their lives.

* * * * *

I found Shottery a proper rural hamlet hugging the bends of its lane, with drainage conspicuous by its absence. The cottage came in due time without any need to ask the way, and entering, I met old Mrs. Baker in the passage. "Just the very place where Judith met that young man!" she exclaimed, the moment she had said "Good-afternoon." The characters in Mr. Black's latest novel were to her quite as real as the originals—her own ancestors—of 300 years ago. Her serenity of narrative concerning the former inhabitants of the cottage, and freedom from the least touch of emotion, were rather sad. Time will do anything. She, a relative, regarded Shakespeare so completely as an outsider might, while on the other hand the Miss Chattaways seemed to have unconsciously acquired the feelings of a descendant.

"Anne Hathaway's cottage" was originally a respectable-sized farmhouse, belonging to one of those old yeoman families who vanished when steam came in. After a time it was subdivided into three small tenements, the middle one of which alone is now of interest, for this is occupied by the present descendant of the Hathaways.

It was a lovely September afternoon, and I staid half an hour chatting with the contented old woman, who from long use is never at a loss to entertain visitors. Of course I sat in the settle—which certain "courting" is supposed to have made immortal—and looked over the family tree duly inscribed on the first leaf of the big family Bible. This Bible was taken in "in parts" by Mrs. Baker's father; an expensive feat, which he finished a few days before his marriage, when it appeared newly bound. The family is so long-lived that but few steps take us back to the Hathaway of Shakespeare's time. Then I was shown over the "Visitors' Book," where I "must see *Mary Anderson's* name," that of "William Black," "W. Garfield," and thousands of others. Then up-stairs to the bedroom, with its very handsome old carved-oak bedstead, homespun sheets, and pillow-case ornamented with point lace. On the bed lay a gay patchwork quilt sent by some affectionate visitor.

Time flies—and Mrs. Baker remarked *en passant* that though she used to make a cup of tea for her visitors, yet now there are so many, and she an old body, she couldn't be bothered wi' it. Taking this hint that the audience was over, and with it a Michaelmas daisy she pressed upon me, I stepped out again into the quiet lane and said good-by to the hamlet. On my way back through the fields, though the sunset colors were spreading, I met more tourists making for "the cottage."

What brings them out here? and when here, why are they so fascinated that each Shottery urchin, every Stratford cow, or Warwickshire cloud, seems possessed by a secret? Is it (as some assert) "humanity" which attracts them so? or is it something else, the perception of possibilities outside, which for once—the door being open—walked in through this quiet English avenue?

The interest that fetches them here in flocks, to look for a few minutes, and then depart apparently satisfied with their journey, is something of a sort with that which makes men gape over the hole where a meteoric stone has fallen. Any new message from the outside will have

this effect; people haunt the place where it arrived, even though the message be unintelligible. But here the thick-thatched cottage, the neighboring pastures, the Stratford elms and the English stream, the quiet roads, the red-roofed houses—all speak in a clear voice with notes which, like those of Orpheus, draw even stocks and stones. We hear a new *Invitation à la valse*—of Life. The commonplace character of the surroundings is what appeals to us; if a Shakespeare happened here, why not . . . ? Each finishes according to his mood.

Then the *luck* of life arrests us. These ordinary Stratford materials are no different from those of our own locality. But in just this one case the elements (within and without) happened to be so "mixed up," the nature of the man was so disposed and developed, that Existence could come to terms with him in a way unknown to his fellows.

It is the outside Readiness—almost womanly in its attitude—as yet comparatively unknown till such personations put us in touch with it; this is what, much as he may protest, brings our tourist to linger here as many hours as would suffice to "do" a Continental capital. It is not "Humanity," but the other working partner of humanity, which draws men to Stratford-on-Avon.

Not Humanity, but Existence, which is much greater. In a century of machinery moved by gigantic power, so many thousands of sudden deaths occur in cold blood as part of our everyday work. This familiar snapping short of life, taken along with increased knowledge of physical structure, has caused a change of mood regarding death; some of the old horror has passed away. We are now struck by the character of the conditions of our tenure of life. The least little "bodily" change quite alters our "consciousness," i.e., quite alters the way in which we realize Existence, the manner in which Existence whispers overtures to us. So men begin to think more about the infinite possibilities unpersonified, and less blindly of the one presentation they lose, when a friend has "died." Life and death strike them as *variations* of an Air which they have lately begun to catch. The same impression is made when watching a patient under ether or chloroform. He is not the "subject" of these quick fantastic variations; he is only a variation himself.

It is bad players who allow our attention to be taken by the instrument they are using; with a great player we are lost in the spirit of the Air. So when we listen to the finest men, the best specimens who have said and done, our thoughts run away from "Humanity" in admiration of Existence, which becomes so audible through the instrument of humanity. Some of these human instruments are more "expressive" than others, but the more expressive ones simply force upon us more vividly what they all express somehow—the great fact outside. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in any philosophy. And the best specimens of humanity know that "Humanity" is a childish thing compared with Existence.

Yet there are castaways of this stormy century who, hurriedly turned adrift from their snug yacht of unseaworthy "beliefs" without any solid constructive food, find themselves in a position like those poor men of the *Mignonette*, alone on the ocean with a few turnip-tins; then they feed on themselves—and this forlorn cannibalism is called the Worship of Humanity.

But most of those thousands who yearly step out at Stratford Station, to spend some hours in the tranquil town, when face to face with the turf and trees where Shakespeare lived and died, if they think at all, will simply wonder, as they walk, why here, in this inconspicuous

shelter of meadow and wood, Reality should have come so bright. Feeling that such an event may again be within an ace of happening at any moment anywhere for reasons similar to those that brought it here, they move to and fro among the relics with faith and hope alive inside them. The air is redolent of high stakes; each laborer they meet wears a double mask; he seems quite near, as regards the *possibility*, and yet, as regards *probability*, he is so far from something infinitely better. Comedy and Tragedy walk and talk all round. Even the Great Western goods-train rumbles on enchanted ground.

Now away from Wonderland! The children are indoors at tea, and the quiet town is still quieter. One warm-faced girl we pass on the way leans out of a doorstep, her hands crossed behind her back, watching the clouds in the west, her thoughts wandering after them. Then the train ambles off with us, while the midges ever swarm in the soft twilight.

* * *

At Hatton the sunset was streaming red along the rails, and in half an hour more the day was over and I was back at Birmingham again — a startling

piece of scene-shifting. Whatever other notoriety the big town may boast, it is without controversy a convenient junction for Stratford-on-Avon.

* * * * *

An hour later, as I strolled with a friend up New Street toward the broadside of Municipal Buildings, there was no doubt about the nineteenth century. Stupendous "posters" side by side announced the visit of a popular *danseuse* and the opening of the "Social Science" Congress. Crowds of philosophers, genial and sanguine from their after-dinner wine, were filing in through the lofty portals, ready to carry everything (on paper) before them.

And hanging with the frankest curiosity on their skirts were dozens of creatures mostly young, some of them too pretty to need the paint which nevertheless the Corporation gas depicted vividly on their cheeks.

God is great! as the heathen say. What an Air which is capable of so much expression that all we have seen to-day is but a drop in the ocean of its variations!

The superb Summer sky; the beautiful seaside waves; the resounding station at midnight; the express with its "slip" carriage; the infinite variety of boys and girls; the kindly hospital back from the road; the placid mill-

wheel dipping in and out; the quaint lover of quadrupeds; the fifteen-year-old on her sunny lawn; the silent churchyard with its melody of Mozart; the unavenging pauper; the dead "Memorial" and the immortal Shakespeare; the "soft-flowing Avon," showing pictures at every bend; the locomotive shrill in the midday heat; the London newspapers; the touch of healthy nature inside the inn; the splendor of the Summer afternoon; that timbered house empty but eloquent; "the Americans" interviewing bare boards; the



SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

devoted custodian in the museum, living every day 300 years behind the age, while the telegraph clicks at the post-office opposite; the cows on the way to Shottery unaware of it all, the rural inhabitants aware but unable to comprehend; the cheerful old lady whose orbit touched a greater one three centuries ago; the book with thousands of signatures from all the world over in a corner of the thatched cottage; the tourists hastening as the sun begins to set; the last wide view of golden-red above the elms; the myriad midges in the silent fields; then a million lights and noises in the metropolis of blood and iron.



LEFT ON THE WRECK. — "THE MAN HE HAS SO CRUELLY WRONGED FOLLOWS HIM CAUTIOUSLY, LIKE A THUG ABOUT TO CREEP UPON HIS VICTIM."

LEFT ON THE WRECK.

BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

CHAPTER I.—THROUGH THE WINDOW.

He paused but a few minutes, and then by means of the pillars of the long, old-fashioned porch, climbed to the roof and so reached the window. A moment afterward he had entered the room.

He went directly to the bureau, and, the drawer being

unlocked, had no difficulty in exploring its recesses. Here lay everything in the careless confusion of young ladyhood—jewelry, perfumery, ribbons—and he lost no time in gathering his harvest. But he pauses—a letter has caught his eye—the handwriting has a resemblance

to penmanship he has seen before. He stares amazed, then plucks the letter from its sheath, and, taking it to the light, reads:

"MY DEAREST MARY—I hope you will be delighted to hear that at last all is arranged and I am free to go. Having never met, and, under the circumstances of our engagement, notwithstanding that fact, having known each other only through correspondence, there may be, as I have before suggested, some constraint. There will be, at least so far as you are concerned, disappointment; it is always so. Young ladies invariably have romantic and flattering ideas of a lover they have never seen. But in course of time I trust to make you discover in me some better qualities than those which appear on the surface, and in the belief that I possess them I have allowed our engagement to progress as contemplated by the will of my father. Should you, however, be greatly disappointed, you are, of course, at liberty to withdraw instantly, and the whole past shall be blotted out as if it had never been. I have calculated closely, and I find that I shall arrive on the 17th. Until then believe me, impatiently yours, CLARENCE KIRK."

The man who read this letter folded it carefully in the envelope again, smiling darkly.

"He gave her these things," he said, standing at the bureau again and emptying his pockets of the jewelry, which he carefully replaced. "They are sacred, and I return them."

He heard a footstep, or fancied so, and quickly crossed to the window on tiptoe, and then vanished into the darkness of the night outside.

CHAPTER II.

THE FACE.

CLARENCE KIRK had arrived promptly, and there had not been the least disappointment. He walks there in the orchard with his betrothed—Miss Mary Redburn—a tall, handsome fellow, with black eyes and olive complexion—a rather Mephistophelean countenance, perhaps, but a very striking one.

A very pretty girl is Miss Mary, and never was any one prouder of a lover. His fascinations, serpentine and a little sinister, have completely enthralled her.

He does everything well—sings a divine tenor, touches the guitar like an Italian, and recites in half a dozen languages. So they walk under the beech-trees and talk of the wedding.

"Next week," he says. "Think how long I have been waiting! Mary, there is no earthly reason why you should refuse."

There is none, indeed, except the feminine instinct to postpone and be won with difficulty; but even that succumbs here, and she consents to the day he names.

It is August, and the hours go by with flying feet.

Clarence Kirk is the treasure of the household and the sensation of the neighborhood. Squire Redburn is in an ecstasy of admiration.

"Not a bit like his father, who was plain and practical like myself; but that, you see, is the effect of travel and education. Those things rarely come out—marriages by will, arranged by the parents," thought the squire, on the back porch, smoking his long pipe, and the whip-poor-wills serenading in the distance; "but this fits as neatly as a glove—they couldn't be more in love with each other."

Quiet Mrs. Redburn murmured assent, but added:

"He is almost a little too fancy for our plain country ways."

"He has no notion of staying here, Malinda—it is Europe he is thinking of."

This was quite true. Clarence announced the fact next morning at breakfast. He told, in the same connection, the story of his past travels, of his recent voyage

from Japan, and for the first time the perils of that journey, but far from boastfully.

"We sprang a leak, and were obliged to desert the ship. It was a singular thing," and he smiled oddly—his smile indeed, was the one disagreeable expression that his features could assume—"and my presence here is due solely to a small piece of paper. The boats would hold only the one man more, and an Englishman, or rather a sort of half Italian, named Massari, drew lots which should remain behind. He lost, and we shoved off and left him looking disconsolately over the taffrail after us."

It was a dark memory. The story-teller changed the subject.

"Destiny had resolved that one of us should die, and we compelled her to name which. Ouf! how close is the atmosphere this morning! A thunder-storm before night, I predict." He got up and went to the window. "Yes, a storm this evening."

He was a little peevish that sultry day, and toward dusk it began to be evident that his prophecy would be realized.

The clouds were frightfully black, the wind seemed to blow from all quarters at once, and every now and then came a dazzling flash, and suddenly one of blinding brilliancy, that smote a tree in the distance, followed by a peal of thunder that shook the house.

"For God's sake, close the window!" shouted Clarence Kirk, staggering to the middle of the apartment, his face ghastly pale.

"We shall be nearly suffocated," said Mary, rising also, and with a smile; but if you are afraid of the lightning, it must be done. Country people never think of the lightning."

It must be different with city people, for Clarence Kirk was horribly frightened.

The girl crossed to the window and was about to lower it, when she paused and gazed earnestly out.

Again the blinding glare zigzagged into the room, and the old farmhouse trembled from the dreadful peal of thunder that succeeded.

"Shut the window, I say," cried Kirk, pale with passion and fear, tottering toward her.

"Here is a strange man caught out in the tempest," said Mary, drawing back, a little frightened also.

At the same instant a man's head appeared above the window-sill—his eyes searching the room.

"Who are you?" demanded Mary.

"Louis Massari," he said; and the glare of the heavens lit up his features.

Kirk recognized them as those of the man who had been lost at sea. He uttered an appalling shriek and fell to the floor.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN WHO WAS NOT DROWNED.

THE strange man went round to the door and came in, and quietly assisted the others in reviving Kirk.

The storm was now pretty well over, and it was dark, and Mary brought in the lamp.

When Kirk recovered, he offered his hand to Massari, but the latter probably did not notice the gesture, for he did not touch the extended member.

"How did you escape?" inquired Kirk, his handsome features wearing a strange uneasiness.

"I was seen a few hours after you had left me by a French ship, and they took me off. I never experienced the least alarm. I had a feeling—an intuition—that I should be rescued."

So they fell to talking comfortably. This Massari, although a stranger, had singular self-possession, and a curious way of looking about him, as if to take in everything, and as he conversed he seemed to be reading his listener with analytical carefulness.

You would have almost said he was preparing minute evidence for a court. He was, however, in his way very agreeable, exact and business-like in his manner, very sound and sensible, and quite good-looking, although a different sort of beauty from Clarence Kirk's.

"It may seem a little odd that I should have come here," said Massari; "but it is a fortunate coincidence—meeting you here, I mean, Kirk," and he seemed to smile rather dryly. "I saw the rain coming up, and any port in a storm, don't they say?"

It was a cool evening, and the little party did not need to seek the porch for air. They had tea, at which Massari assisted, and afterward chatted again very agreeably.

When they were about to break up for the night Kirk said:

"I take the liberty, Massari, of inviting you to remain with us here for a few days—until, in fact, my wedding. Miss Redburn and I are on the eve of marriage;" and he spoke with a singular slowness and decision, looking all the while in the other's eyes.

"Thanks," said Massari, promptly, and with just as fixed a gaze. "I shall certainly remain for the wedding."

He took his lamp and followed Farmer Redburn up to the room he was to have.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TWO TOGETHER.

MASSARI read a newspaper for about an hour, and then had a visitor—Clarence Kirk, who came in very cautiously, closing and locking the door behind him, and said, standing on the floor with folded arms and a resolute countenance:

"I thought you were at the bottom of the sea; but it seems I was mistaken. You shall, however, not interrupt my plans. I intend to marry this girl. I will tell you about it. One night, some time ago, I broke into this house to rob it, and while searching a bureau found one of your letters. I knew then for the first time in whose house I was, and recollected our voyage from Japan and all you had told me about yourself. I supposed you were dead, and it was only natural that the circumstances should suggest the Tichborne case. Well, sir, I determined to try the Tichborne game—assume your identity, and act in your place. Everything has succeeded up to this point, and I don't intend that so beautifully executed a plot shall suddenly crumble to pieces."

"I shall expose you, of course, Massari," said the stranger, who was in reality Clarence Kirk.

"How can you? Our effects went down in the ship together, and you have not a shred of evidence to prove or disprove anything. In this country you are as perfectly unknown as I am, and I have the advantage of you of being in possession. You could, of course, soon substantiate your claim by producing evidence from abroad; but not before I have married the girl, which is all I desire to do. That done, I can be bought off, naming my own terms—perhaps I could be bought off now," he added, significantly, "although I have honestly grown to like the girl."

"I make no terms but those of unconditional sur-

render with such a scoundrel as you," said the real Clarence Kirk, in his quiet way, drumming carelessly on the table. "I shall expose you to-morrow morning before them all, and if Miss Redburn's good sense does not penetrate the truth, she is not the woman I take her for."

The adventurer leaned over him, and said, in a concentrated tone, with a villainous smile:

"She is *not* the woman you take her for. She can never be any man's wife but mine."

In one second Clarence Kirk had him by the throat and down on his knees, choking the breath out of his body. You would not have dreamed that so slight a man could have so much strength.

But his fingers were knitted in the other's throat like claws of steel.

"Unsay it, or I swear you die this instant!" he cried.

The villain struggled and spluttered, and at length succeeded in gasping out:

"It is true. I married her secretly several days ago, to make sure."

Kirk permitted him to rise, returning himself to his chair, suffering cruelly.

"Is it possible, Massari, that you can have done anything so infamous?" he said, in a broken voice.

"I was afraid. I had a sort of dim presentiment that you would come back, or that something would occur to spoil my game. She is my wife, and nothing can change it."

He laughed and went out of the room, looking back over his shoulder at the broken man seated in the chair.

CHAPTER V.

MOONLIGHT.

So THE real Clarence Kirk sat thus thinking a long time, thoughts and impulses crossing and recrossing each other through his brain like animalcules darting about in a pool of water.

He needed an anodyne, and, going to the window, he lighted a cigar and stood looking out, smoking.

The night was clear and cool, and a brilliant moon hung from the meridian. A peaceful world without, but what a tempest in his own breast!

Stay! A figure is crossing the lawn, tall and sinister, gliding over the grass like a ghost.

Clarence Kirk recognizes the spectre.

"Something tells me to follow him," he muttered.

Two minutes later he also is in the grounds of the old farmhouse, watching Massari, unseen and unsuspected.

The Anglo-Italian is also smoking one cigarette after another, like a Spaniard, and pacing up and down in the shadow of the trees, waiting patiently for time to pass. And so half an hour steals away, and he looks at his watch and briskly sets forth in the direction of the village yonder.

The man he has so cruelly wronged follows him cautiously, like a Thug about to creep upon his victim.

It was after one o'clock when Clarence Kirk came back alone.

His cigar was not out, and for some time he walked up and down, smoking; then, tossing the remnant away, he went in, and so up the stairs to the corridor above.

Just at the stair-head he was confronted by Mary Redburn, looking strangely pale and agitated.

"Miss Redburn!—at this hour!"

"Yes; I have been awaiting your return. Where is your—your companion?"

He hesitated: something in her look and voice startled



ZELATA.—BY THE GERMAN PAINTER J. H. WEHLE.

him still more.

"You mean Clarence Kirk?"

"No. I mean Louis Massari."

He was petrified. She went on:

"I saw him enter your room to-night. I followed and listened at the door, and heard all. I know the secret between you—that you are the real Clarence Kirk, and he the real Louis Mas-

sari! Oh, Heaven! what is to be done? He spoke the truth—I am his lawful wife!"

He was silent for a moment—downcast.

"Miss Redburn, you are indeed unfortunate. I had intended to sacrifice myself for your sake, to give up my

again. You have only once to speak the word."

"I shall not speak it. Exposure means ruin, but that I have resolved to accept. Do you know where he has gone? I saw you follow him from my window?"

"It will only distress you to learn." She made an

name and all rather than have you know how you had been deceived. But this step is now impossible, unless, knowing the secret, you still wish me to take it. I swear I will do so. I will continue to bear his villainous identity and allow him to bear mine, and leaving this neighborhood tomorrow, you shall never hear of me



WYOMING ON BRONCHO-BACK.—PRAIRIE-SCHOONERS CAMPING AT NIGHT.
SEE PAGE 423.



VIEW OF RAWLINS, WYOMING.

impatient gesture. "Well, I followed him to a low tap-room in the village yonder, where he was evidently expected, from having been there many times before, and where he was rapturously welcomed. He is still there, surrounded by congenial company, engaged in a hideous carouse."

She turned away, choking back a low sob, but without a word. Clarence Kirk watched her as she went on through the long corridor and disappeared, and then he returned to his own room. Little he slept that night, but sat at the window, smoked and mused till the first faint flush of dawn trembled in the east, when he threw himself on the bed and fell into a dreamless slumber.

Next day came, bright and beautiful, but the hours passed and Louis Massari reappeared not. Where was he? The old squire was curious and perhaps a little troubled, and sent here and there to see. At the village tavern it was learned that Massari had left with the ostensible intention of returning to the farmhouse, at a late hour the previous night. He was not sober, but wild and angry with drink.

But now, a little later, came a note which had been slipped into the box at the village post-office. It was addressed to "Miss Mary Redburn"—a tall and sloping hand—with vigorous and angry stroke, and it ran as follows:

"MISS REDBURN that was—Mrs. Louis Massari that is—I have thought over everything. You do not love me, and I know that we should not be happy. I have reconsidered. I am not fit for the serene domestic joys. A soldier of fortune, I must retain my freedom or be miserable. Mr. Clarence Kirk loves the happiness of the hearth. You are suited to each other—be happy together."

"MASSARI."

The day ended and still he did not return. Another morning, and Clarence Kirk, watching his opportunity, saw Mary Redburn alone in the garden in front of the old farmhouse. She was pale and ill.

"Miss Redburn, this cannot go on. Something must be done," he said, gently. "Your parents should know the truth—how cruelly you and they have been deceived. This man wrote you truthfully—you will never see him again."

"I do not know," she answered. "I have been so terribly betrayed. How am I even to be sure that he wrote this note?"

"Who else could have written it? There can be no doubt."

"There can be doubt of everything. One ensnared as I have been can believe nothing again. I was so happy. I had not the least suspicion, and think what the awakening was!"

Clarence Kirk felt for the first time a keener pang than any yet—that of jealousy. Had she learnt to love this miscreant? Did she not still love him in spite of all?

"Of course," he said, watching her intently, "you are now perfectly free. That was no marriage. It was thoroughly a fraud, and would not hold in sight of God or man."

To his dismay and anguish she was silent. His jealous fears confirmed his worst suspicions.

"Well," he said, "your parents must know the truth. It is wrong to hide it from them longer. Mine must be the task, as indeed it is by right, to break the wretched story."

So before the day was out Clarence Kirk had a long, and, in some degree, exciting, conference with the old squire.

The story was told in detail, and not without a certain dramatic power. Squire Redburn was indeed amazed.

He could not at first believe; but his daughter came, and with her evidence there could, of course, be no longer room for doubt.

"Well, daughter," said the old man, when all had been related, "what is to be done? You are again a free woman. Nothing binds you but the pledge I made to my old friend—that you should be, if I could bring it about, his son's wife. It has always been my dream. Your father, sir," he said, turning to Clarence, "and I were brothers. You know the history of our long and dear association." He took his daughter's hand. "It is for you to determine, Mary, what shall be done."

She was silent for a moment, and Clarence Kirk watched her with a beating heart.

"I can never marry any one while Louis Massari lives," she said, at last.

Kirk started like a man who had been pierced through the heart. He had half expected the answer, and yet it was agony.

CHAPTER VI.

AND now some two or three days passed, and there was no change. Nothing was heard from Massari; he had vanished utterly. Men of his stamp belong to the darkness, and come and go like evil spirits, who walk invisibly.

Clarence Kirk was not growing happier. The more he saw of Mary Redburn the more he admired her beauty—the more he pitied her and the more his love grew.

But affairs could not proceed in this fashion. He felt that he must seek a change, and so away he went on a short traveling tour. He was away four or five months; but they corresponded, decorously and soberly, and there was no word of love.

He came back. She was brighter and lovelier, and the first glimpse of her thrilled him. At the moment they were alone, he returned impetuously to the old subject.

"Dearest Mary," he said, for staid and guarded as their letters had been the interchange had sensibly lessened the distance between them, "I think there was never a man so unhappy as I am. Am I to be always so miserable? No Massari yet, you see! How can I convince you that you will never hear from him again?"

"It may be that I shall not; but who can count on such a man? I could not endure the unceasing dread. What is for the best, be assured."

So his case was as hopeless as before. He took up his residence in the village now. He found an ancient and careful person, very deaf and a marvel of ugliness, for his housekeeper, and so began a cottage life.

He had once studied medicine and had taken a diploma, though he had never practiced. He had a natural liking for surgery and now he offered his services to the neighborhood as doctor.

He was rich, and did not care whether his bills were paid or not; and, as may be supposed, his profession, conducted on this principle, very soon prospered in one sense—he had plenty to do.

He wrote a good deal for the medical magazines, and quickly made something of a name. I am afraid he was something of an experimentalist, and the good folks of the vicinity contributed much more to the cause of science than they probably had any idea of.

And now it so happened that young Dr. Kirk was called in to attend a beautiful young lady of the village, whose case, when he took it in hand, looked discouraging indeed. There was just a chance; but skill, or it might have been luck, saved her.

Here were all the materials for a romance, and Miss

Alice Elliott was very romantic. To this handsome doctor who had almost rescued her from the grave could she feel otherwise than grateful? And is there anything that leads more surely, under proper conditions, to love than gratitude?

The physician was very quick to discern, and he was troubled.

He certainly had not got over his old passion for Mary Redburn; but she was still obstinate and impracticable, and he was approaching now the age when, if he was to marry at all, there could not be much more delay.

Moreover, in the case of Miss Elliott he had a rival—not, perhaps, a formidable one, but still, with tardy wooing, no one could tell how things might turn out.

There was an interesting young clergyman who, next to himself, seemed to find favor in her eyes. He was single, zealous, gifted, eloquent—on the whole, something of a catch.

At length the time came when Clarence Kirk must decide. He had made up his mind to ask Mary Redburn for a final answer. If she still persisted in her old course he would hold that all was at an end between them. He would then propose to Alice Elliott, and of his acceptance he had no doubt.

So he arranged it that he and Mary Redburn should ride out. It was again Summer now—a lovely June day—and gayly they set forth. The Falls of Wynderfel gave them an object for their ride—the great show place of the neighborhood, with its hotel, to which visitors came for the hot months.

The little expedition was a delightful one—in the beauty of the day and his companionship Dr. Kirk had never enjoyed himself more. But he was very guarded, and though he chatted of many things, love was not among them.

They are now returning. It is near sunset, and as they wind through the woods all the small birds are singing their vespers. "The crow flies home to the rooky wood." There is everywhere the curious charm of the hour—the soft sounds of evening; the fitting lights and shadows; the glory and the melancholy of another departing day, and so, inspired, perhaps, by the tranquil hour, Clarence Kirk returned to the old subject.

Once more he rehearsed the story of their association, and pleaded and argued as only true lovers can. She was not unmoved, as who could have been under his burning words? But still, training and repression of late had made her wonderfully self-controlled. She was silent. Perhaps she was afraid to speak.

Gently and with a smile, he placed his hand on the bridle of her horse and arrested him.

"You must answer me, Mary. I have been so true and patient."

He could see that she trembled. Hard indeed, must be the lady who turns lovers like this away. Only a moment passed, and yet how long it seemed. The physician looked on her now as he had never even watched in suspense the breath of the dying.

But what is the stir yonder where the trees open? A little group of farmers and idlers comes into view, and there is something they are carrying carefully. What is it? Somebody hurt? Somebody dead? They walk slowly and with a certain solemnity. No one appears to be speaking.

And so they come on, and Mary and her lover drew out of the little path in the woods to let them pass.

Mary Redburn is suddenly pale. A strange tremor has seized her. Her thoughts for the moment are nowhere.

And now they are here. There is a rude bier of boughs and something covered under the farmers' coats. Dr. Kirk knows what it is—a human being, past all surgery now. But he asks.

The crowd stops. The man in front, touching his hat says:

"A drowned man, sir—in the water below the mill a long time. I am sure you know him, sir; everybody knows him. It's Mr. Massari, that disappeared so suddenly."

Mary Redburn uttered a little cry, and would have fallen from her horse had not Clarence Kirk supported her. She was free at last!

* * * * *

And quite true it proved that the corpse was that of Louis Massari, who had evidently fallen into the water while tipsy that night. At the inquest the identification was complete.

And so Mary Redburn married Clarence Kirk, the man for whom she was destined, after all. Alice Elliott, there is no doubt, was a little piqued and disappointed. She had been sure of her capture of this handsome doctor; but it was not to be. She did not attend his wedding, and it was not until she had made Rev. Mr. Slippers as happy as it is possible to be in this world by becoming his bride, that she renewed her friendship with Dr. Kirk and his wife. But now they are warm friends again, for the young lady believes she did best, after all.

Mr. Slippers is a rising man and a pet of his bishop. He has written a book with a new theory about the flood, and proving that the scriptural version is perfectly correct, which has created a great sensation, and some of the infidel scientists are said to be extremely unhappy.

And so the lives in which we have been interested are running pleasantly on.

WYOMING ON BRONCHO-BACK.

By EDWIN H. TRAFTON.

LIKE all new sensations, one's first visit to the Rockies has its disappointments as well as its amply rewarded anticipations. For the red man of romance, for the savage before whom Custer went down to the dust—and history, it is disillusion to be obliged to hunt for your Indian on his reservation, instead of being hunted by him; in place of the frequent and affectionate grizzly of earlier experience, it is humiliating to excite only the curiosity of that saucy and exasperating wharf-rat of the plains—the prairie-dog. Nor is the ambitious owner of a handsome new rifle of marvelous mechanism put in the primest of humors on making the discovery that such bison-skins as he would possess himself of as trophies of the chase must be purchased in the form of buffalo robes in Eastern fur-stores; and where one had fancied he would be made the unhappy victim of cowboys, there is a monotony, however flattering to one's egotism, to find himself, day after day, one of a very few human beings in a vast territory.

The "outfit" of the Bothwell party, with which I made a trip of between 400 and 500 miles, going and returning, into the very heart of Wyoming Territory, was a formidable one. For the "tender-foot," and the reader unfamiliar with the vernacular of the plains, it should be explained that "outfit" is an elastic word, being applied alike to the contents of a "gripsack" or the make-up of a caravan—to the *trousseau* of a bride or the paraphernalia of a gambling hell—to the frying-pan and rubber blanket of the prospector, or the horses, wagons, camp



DURBIN'S RANCH, ON THE SWEETWATER.

equipment, provisions and miscellanies of a large party, as in our own case.

With the single exception of ex-President Arthur's outfit, which had the year before been through from the Union Pacific to the National Yellowstone Park, ours was the largest and most imposing which the part of the country has ever seen. It was made up of half-a-dozen four-horse teams, and a "bunch" of saddle-horses, with sleeping and mess tents, ample supplies in the well-stocked commissary department, ten men to do everything that could be done for the creature comfort of the explorers, and a baker's dozen of capitalists and scientific men, earnest and practical, alert to learn all that Wyoming might be pleased to impart as to her wealth of natural resources.

Our party included the inevitable Englishman, and in the same breath do I wish to put on record the fact that he never grumbled once, and that a more genial, whole-souled, companionable gentleman than this Londoner one would go far to find; but an uncompromising regard for the truth, however painful, compels me to add that this inevitable Englishman was accompanied by the equally inevitable umbrella. In a wild effort to release himself from the national thralldom, he left his silk umbrella in New York; but at Rawlins, our starting-point, and at the very last moment before departure, he weakened and fell, and became the victim of a cotton umbrella, of a low and vulgar type, and henceforth this parachute, like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, was ever to be seen in the van, serenely bobbing up and down in its efforts to adjust its broad expanse to the more or less uncertain lope of the broncho.

To recapitulate, as to the make-up of our outfit:

1. Four-horse teams, or "prairie-schooners," for the tents and provisions, personal luggage and the comfort of those who preferred a wagon-seat to a saddle.
2. Thirty horses, including a mongrel broncho, named "R. B. Hayes."
3. Ten men, including surveyors, teamsters, a detail to care for the tents, a cook and his assistant, and a night-herder to guard the horses and camp, all under the direction of Joe Rankin, the scout.
4. Fifteen men, whose sole business was to ride, to see, to enjoy, to learn—likewise, to eat, drink and sleep.
5. Julia, a small dog with a history disproportioned to her size.
6. A cot-bedstead, taken along by a young married man, as a concession to his devoted wife's imperative wishes, lashed to the side of one of the big wagons, whence it was not once removed, but where it served as a chronic source of good-humored jokes, all other topics failing.
7. The Englishman's cotton umbrella.

From this inventory it will tax neither the credulity nor make requisition on the imagination to believe that when our outfit fairly set out from Rawlins on a day in July last, with much cracking of long whips by the teamsters, much anxious and earnest conversation addressed by sundry tender-feet to the ambitious bronchos they for the first time bestrode, the hearty good wishes of a respectable gathering of Rawlins's most substantial citizens, and the noisy admiration of the untamed and irreverent small boy, that I felt very much as though I was traveling with a circus. Nor did the familiarity that came with experience wholly obliterate this first impression.

Yet the individual "outfit" should not be ignored. Each man was his own purveyor, assisted by modest sug-



DEVIL'S GATE, ON THE SWEETWATER.

gestions from every other man in the party, and wholesale advice from the casual stranger, and the incidental chance acquaintance, very much after the manner of those who prescribe sovereign remedies for the cure of a cold. And, at the end of it all, the victim of an attempt to acquire an outfit, like the analogous sufferer, is reduced to a mental condition verging on imbecility; but he still has reasons for gratitude if, after running the gantlet of outfitting storekeepers from Chicago, through Omaha and Cheyenne, to Rawlins, he does not find himself a financial wreck. The articles of dress, the different fire-arms, the things for all sorts of use and of no earthly use to any mortal being, that are urged on one as indispensable, are legion.

With the best intentions in the world, one's friends can only succeed in making a spectacle of him when it comes to the development of an outfit; that can only be satisfactorily acquired by experience.

Our course, carefully mapped out in advance by those thoroughly familiar with the straggling trails and sporadic ranches, took us in a generally northeasterly direction, past the Seminole Mountain, at the easterly end of the Sweetwater Range; into and up the lovely Sweetwater

ROUTES OF GREEN RIVER VALLEY, WYOMING.



Valley, like a garden of the Lord environed by sentinel peaks of the Rockies, crossing the old overland emigrant trail, making our exit through the Devil's Gate; and so on, till the Rattlesnake Mountains were crossed, and thence up the Powder River country, what is now known as Camp Aughey being the limit of our travels. This point, a little south of the Big Horn Mountains, is a sharp day's ride from where Custer made his last stand against the Sioux under Sitting Bull, from which massacre John F. Finnerty, then correspondent of the *Chicago Times* and now a Congressman, was one of a handful of men who escaped to tell the story. The entire route over which we passed in going and returning was a common hunting and battle-ground of hostile Indians no longer ago than seven or eight years, and previous to the time that they were removed to reservations the white man who ventured where we went was, in the quaint but expressive phraseology of Joe Rankin, "a good one."

And Joe himself must have been "a good one" in those days, for he had his experiences with the Indians, thrilling enough to raise the hair on the head of the listener, although it appears he had the good fortune to preserve his own scalp-lock intact. He was with Major Thornburgh at the time of the Meeker massacre, and was sent to carry news of Thornburgh's deadly peril, and to secure reinforcements. Dodging alike the Indians and the bullets they sent after him, he accomplished his journey, making the marvelous ride of 160 miles in twenty-four hours, from midnight of one day to midnight of the next, using up three or four horses in his errand of life and death. Troops were hurried on to Thornburgh's relief, and his hotly beleaguered men were saved. To hear Rankin tell it, one would think that such a ride was the most matter-of-fact, everyday sort of thing imaginable. To see him lazily loping along on old Jake, a horse that, like his master, has seen lively times, one would scarcely suppose he ever could do forty miles a day in the saddle, let alone picking him out for a man who has put himself on record as the hero of one of the most daring, as it was one of the most successful, deeds in the more recent annals of American warfare with the red men.

Having now sufficiently described our outfit, and outlined the route of our travels and observations, without attempting a journal, diary or log of our daily movements, alike tedious and distasteful to reader and writer, I will briefly catalogue some of the things seen, enjoyed or experienced, and then say something of each in turn, as per inventory:

1. "The nearness of the distance, the total disregard of the perspective for veracity."
2. Mental and physical exhilaration of living in a high altitude.
3. The scenery—with only sage-brush below, the sky above and cloud-kissing peaks on the sentry line of the horizon.
4. Ranches and ranchmen.
5. Flora and fauna, the geological eccentricities of the miceneo-tertiary period, and our encyclopedia of natural history, Professor Aughey, LL. D., Ph. D., late of the Nebraska State University and now Territorial Geologist of Wyoming.
6. The game, including antelope, deer, elk, sage-hens and tenderloin.
7. Rattlesnakes.
8. Cowboys, including a painful and improving experience at the F. L. ranch.
9. A typical Wyoming log schoolhouse and its curious connection with the Vienna Welt-Ausstellung in 1873, and the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, with Governor Hoyt as the connecting link.
10. Oil City, where women rule by a majority of one, and the aldermen pass stringent ordinances to protect the schoolchildren from being bitten by antelopes.

11. Wyoming's wealth of unsurpassed, undeveloped and comparatively unknown resources.

12. Mountain fever and a "jackpot" from the medicine-chest.

13. My last day's ride.

14. The elevated literary taste of Rocky Mountain readers.

Each one of these topics would furnish material for an article by itself; but we all know from experience that the minister who takes a whole chapter in the Bible for a text usually preaches a shorter sermon than the one who selects one clause from a single verse.

Every one knows from reading, if not from experience, of the exasperatingly deceptive distances in the mountain regions. There are more feet to the mile, more land to the acre, in Wyoming than I have found in any other part of the world. The rarified atmosphere brings distant mountains within easy reach—to the eye—and only acquaintance with the irrelevancy of apparent nearness, and the certainty that one is bound to under or over estimate distances, finally brings one to a tolerably correct adjustment of appearances with the facts.

A sample dialogue will illustrate the effect of the atmosphere on our party. The outfit had divided, and our scientific guide was asked when we would again meet the other teams.

"Over there," he said, with a comprehensive sweep of his hand.

"And where is over there?"

"On space."

"How far in miles?"

"Five or ten Wyoming miles."

"And how long is a Wyoming mile to-day?"

"Oh, 8,000 or 9,000 feet."

This uncertainty was all-pervading. We were only sure of an objective point when we had caught it, so to speak; but as we were constantly traveling, making a new camp every night, we did not keep our objective points very long after we had spent so many weary hours in capturing them. Another feature of the elevated tablelands over which our course lay for days at a time, was the feeling that if one could only reach a certain sandhill, or butte, or cañon, two or three miles ahead, he would then have reached the edge, the outer verge of all things, and find an expansive view of whatever might lay beyond; but, on reaching that certain point, there still remained ahead of one another sandhill, butte or cañon, and the same desire to hurry on to the jumping-off place that provokingly remained ever and always "over there," strive one never so earnestly to overhaul it. The exhilaration that goes with this impulse—we were never less than 6,000 feet above sea-level, and from that up to about 9,000 feet—is not unlike that of being up in a balloon. The ozone makes one light and buoyant, and at times flying seemed far from impracticable—if one's feelings were any criterion. It is only when meal-time is close at hand, or has already passed, and the "provision-wagon" is still out of sight, that one forgets the allurements to lope on and on for the tantalizing but illusive glimpse of all that lies in front; and the aerated air no longer has a tithe of the exhilaration that inheres in the first odors that deliciously assail the nostrils from the frying-pan of the cook where the antelope-steak is preparing to appease the ravenous appetite after a hard day's ride.

It grows dark gracefully in the Rockies. Twilight falls softly, silently touching valley and mountain-pass with its wand of peace, at the last kissing the luminous sky good-night from the far heights of the topmost peaks. All nature is at rest, sweet sleep enwraps the universe, night lures to pleasant dreams, and there is naught to break the silence save the mournful, wind-like wail of the

coyote wafted from the black shadows of the foothills, and the strident, self-assertive snore of the New York capitalist that emanates from one of the little huddle of tents dimly outlined by the starlight. One who cannot sleep in a camp like ours, cannot sleep anywhere. The president of a Cheyenne bank who was along had for months been the victim of insomnia. His fear at the outset was that he would not be able to sleep on the ground, with nothing but blankets between him and mother earth. In this he was so pleasantly disappointed that our last night out he said to me, with dismal foreboding: "I wonder if I really shall be able to sleep on a mattress after I get home!"

Ranches are few and far between in Central Wyoming, although in this statement of what appears to an Eastern man to be a simple fact, I fear I shall not be borne out by the opinion of ranchmen themselves. The second day out we stopped for noonday pot-luck at the cabin of Mr. Hurt, who has a ranch with 15,000 head of sheep. He is forty-five miles from Rawlins, in the Platte Valley, or, more correctly speaking, in a valley that forms a part of the Platte drainage system. When I asked him how far away his nearest neighbors lived, he said:

"They used to be a good, comfortable distance off, but now some fellows have taken up a ranch only fifteen miles away. I don't like to have 'em so close; it's getting too crowded here. I'm glad to have visitors, but I don't want neighbors as near as that. It makes bad air—'tain't healthy."

He spoke in downright earnest. Think of that, ye dwellers in city flats and east-side tenement-houses! The close connection between civilization and the frontier, between Wall Street and a Rocky Mountain sheep ranch, was shown by the interest he manifested in the recent colossal Wall Street collapse.

"The blamed outfit affects my business," he said, illustrating still another of the unlimited uses to which the word "outfit" is applied. "Usually we get fifteen cents a pound advance on wool: this year we get only ten."

"How much land have you got fenced in here?" I asked.

"Not much; only a few miles."

These "few miles" are contiguous to an enormous coal deposit, and something was said about giving him all the coal he wanted for 200 years to come.

"By that time," said Mr. Hurt, quaintly, "I hope to be in a place where I won't need any more coal. I mean a better place than this, if working hard and being honest, or trying to be, will do it. Sometimes we sheepmen have to swear, but I reckon that won't count. For instance, if they get caught in a blizzard with 5,000 head of sheep, and the sheep are bound to go the wrong way."

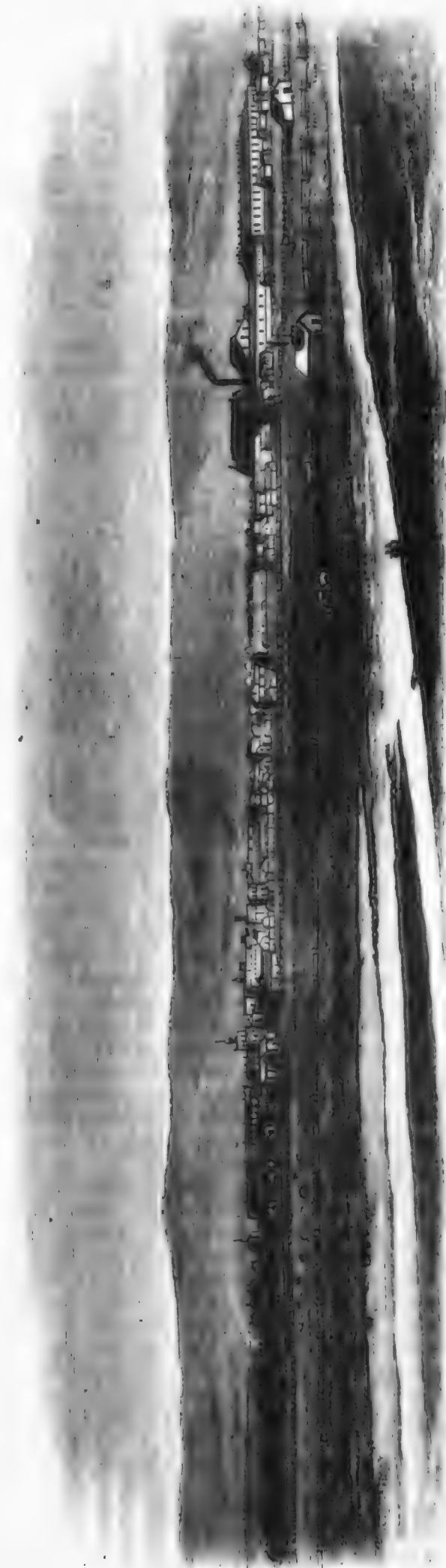
On the threshold of Mr. Hurt's cabin a sundial is marked off, which was plain enough to understand; but I was confused by a lot of recent markings by the side of the old ones, indicating the hours.

"Oh, those last marks are for the new time," he said, noticing my perplexity. What with his knowledge of the effects of the "last Wall Street outfit," his new-time sundial, and his liberal theology, not to mention a number of copies of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, which occupied the place of honor on the living-room table, Mr. Hurt is by no means isolated or behind the times, if his nearest neighbor is fifteen miles away.

Outside the half-dozen places of any size in Wyoming, the architecture is of the most primitive sort, and after one model. The word ranch is applied to either a cabin or to the land which a man owns or makes use of, and

both are included and implied in speaking generally of one's ranch. The cabins are built of rough logs, with mud to fill the chinks. The roofs are flat, or with a slight slope, covered with turf, which is often found growing luxuriantly in the Summer. Originally this turf on top was useful to prevent the incendiary savage from setting fire to the cabin, and is now equally useful in the added warmth and protection from snow in the Winter. In place of the ice-chest and refrigerator of the Eastern housekeeper is the meat-pole, which the unsophisticated is apt to mistake for a flagstaff. By means of a pulley and rope the fresh meat is hoisted fifteen or twenty feet in air, where it hangs suspended above the range of hungry flies and predatory wild beasts, and is kept in a state of excellent preservation, subject to the culinary demands of the camp. To the visiting ranchman and infrequent traveler the meat-pole is always a sure index to the condition of the larder. If it be empty he may as well ride on to the next ranch; if loaded with a quarter of venison there is comfortable assurance of gastronomic satisfaction. For hospitality is the foundation-stone of the ranchman's religion, and there is always shelter and a share in the provisions for any one who applies. Even if the cabin be deserted the visitor is expected to make himself as much at home as though the proprietor were present to do duty as host, helping himself to such food as he may need to make a comfortable meal. This is one of the unwritten laws that is constantly honored in the observance, and every one's literal latch-string hangs out whether he be within or fifty miles away. The exception to this rule, where the host would consider it an insult were the guest to offer pay, is furnished by what are known as "road ranches," the only substitute for the Eastern tavern, and the old-fashioned inn, where the proprietor makes a business of entertaining man and beast for a reasonable remuneration. Most of the ranches are occupied by gangs of cowboys, or "cowpunchers," as they are interchangeably called in the vernacular, numbering from half-a-dozen up to a score in a single cabin, where, in the absence of the civilizing influence of woman, the daily routine is severely simple. The male cook is the nearest approach to a housekeeper, and every man looks after his own personal comfort in the matter of bunks, and in caring for his own limited wardrobe. A grotesque result of every man being his own tailor, I saw illustrated at Durbin's horse ranch, on the Poison Spider Creek, where one of the cowboys wore a pair of black doeskin trowsers, the worn-out seat of which was covered with a generous expanse of white bagging with the trade-mark of the mill standing out distinct and clear.

There is no better-known ranch in Wyoming than that of Tom Sun, just beyond the Devil's Gate, on the Sweet-water River. This Gate is a cañon where the solid rock has been cleft asunder to a width of 75 feet, the walls rising to a height of nearly 400 feet, and through this the river rushes—a narrow, deep and rapid current—for the distance of about a quarter of a mile. Tom Sun has seven miles of the valley west of this cañon fenced in, and for situation the land is unsurpassed. His original selection of the site was made one day when, hard-pressed by the Indians, he took refuge in the hills close by, from whence the lovely valley spread out at his feet like a living panorama. He was a famous scout and Indian-fighter in the days when there were Indians to fight, and for a long time after he built his cabin, he never knew when absent if he would find it destroyed on his return. To guard against surprises, he had rifles and cartridges cached in three or four places among the rocks of the hillsides



VIEW OF LARAMIE.



TIMBER-FLUME AND CHARCOAL-FURNACES, HILLIARD, WYOMING.



PRONGHORN ANTELOPES.

surrounding his cabin, so that if he had to run for it, he was sure to find ample provision for his defense. Tom Sun is now the partner of Sir John Reed in the cattle business. His ranch, one of the most comfortable we found anywhere, has always been famous for its hospitalities; but it is now doubly popular since they are dispensed by Mrs. Sun, one of the few women within a radius of a great many miles. To visit Wyoming without seeing Tom Sun is to miss one of the best known characters in the Territory, and one of the best worth knowing.

As a rule ranches take the name of the cattle-brand of their proprietor—the "71 Ranch," the "F. L. Ranch," for example—and are thus known and designated by every one. It should be further stated that,

contrary to the habit in the East of putting farmhouses on the most elevated and commanding sites, Wyoming ranches wisely seek the shelter from the high winds and occasional blizzards in the lowest levels of the valleys, or hide themselves in the unpoetic but practical shelter of gullies, rivers and cañons. The only adornment of the premature, rough-hewn, dovetailed logs for cabin-walls, is the equally appropriate and almost universal display

of elk-horns or deer-antlers surmounting the gables, not infrequently disposed along the ridge-pole, and often utilized indoors for holding coats, hats, newspapers, and "traps and calamities" of all sorts.

I do not believe there is another man in all the Rocky Mountain region who has so entirely



SAGE-HENS.

mastered the flora, fauna and geology of this section, as the naturalist and scientist-in-chief of our party. All things animate and inanimate have yielded up their secrets to him, and he has got so close to the very heart of nature through years of the most perfect intimacy, through researches patient, untiring and at the same time enthusiastic, that it really seemed as though there was no rock or reptile, no bird or beast, no smallest leaf, no brightest bloom, that was not to him a poem, a sermon, an inspiration. The individuality of each is recognized, and not only does he have the scientific technology and all the local names at his tongue's end, but he can at the same time entertain one with every fact of interest, whether it be concerning the fossil *Corbicula Augheyi*, found only in two localities—Fremont's Orchard, in Colorado, and near the base of the Seminole Mountain in Wyoming; a cone of the *Pinus ponderosa*, which only opens and grows after being subjected to the action of fire; the results of his investigations into the formation of the Miocene-tertiary Period, or every last detail concerning sage-brush, grease-wood and buffalo-grass; the noble traits of the majestic elk, the domestic life of the *Centrocercus urophasianus*—more popularly known as the sage-hen, or the habits of the frequent and disgusting rattlesnake—a reptile I so heartily and cordially detest that I would not honor it by the use of its scientific name, if I knew it, which I do not. With the *materia medica* of the Indians is Professor Aughey equally at home, from the use of the beneficent *Squindellia squarrosa* to the Sioux method of giving a Turkish bath, with original and startling variations. At one time a pupil of Leidy's, Professor Aughey's contributions to scientific literature are welcomed as undisputed authority, a curious illustration of this fact having come to my knowledge in the shape of a letter containing a check from the publishers of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which reached him along with our mail in the heart of the Rockies, brought to us at Camp Hobson's Choice, on the Poison Spider Creek, by a special courier, a two days' ride from Rawlins. Besides being able to give us definite, precise and complete information on anything and everything connected with the Rockies, who has been at home here from days long antedating the driving out of the red men, there is rare entertainment in talking with a man who fought with John Brown in Kansas and tried to dissuade that radical of the radicals to give up the project of his mad raid into Virginia; a man who was a personal friend of the poet Richard Realf, and who holds in tender remembrance the days when Edgar Allen Poe gave him, while still a boy not yet in his teens, kindly encouragement and generous help in his first study of reptiles and insects. Add to this a man who has had his hairbreadth escapes and thrilling experiences with Indians; who is an expert in all the craft of hunter, prospector and camper-out; whose experience and ingenuity make him laugh at every accident and equal to any emergency of a trip like ours; who knows where and how all game is to be found and killed; who is a surgeon, cook, physician, naturalist, trapper, nurse, poet, scout, philosopher, machinist, as occasion may require; who scorns a tent and prefers the stars for a canopy, and at the same time keeps up with what the great world outside is doing in literature, art, science, legislation and diplomacy, and you have a man out of a million with whom to make a trip into the Rockies.

A quarter of a century ago 10,000,000 of buffalo, he says, used to find ample grazing-grounds in the 100,000 square miles embraced in the present Territory of Wyoming, besides vast herds of elk, deer and antelope. The

buffalo have been driven out or killed off, and their place has been taken by a million head of cattle. The wholesale butchery of the bison was wanton, wicked, and without excuse. During one trip through the Sweetwater Valley, the professor saw 2,000 dead buffaloes, with nothing but their hides removed. During one trip we saw not one live buffalo, and the carcasses of but few dead ones along the trail. We were told by Mr. Clay, the Chicago cattle king, of a "bunch" of about fifty of them that were "rounded up" to the west of us the day before leaving Rawlins, but we did not verify the rumor. At one ranch up-country, also, we were told of a buffalo bull that had passed the cabin the evening before, but a few hundred yards distant. He was going at top speed, as though he had been sent for and couldn't get there quick enough, and in his blind haste charging into a barbed wire fence, carrying away several rods of it. Indignant at being pricked and torn by an enemy invisible, he came to a sudden halt, faced about, pawing the earth and bellowing forth an angry challenge. Evidently surprised that the cause of his discomfiture failed to respond, he presently headed for his course and was soon lost to sight over the crest of a sand-hill.

"Are you going to hunt grizzlies?" a member of the party was asked when we set out.

"What do I want to hunt grizzlies for? I haven't lost any that I know of," was the sufficient response.

If there were neither bison, grizzlies nor Indians to hunt, we found plenty of other game that afforded the amplest satisfaction to those of the party who cared for that sort of sport. From the first day out of Rawlins until our return we were scarcely ever out of sight of antelope, black-tailed deer and sage-hens. There was no day that our larder was not replenished by the fur or feather, of which there seemed an unlimited supply. An elk or two, also, were seen in the timber on Pine Mountain, and plenty more could have been found for the simple trouble of looking for them. The sage-hens, handsome birds, were so tame that it was like shooting barnyard fowls to kill them. At times they would actually walk toward the man who was knocking them over, and so plentiful were they that it was no feat at all to bag a couple of dozen of them inside of an hour. For two or three days it was great sport to bring them down; after that it became monotonous, and about the same time it was discovered that, good eating as they were, it was like too long a consecutive diet of quail to further include them in the daily bill of fare.

Wherever we came across a large bunch of cattle there was almost always sure to be either deer or antelope grazing near them, in groups of three or four up to a dozen. The largest number of antelope I saw together was a bunch of fully fifty, into which I rode, to my surprise no less than theirs, in a verdant, watered run between two sand buttes. One moment of curious inspection and they had gone like a flash. The cook was kept well supplied with antelope, the juicy steaks of which were fully appreciated by the entire party. To the credit of all concerned, I wish to say, however, that notwithstanding the constant temptations afforded by such lively game, no antelope was killed in wanton sport, the number being confined to what we could comfortably dispose of at table. Usually they were within easy range, 300 to 600 yards away, and there is plenty of excitement and a pleasurable thrill to the nerves in pulling trigger at such a mark. There is a feeling of triumph in bringing an antelope to earth; but it is a sad sight to see an antelope die. Life is as free, as sweet, as perfect to him as it can be to any creature. The pain, the terror, the how-could-

you-do-it look in the great, almost human eyes, and the hoarse, pitiful death-cry as the merciful knife of the hunter at its throat ends the struggle, turns the triumph into a tragedy.

In one of his exploring expeditions in the Rattlesnake range, Professor Aughey had occasion to camp on Garfield Mountain, the highest peak of the range, which rises to an altitude of 8,400 feet. In a sheltered nook, far up the mountain, he found ninety head of elk and deer, and he made his camp close by to watch them. When, in the still hours of the lonesome night, a large and hungry pack of wolves put in an unwelcome appearance, it was then, so the professor told me, that he fully understood why the elk and deer had herded together. With the instinct of true military defense, they formed a perfect ring, facing out, with the young in the centre. Several wolves that he shot were eaten by their companions, thus verifying a fact which we often read, but which is seldom witnessed. The elk and deer he did not disturb, and so tame were they, so unfamiliar with the human species, that some of them studied the professor with evident interest, at a distance of no more than ten rods. In the morning when he awoke they were lying down, still in a circle, and when he stirred, in an instant they were on their feet, the bucks ready to do battle if attacked. Parties of Indians are allowed to leave their reservations and visit their old hunting-grounds through which we passed, but they are obliged on demand to show their official permit, signed by the agent, to any white man who desires to see it. To find a lot of Indians off the reservation without permission, would suggest disagreeable possibilities that old settlers and scouts would not misunderstand. In the absence of the larger game, none is small enough to be despised by the Indian hunter.

"I've seen them before now," said Joe Rankin, "start in on prairie-dogs. They would string them and go on till they came to an antelope. Then they would kill the antelope and throw the dogs away. When they struck a deer, they'd gather him in and drop the antelope. They prefer the best there is, but they never get left by not taking what they can get."

The rattlesnake has the reputation of being an honorable enemy. This is denied on the testimony of those of our party more familiar with his habits than I ever wish to be from personal experience. I will do the reptile the credit of saying that he does coil himself up in a way that looks precisely like the woodcuts of him in the school geographies and natural histories; but in time of danger his rattle, instead of being a friendly warning to you, is, the rather, designed to terrify you if possible, and, in any event, to sound the alarm for assistance from any other of his loathsome species that may be within hearing. We did not see as many snakes as I had anticipated, but there was a "genteel sufficiency" as it was—quite enough to keep one on the alert. We saw some of them every day, and killed some—usually by the well-directed blow of a whip dexterously laid on the back of their necks while coiled preparatory to making a spring; the largest number encountered in any single day was no more than ten or a dozen. The one place where we did not see any at all was on Rattlesnake Mountain, our camp one night being on its side. The name was sufficiently suggestive to furnish the theme for stories and discussion after supper and along with the evening pipe, to that extent that I am sure more than one of the outfit dreamed of snakes that night. At daylight next morning we were suddenly brought up "on end," with our hair in a condition to match, by the terrified exclamation of

the professional invalid, who was spooking around near the tent-door:

"It is alive! Can it be a snake?"

It could have been a snake. Fortunately for our nerves it wasn't. The cause of the panic was a mild and inoffensive field-mouse. Although I was told by those accustomed to life in the Rockies that rattlesnakes rarely intrude themselves into the bedfellow companionship of one rolled up in his blanket, I was none the less conscientious and regular in my nightly examination of what might be inside my blankets before lying down; and this habit of looking for snakes—not unlike a woman's looking under the bed for a man—although never rewarded by any painful discovery, was kept up, in a perfunctory sort of a way, for a night or two after I found myself in Pullman sleepers *en route* East.

THE INVENTION OF INK.

WHEN ink was first introduced does not seem to have been decided; but given the paper and the pen, a colored medium which would show on a light surface, was so obvious a want, and one so readily found, that there is no extraordinary credit due to the unknown inventor. It appears to be only of comparatively late years that black ink has been almost universal. Roman ink was red, purple and gold; and inks of blue, green, violet, and other shades were not uncommon. It was said that simple as is the composition of ink, "we possess none equal in beauty and color to that used by the ancients; the Saxon MSS. written in England exceed in color anything of the kind." Modern ink-makers will deny the superiority of the ancients; but who shall say whether words written in the ink manufactured to-day will stand as vividly centuries hence as those Saxon MSS.? It is difficult to see how the writing materials of the present day can be improved upon, for convenience at least, setting aside questions of lasting inks, which the generation that uses them cannot settle.

WORDS FOR A WEDDING.

Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another, but, at the same time, keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. And you sons, be faithful husbands and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

OUT-OF-SORTS.

Of all the little deceitful and treacherous enemies of people's comfort, is Master Out-of-Sorts.

The world is bright and pleasant; work is good; money is fairly plentiful; no debts are owing; and yet a man feels out-of-sorts, and nothing pleases him.

Or, it is some poor worried mother, who thinks that the children are unusually cross, and that everything seems to have got up out of bed the wrong way.

In both cases the explanation is the same. It is a case of out-of-sorts.

Long before this hard-worked, uncomplaining servant

of ours, the body, falls really ill, it tells us we are out-of-sorts. A trifle of medicine and of rest will often cure. It is only when the warning is neglected that worse results accrue.

Just as surely as a headache tells us that the internal provinces are in a state of irritation and revolt, so surely a feeling of out-of-sortness proves that the whole body wants a careful overhauling.

GLASS.

THE first mention of the use of glass in England to be found in any historical record is in a contract, dated 1439, for painting the windows of the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick, wherein John Pludde covenants not to use

A STATE GOVERNED BY WOMEN.

Among the colonial possessions or—more correctly—dependencies of Holland, there is a remarkable little state which in its constitution and the original costume of its inhabitants surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights.

In the Island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the Kingdom of Bantam, which, although tributary to Holland, is an independent state. The sovereign is indeed a man; but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex. The king is entirely dependent upon his state council. The highest authorities, military commanders and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. These Amazons ride in the masculine style, wearing sharp steel points instead of



WYOMING ON BRONCHO-BACK.—INDIAN WOMAN'S METHOD OF CARRYING HER CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 423.

for the windows any glass of England. Most of the glass at this time came from Flanders. The home manufacture was still insignificant in the days of Elizabeth. In 1589 fifteen glass-houses were at work—Glasshouse Street still recalling the old name for a glass-factory in London. "Horn in the windows," Mr. S. Dowell, in his 'History of Taxation,' tells us, "was now quite laid down in every place; and our lattices had also grown into less use, because glass had come to be so plentiful, and within very little as cheap, if not cheaper, than the old lattice."

At this time, too, drinking-glasses first came into fashion, the wineglasses from Murano being, as among those of æsthetic mind they be to-day, the fashion with the "gentility"—gold and silver being "loathed on account of the abundance." Abundance indeed! The silver plate possessed by Burghley at his death weighed from 14,000 to 15,000 pounds. And this was not considered extraordinary for a man in his position.

spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which they swing very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop. The capital of this little state lies in the most picturesque part of the island, in a fruitful plain, and is defended by two well-kept fortresses.

HARANGUING A BABY.—The worthy Malesherbes (Minister of Louis XVI.), at the head of a Sovereign Court, had been deputed to harangue the Dauphin in his cradle, who, far from understanding a single word of the address, could only cry out and shed tears to express his wants and griefs. He, the Minister, contented himself with saying: "May your Royal Highness, for the happiness of France, as well as for your own, always show yourself insensible and deaf to the language of flattery, as you are this day to the discourse which I have the honor of pronouncing before you!"



A TERRIBLE COMBAT. — "NO SOONER HAD THE DOA LOST HIS PREY THAN HE ATTACKED THE HUSBAND, WHOM HE BEGAN ENCIRCLING IN HIS FATAL COILS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

FOR EVER AND AYE.

In the soften'd light of a Summer eve,
 In the shelter'd nook of a woodland dell,
 Where the late bee linger'd, loath to leave,
 The last faint rays of the sunlight fell
 Over her face, so fair, so sweet—
 Over his words so free and fond;
 Ah, never before were the hours so fleet,
 Never a vision so bright beyond—
 "Love, come what must, or come what may,
 I will be true for ever and aye!"

Into a fair land wander'd he,
 A soldier seeking to win renown;
 And whether he sought it—shore or sea—
 By lonely desert, or leaguer'd town,
 There follow'd ever a woman's prayer:
 And be he distant, or be he dead,
 She harken'd his words in the silent air
 As softly the echoes whispered
 "Love, come what must, or come what may,
 I will be true for ever and aye!"

In the dim light of cathedral aisles
 A valiant warrior weds his bride,
 A rich, proud lady, full of smiles—
 Proud of the hero by her side.
 Who, kneeling at the altar-rail,
 Where fall the organ's deep'ning tones,
 Hears not yon crouching, crush'd one's wail—
 Hears not the words she, sobbing, moans
 "Oh, come what must, or come what may,
 Were you not mine for ever and aye?"

Into the depths of the silent night,
 Up to the great white throne on high,
 A weary spirit hath winged its flight—
 A broken heart at his door doth lie;
 For so women trust, and so men vow,
 And the world wags on its careless glee,
 Till the stricken of heart, forsaken now,
 Seeks a haven of rest where perchance, there be—
 Let come what must, or come what may,
 Hearts true and true for ever and aye!

A TERRIBLE COMBAT.

A SPORTSMAN, who a few months ago penetrated into the jungle lying between Buddoh and Sirangoon, came upon a lone hut, in a district called Campoing Batta, upon the roof of which the skin of an enormous boa or python—whichever may be the correct name—was spread out. The hut was occupied by a Malay and his wife, from whom our informant gathered the following extraordinary account of it: One night, about a week previous, the Malay was awakened by the cries of his wife for assistance. Being in perfect darkness, and supposing the alarm to be on account of thieves, he seized his sharp parang and groped his way to her sleeping-place, where his hand fell upon a slimy reptile. It was fully a minute before he could comprehend the entire situation, and when he did he discovered that the whole of his wife's arm had been drawn down the monster's throat, whither the upper part of her body was slowly but surely following. Not daring to attack the monster at once, for fear of causing his wife's death, the husband, with great presence of mind, seized two bags within reach and commenced stuffing them into the corners of the snake's jaws, by means of which he succeeded in forcing them wider open, and releasing his wife's arm.

No sooner had the boa lost his prey than he attacked the husband, whom he began encircling in his fatal coils; but, holding out both arms and watching his opportunity, the latter attacked the monster so vigorously with his parang that it suddenly loosed itself, and vanished

through an opening beneath the attap sides of the hut. The husband's clothes were covered with blood, as was also the floor of the hut, and his wife's arm was blue with the squeezing it received between the boa's jaws. At daylight the husband discovered his patch of plantain-trees nearly ruined, where the boa, writhing in agony, had broken off the trees at the roots, and in the midst of the debris lay the monster itself, dead.

The Malay assured our informant that he had realized no less than sixty dollars from Chinese, who came long distances to purchase pieces of the flesh on account of its supposed medicinal properties, and that he had refused six dollars for the skin, which he preferred to retain as a trophy. It was greatly decomposed, having been some days exposed in the open air, and useless for curing.

ENGLISH AS SHE SPOKE.

THE copiousness of the English tongue, as well as the difficulty of acquiring the ability to use its immense vocabulary correctly, is well exhibited in the following array of synonymous words, which, if not new, is a capital illustration of the nice distinction which characterizes so many vocabularies. It is no wonder that we slip occasionally, even the wariest of us. A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep is called a flock. And here we would add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and that a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlemen is called the *élite*, and the *élite* of the city's rascals and thieves is called the most dangerous men in the community.

CUNNING IN CATS.

SOMETIMES cats will display extraordinary traits of cunning when lying in wait for their favorite prey—mice or birds. A cat belonging to a lady residing in one of the suburbs of London used to resort to the following trick: The back garden was separated from the garden of another house by a wall some six feet high. In the neighboring garden stood a withered tree, very little higher than the wall, whose branches were much resorted to by the birds of the vicinity. From the branches of this tree they would hop along the wall, sometimes in considerable numbers. The cat, on first coming into the neighborhood, would sit for hours at a stretch on the wall, watching for a chance to pounce on a bird. The birds, however, were too wary, and the cat finding this out, tried another method.

Instead of taking up her station on the wall, she sus-

pended herself from it, hanging on to the top by her two forepaws, and letting her body drop well out of sight. In this attitude she looked exactly as if she were dead, and had been hung up on some unseen nail. Every now and then she would stealthily raise herself, until her eyes, being on a level with the top of the wall, she was enabled to sweep its surface with a glance and note the approach of any unsuspecting bird. Many a capture bore testimony to the success of this singular plan. One day, however, a bird alighted on the edge of the wall, exactly between the paws of the cat, who, on her side, was in the act of raising herself for one of her stealthy glances. The two were within two inches of each other, and the mutual apparition proved so startling to both that neither stirred for several seconds. Then the paw was lifted, but instead of the usual success attending the movement, the cat lost her balance and fell off the wall, while the bird flew away unharmed!

JAUNTS WITH DICKENS.

BY O. DE CHARLEY.

ONE fine Spring day—it was the 22d of April, 1868—Charles Dickens sailed down New York Bay on a tug-boat, boarded the Cunard steamer *Russia*, off Staten Island, and, after the customary farewells and friendly tributes, departed from our shores for ever. It was the close of his famous reading tour in the United States. This enterprise, probably the most brilliantly successful one of the kind ever undertaken, began in Boston, on the 1st of December, 1867, and ended, as mentioned, some five months later. Seventy-six readings were given, and the total receipts were \$228,000, the author's personal profits being nearly \$100,000.

Dickens's manager, secretary and confidential companion during the greater part of his career as a reader, was the well-remembered Mr. George Dolby, who has recently published a most entertaining account of his wanderings in two hemispheres, in company with his wonderful "Chief." "Dickens was my great hero," says Mr. Dolby, "in the pleasant bygone days when we were 'on the road' together—by day and by night, week after week, month after month, right through the English and American tours; and his memory is heroic now that he has gone." The inexhaustible fund of animal spirits which tided the author of "Pickwick" buoyantly over so many periods of weariness, anxiety and illness, cast gleams of geniality and jollity upon the most prosaic details of reading tours. The secretary's simple, sober and delightfully cockneyish style of narrating their adventures takes away none of their interest.

Dickens's first *début* as a reader of his own works before a public audience was made as early as 1851. The full number of these readings given by him (putting aside those given for charitable or friendly purposes), was 423. In the Spring of 1866 he made an engagement with the Messrs. Chappell to return to the platform after a considerable absence, and give thirty readings in London and the provinces, for the sum of £1,500 for the course. The popular success of this course was assured after the first night, and the engagement was completed to the satisfaction of every one concerned. The chief selections read were from "Copperfield," "Pickwick," "Dombey & Son," and the Christmas tales. Dickens's elocution, dramatic force, and powers of mimicry, were ever a source of wonder to the public, who came in crowds to hear him—such crowds, indeed, that sometimes Mr. Dolby found it a matter of great generalship

to "stem the shilling tide" which kept pouring in after the houses were packed.

There was a great deal of the theatrical about Dickens's readings. He always superintended personally the arrangement of the numerous appurtenances of his platform, and took a gasman and a screen carpenter about with him wherever he traveled. At the back of the stage was a large screen consisting of a series of wood-work frames covered with canvas; this again was covered with a maroon-colored cloth, tightly stretched. In the centre of the stage or platform was the table, on which was a slightly raised reading-desk. On the left hand of the reader, on either side of the table, were small projecting ledges—the one on the right for the water-bottle and glass, the other for his pocket-handkerchief and gloves. Further forward, and on each side of the stage, ran two uprights; these were gas-barrels, secured with copper wire "guys," securing the batten and reflector, and communicating above and below with another range of lights with reflectors, so that the reader's face and figure were fully and equally distinct to the vision of the audience, and no effects were marred either by too much light overhead or by a super-effulgence from below. Wherever he read, in Europe or America, these "fixings" never varied.

"On the road" proper, that is to say, on cars and boats, or tramping through the streets, the great novelist was less fastidious as to outward appearances. He adapted his dress to the exigencies of travel, and was not often recognized by the crowd. Dolby thus describes him, while loitering in a railway coffee-room: "A man respectably attired in the usual lower garments, well cut and well made; over which a pea-jacket or 'reefer,' Count d'Orsay cloak, 'or 'wrap-rascal'; while a hat, soft felt of the 'wideawake' species, 'broad in the brim,' and worn jauntily on one side, gave a sort of roving appearance, or 'modernized gentlemanly pirate' look, to the wearer, who was tall, upright and sinewy; his face, adorned with a wiry mustache and grizzled beard, struck one at once; deep-lined and bronzed, it was a philosopher's; the eyes, whose depths no man could fathom, were large and eloquent, and side by side lurked the iron will of a demon and the tender pity of an angel. His face had all the romance of the ancient Norseman, while his whole mien reminded one of nothing so much as a Viking."

The incognito of the chief was, however, by no means invariably preserved. Once, walking down a country road in Herefordshire, in company with his manager, they met three young men. One of them was so overcome by the apparition of Charles Dickens, whom he at once recognized, that he fell back into the wood, pulling his companions with him, and shouted: "Make way! Blow me if that ain't Charles Dickens!" This was done with such a theatrical air, that it caused the Chief to laugh uproariously. Calling the youth back, he asked him for the honor of shaking him by the hand, and at the same time begged him to accept the assurance that the surmise which had "blown" him was quite correct.

On the cars there was always more or less of story-telling, whist-playing, brewing of punch, consumption of "the artful sandwich," and kindred diversions. On one occasion the conversation turned upon the subject of the terpsichorean art, in which Dickens was an adept, and it was agreed that he should perform a sailor's hornpipe. Mr. Dolby, and Mr. Wills, the traveling companions, formed themselves into a whistling orchestra, while the dancer footed it merrily, in spite of the frequent collapses of the pipers in explosive laughter at the

absurdity of the situation and the pretended indignation of the dancer at the indifference of the music.

Another series of readings was given throughout Eng-

and entertained friends at Gad's Hill. Gad's Hill, as everybody knows, is situated about half way between Gravesend and Rochester, on the high-road to Dover



CHARLES DICKENS.

land, Scotland and Ireland, in the early part of the next year (1867). During the interval between the two tours, Dickens worked on his paper, *All the Year Round*,

from London; which high-road divided the ground appertaining to the property into two parts—one of which contained the house, lawns, pleasure-grounds, kitchen

gardens and walled-in croquet-ground, stable-yard, stabling, etc.; and the other consisted of a well-wooded piece of ground, forming a sort of wilderness, in which stood two magnificent cedars. There were also picturesque banks, on which grew ivy, and, in the Summer, nasturtiums, mignonette and other flowers, affording a combination of color as unusual as it was pleasing to the eye.

The house itself was approached through massive oak gates, from either corner of the property, by a semi-circular carriage-drive, and was a two-storied, plain, red-brick building, looking rather more ancient than it really was, with a belfry in the roof and a quaint-looking porch,

life a dozen or more pieces for stage representation, most of which—probably recognizing their meagreness—he left unguarded by copyright. His readings he rehearsed at home as an actor “works up” his part; and it was the innate dramatic instinct of Dickens which made these readings so impressive. Like a true actor, also, he would, in the comic selections, introduce an occasional “gag.” His audiences, knowing his writings almost by heart, always received these interpolations with demonstrations of intense delight. His favorite reading, from “Copperfield,” was given so often, *that he could not remember it*, and used (as he said) “to go dodging about in the wild-



DICKENS'S HOUSE AT GAD'S HILL.

approached by stone steps in front. At each side of the porch was a bay window, that to the left lighting the drawing-room, and that to the right the library—a room now more than ordinarily celebrated by the publication, at the time of Mr. Dickens's death, of the picture of “The Vacant Chair.”

It was at Gad's Hill that Dickens entertained, and sometimes acted with, his numerous actor-friends, amateur and professional. His lifelong predilection for the stage is well-known, and it has often been said that a great comedian was spoiled to make the great novelist. Once he came very near undertaking the management of the Strand Theatre. He must have written during his

est manner to pick up lost pieces.” This only occurred, however, when he had a thoroughly sympathetic audience, with which he could so identify himself as to be powerless to do other than laugh when they laughed, and cry when they cried. The scenes in which appeared Tiny Tim (a special favorite with him) affected him and his audience alike, and it not unfrequently happened that he was interrupted by loud sobs from the female portion of his audience (and occasionally, too, from men), who, perhaps, had experienced the inexpressible grief of losing a child. So artistically was this reading arranged, and so rapid was the transition from grave to gay, that his hearers had scarcely time to dry their eyes after

weeping before they were enjoying the fun of Scrooge's discovery of Christmas Day, and his conversation from his window with the boy in the court below.

Toward the latter part of 1867, the project of an American tour took definite shape. Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston, although he had never heard Dickens read, sent an agent to negotiate with him for a series of readings in this country. The absolute guarantee of a considerable financial profit decided Dickens, who had an expensive family to provide for, and wanted money. Accordingly, Mr. Dolby was sent on to feel the way. He reported favorably, and in November the great novelist made his second voyage across the Atlantic. His coming was heralded by the press and by the ubiquitous Mr. Dolby, and the advance sale of tickets in Boston and New York caused a perfect *furor*.

The price of the tickets, throughout the entire tour, was two dollars, and they were sold impartially at the box-office a few days before each reading. The speculators were rampant, and exerted themselves successfully to secure many of the best seats, on which they realized enormous profits. Frequently they remained in line all night, sleeping on mattresses and around campfires in the street. The amount taken in by Mr. Dolby for the first four readings in New York was \$16,000.

The first American reading was given at Boston, in the Tremont Temple, December 2d, 1867. The selections were the "Christmas Carol" and the "Trial from Pickwick." The audience was a particularly brilliant one, and its reception of Dickens was most enthusiastic. When everything was quiet, and the deafening cheers which had greeted his appearance had subsided, a terrible silence prevailed, and it seemed a relief to his hearers when he at last commenced the reading. The effect of the first few words (without any prefatory remark)—"A Christmas Carol in four staves. Stave one, Marley's Ghost. Marley is dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it, and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to"—placed the reader and his audience on good terms with one another, the audience settling itself down in rapt attention for what was to follow; and by the time the first chapter was finished the success of the readings, certainly so far as Boston was concerned, was an accomplished fact. The only dissentient voice recorded at the Boston readings was that of a "Down-easter," who approached Mr. Dolby and inquired: "Say, who's that man on the platform reading?"

"Mr. Charles Dickens," was the reply.

"But that ain't the *real* Charles Dickens, the man as wrote all them books I've been reading all these years."

"The same."

"Wall, all I've got to say about it then is, that he knows no more about Sam Weller 'n a cow does of pleatin' a shirt; at all events that ain't *my* idea of Sam Weller, anyhow."

After the delivery of this speech he clapped his hat on his head, and left the building in a state of high dudgeon.

Socially, Dickens's visit to Boston was also memorable. Old acquaintances flocked about him; James T. Fields and his partner, Mr. Osgood, with their families, were his bosom-friends, and Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes and Agassiz were almost constant companions.

The Boston successes were repeated in New York. The readings were given in Steinway Hall, and the Westminster Hotel, in Irving Place, was Dickens's home when-

ever he was in the city. An amusing incident occurred during his first stop here. He had just retired to rest at a late hour, after a fatiguing dinner-party, when Mr. Dolby discovered that the hotel was full of excited firemen.

"What's the matter now?" he inquired.

"Well," said the landlord, "to tell you the truth, the house is on fire, and we can't find out where the fire is; and until we can do so we don't want Mr. Dickens to be disturbed."

"As matters were now looking serious," writes Mr. Dolby, "it occurred to me that I would go and report to Mr. Dickens, whose apartments were at the further end of the house, to prepare him for any emergency."

"I found him on the point of getting into bed."

"What do you want?" he inquired.

"The hotel's on fire."

"I know it," he said.

"How do you know it?"

"I can smell it," he said. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," I replied.

"Where is the fire?"

"Nobody knows; but they guess it's somewhere at the other end of the building."

"When do you suppose it will get here?"

"Well," I said, "at the pace it has been going for the last five or six hours, I should say some time before breakfast in the morning."

"Here a council of war was held as to the best thing to do under the circumstances. To go to bed with a view to a night's rest was out of the question, not to mention that we had a lot of valuables about us, in the way of papers, jewelry, and money (there were over \$5,000 in greenbacks in my writing-table drawer), all of which had to be taken care of."

"We decided on arousing Scott, and Genge (the gas-man), the other men being in Boston. This being done, Scott had instructions to pack one suit, his master's dress-clothes, and the reading-books, with his jewelry, in a small portmanteau, and to place it, with the dispatch-boxes, near the window in the sitting-room, from which he could easily escape in case of necessity, and then proceed to pack up as many of Mr. Dickens's other matters as time would allow."

"All these preliminaries having been disposed of, we went down-stairs to see how the fire was getting on, Mr. Dickens, in his peajacket and blue sailor's trowsers, with a thick muffler round his neck, looking more like a pilot than ever."

"Mr. Dickens's entry into the burning bar was hailed by the landlord with delight, and he thereupon insisted on our joining in 'drinks round,' to pass the time until the actual seat of the fire could be discovered."

At last an idea struck one of the firemen that the cause of the smoke might be in a distant part of the house. This proved to be the case. A large wooden beam under a fireplace had become ignited, and the smoke, having no vent, traveled along under the floor and escaped in the barroom. The mischief was remedied, and most of the night was passed in congratulations all round, the whole entertainment winding up in Dickens's rooms at two o'clock in the morning.

It was during this visit to New York that Dickens spent an evening behind the scenes at Niblo's Garden, where "The Black Crook" was in the sixteenth month of its phenomenal career. Describing it afterward, he said: "The people who act in it have not the slightest idea of what it is about, and never had; but after taxing my in-

tellectual powers to the utmost; I fancy that I have discovered 'Black Crook' to be a malignant hunchback leagued with the Powers of Darkness to separate two lovers, and that the Powers of Lightness coming (in no skirts whatever) to the rescue, he is defeated. I am quite serious in saying that I do not suppose there are two pages of *All the Year Round* in the whole piece (which acts all night); the whole of the rest of it being ballets of all sorts, perfectly unaccountable processions, and the Donkey out of last year's Covent Garden pantomime."

That the great novelist took a human interest in the glittering ballet is evident, from the following extract from a letter to Macready, the English actor: "Having some amiable talk with a neat little Spanish woman, who is the *première danseuse*, I asked her in joke to let me measure her skirt with my dress glove. Holding the glove by the tip of the forefinger, I found the skirt to be just three gloves long, and yet its length was much in excess of the skirts of two hundred other ladies whom the carpenters were at that moment getting into their places for a transformation scene on revolving columns, or wires and 'travelers' in wire cradles, up in the flies, down in the cellars, on every description of float that Wilnot, gone distracted, could imagine!"

The Christmas of 1867 was spent by Dickens in Boston, where his friends, the Fields, gave an elaborate dinner-party in his honor, the table groaning with "good old" English dainties and substantial specially imported for the occasion. On Christmas Eve he gave a brilliant reading, in which the "Christmas Carol" figured most effectively. Then the reader started again on his professional tour, which took in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, Providence, Worcester, New Haven, Springfield, Rochester, Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany, etc. Visits to St. Louis, Chicago, and other Western cities, had been fully decided on, but were eventually given up on account of the fatigue and illness of the reader, thereby causing great disappointment.

The Brooklyn reading in the middle of January was a memorable one. It was given in Plymouth Church, Mr. Beecher having given up the building for that purpose, as no other place was available. The "house" was sold out in advance in about four hours, producing nearly \$20,000. "The noble army of speculators," as Dickens described them, were present in greater force than ever. They had been in the line since ten the previous evening, and during the whole night had kept up an enormous bonfire in the street, sleeping around it in turns on their mattresses, and enjoying their suppers of bread and meat, with potations of Bourbon whisky. Early in the morning, just about daybreak, a body of police appeared on the scene, an idea having suddenly occurred to them that in a narrow street, composed entirely of wooden houses, a bonfire was a source of considerable danger to the whole of that part of the city. On Dolby's arrival there at eight o'clock in the morning, with his ticket-clerks and the tickets packed in a small portmanteau, he was greeted with "Holloa, Dolby!" "How's Charlie this morning?" "Look alive, old man!" "Let me carry the portmanteau for you." "So he's trusted you with the carriage, has he?" "We're frozen to death waiting for you, and will buy you *right up*, carriage, horses, and all if you like—anything to get away from this darned cold."

The police made a raid on the bonfire, the mattresses and speculators, and a terrific combat ensued, in which the people furthest off in the line took the most prominent part, until they saw that those nearest the door were being routed, and then with broken heads and bleeding

noses rushed into the good places, bringing with them their mattresses, and hanging on to the iron railings round the church to keep possession of the places they had so gallantly fought for. The New Yorkers got the worst of the fight, and the Brooklyn men the best of the tickets. Many arrests were made, and amongst the arrested ones was a poor old man tricked out as "George Washington," who, however, was "let off" on promising not to come to Brooklyn any more for ticket speculation, certainly in tickets for readings in a church.

While Dickens appreciated the humorous (and doubtless the financial) side of these doings, he felt that the speculators' trade must eventually tell against him. And so, indeed, it did; but the precaution had been taken of closing up in each city at a judicious time, and revisiting only New York and Boston for farewell readings. That the labor of giving these readings was a severe strain to the popular novelist cannot be doubted. Often he found himself so "used up" that it seemed as if he could never fulfill his engagements. Yet he never disappointed an assembled audience.

"His spirit and determination," says Mr. Dolby, "were of the most indomitable character, and under the most trying circumstances he would be the most cheerful. On many occasions in America, I had been fearful that he would not be able to give his readings, and but for my knowledge of him and his power of 'coming to time' when 'time' was called, I should often have despaired of his physical capacity. It was only by a most careful observation that any one could form any idea of the extent of his sufferings, for he made it a rule, in the unselfishness of his nature, never to inflict his own inconveniences on any one else; and as for the public, he held it as a maxim that 'No man had a right to break an engagement with the public if he were able to be out of bed.'"

The second week of February, spent in Washington, was a very agreeable one. Dickens had an interview with President Johnson, and spent much time with Charles Sumner, and Mr. Stanton, then War Minister. The latter gentleman, on being started with a chapter from any of Mr. Dickens's books, could repeat the whole of the chapter from memory, and, as the author confessed, knew more about his works than he himself did.

An exceedingly droll incident occurred in the course of the Washington readings, which were given in Carroll Hall. By some means or another, a stray, comical-looking dog had contrived to force his way into the hall, unseen by the police and ushers in attendance. During the reading of a comic portion of the "Christmas Carol," this dog suddenly made his appearance from under the front seat, and stared intently at Dickens. It was fortunate that this happened during a comic scene, or Dickens, with his love of humor, would have had his gravity considerably upset, feeling sure, as he did, that the dog would take advantage of any applause that might ensue, to set up a bark. The public being too intent on the reader, did not notice the dog; but one of the ushers observing him, took an early opportunity of having the dog removed, a process which was quietly effected; but a little later the animal contrived to return to his former position, where he indulged in a prolonged howl, as if in great pain. This had such a ridiculous effect on Dickens, that he could not help laughing. Everybody laughed, but the dog was most unceremoniously ejected, receiving miscellaneous kicks and raps over the head from sticks and umbrellas. Strange to say, he returned the next night, but on his way into the hall he indiscreetly knocked his head against Mr. Osgood's

leg. That gentleman was too quick for the dog; seizing him with both his hands, he threw him over his shoulder, and the poor beast was caught like a ball by the ushers, and passed on from one to another, until he found himself in the street.

He was not, however, to be got rid of in this manner, for on the occasion of the third reading he came again, accompanied by another dog; but the staff were on the lookout for him, and he did not get in, much to his disappointment; for, as Dickens said, "he had evidently promised to pass the other dog free."

Meanwhile, Messrs. Dolby and Osgood were "training" for a great walking-match between themselves, to come off in Boston before the end of February. Dickens, himself a famous pedestrian, had entered heartily into this

round them, right shoulder inward, and walk back to the starting-point. The man declared by them to pass the starting-point first is to be the victor and the winner of the match.

"The men to show on the evening of the day of walking at six o'clock precisely at the Parker House, Boston, when and where a dinner will be given them by the Gasper. The Gasper to occupy the chair, faced by Massachusetts Jemmy. The latter promptly and formally to invite, as soon as may be after the date of these presents, the following guests to honor the said dinner with their presence, that is to say: "Mistress Annie Fields, Mr. Charles Elliot Norton and Mrs. Norton, Professor James Russell Lowell and Mrs. Lowell, and Miss Lowell, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor and Mrs. Ticknor, Mr. Aldrich and Mrs. Aldrich, Mr. Schlesinger, and an obscure poet named Longfellow (if discoverable), and Miss Longfellow."

On the day appointed, the pedestrians and their trainers managed to elude "half Boston," which was



DICKENS'S RAVEN.

scheme, volunteering to draw up the articles of agreement, to act as trainer, and to write a "sporting narrative" of the match after it had taken place. The match was finally fixed to take place in Boston, on Saturday, February 29th. All the preliminaries were faithfully carried out; and in Dickens's "Articles of Agreement," the author and umpire figured as the "Gad's Hill Gasper," while the contestants went under the respective aliases of the "Man of Ross" and the "Boston Bantam." Mr. James T. Fields, the starter, was dubbed "Massachusetts Jemmy." Articles 2 and 3 of the Agreement sums up the principal conditions of the race:

"Jemmy and the Gasper are, on some previous day, to walk out at the rate of not less than four miles an hour by the Gasper's watch for one hour and a half. At the expiration of that one hour and a half they are to carefully note the place at which they halt. On the match coming off they are to station themselves in the middle of the road at that precise point, and the men (keeping clear of them and of each other) are to turn

on the lookout for them, and the race came off. It is graphically described in the following extracts from the Sporting Narrative of "The Gasper":

"THE MEN.

"The Boston Bantam (*alias* Bright Chanticleer), is a young bird, though too old to be caught with chaff.

"The Man of Ross (*alias* old Aliek Pope, *alias* All-our-praises-why-should-lords, etc.), is a thought and a half too fleshy, and if he accidentally sat down upon his baby would do it to the tune of fourteen stone.

"If vigorous attention to diet could have brought both men up to the post in tip-top feather, their condition would have left nothing to be desired. But both men might have had more daily practice in the poetry of motion. Their breathings were confined to an occasional Baltimore burst under the guidance of the Gasper, and to an amicable toddle between themselves at Washington.

"THE START

was effected beautifully. The men taking their stand in exact line at the starting-post, the first tree aforesaid, received from the

Gasper the warning, 'Are you ready?' and then the signal, 'One, two, three—go!' They got away exactly together, and at a spinning speed, waited on by Massachusetts Jammy and the Gasper.

"THE RACE.

"In the teeth of an intensely cold and bitter wind, before which the snow flew fast and furious across the road from right to left, the Bantam slightly led. But the Man responded to the challenge, and soon breasted him. For the first three miles each

declared he had received a mental knock-downer in taking his station and facing about to find Bright Chanticleer close in upon him, and Rossius steaming up like a locomotive. The Bantam rounded first; Rossius rounded wide; and from that moment the Bantam steadily shot ahead. Though both were breathed at the turn, the Bantam quickly got his bellows into obedient condition, and blew away like an orderly blacksmith in full work. The forcing pumps of Rossius likewise proved themselves tough and true, and warranted first rate, but he fell off in pace; whereas the



MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S LAST READING.

led by a yard or so alternately, but the walking was very even. On four miles being called by the Gasper, the men were side by side, and then ensued one of the best periods of the race, the same splitting pace being held by both through a heavy snow wreath and up a dragging hill. At this point it was anybody's game, a dollar on Rossius and two half-dollars on the member of the feathery tribe. When five miles were called the men were still shoulder to shoulder. At about six miles the Gasper put on a tremendous spurt to leave the men behind and establish himself at the turning-point at the entrance of the village. He afterward

Bantam pegged away with his little drumsticks, as if he saw his wives and a peck of barley waiting for him at the family perch. Continually gaining upon him of Ross, Chanticleer gradually drew ahead within a few yards of half a mile, finally doing the whole distance in two hours and forty-eight minutes. Ross had ceased to compete three miles short of the winning-post, but bravely walked it out, and came in seven minutes later."

On the tour through Central New York in the early Spring, Dickens found most of the cities which he visited

half under water from the freshets. Scarcely anybody was visible in the streets, but almost invariably there were large audiences at the readings. On the "jump" from Utica to Albany, a special struggle with the deluge was required to reach the latter place in time. A reading had to be given there on the night advertised, for which all the tickets were sold. This having been made known to one of the railway officials who was in charge of the train, he said to Mr. Dickens, "If you want to get along, I guess I'm the man as can get you along, and if I can't, why then it's impossible"; and turning out his gang of men, about a hundred strong, they preceded the train, each armed with a long pole to push away the immense blocks of ice and floating timber from the front of the locomotive. In this way the travelers journeyed along through the inundated valley at the rate of about three miles an hour, until they arrived at a part of the country where the influence of the river was not felt, and reached Albany at about five in the afternoon, just in time to make preparations for the reading.

Dickens was at this time a sufferer from what he called the "true American" catarrh, and also from gout. The exertion of getting himself up to reading-pitch, and the fatigue and excitement of reading, resulted in great depression of spirits, which fortunately did not last long; but it necessitated a departure from the usual routine of his reading life, for instead of the immediate change of costume usual on these occasions with the "rub down," it was necessary that he should lie down on the sofa in his dressing room for twenty minutes or half an hour, in a state of the greatest exhaustion, before he could undergo the fatigue even of dressing, and taking during this time about a wineglassful of champagne to give action to his heart. These attacks of nervous depression, being over, he would be himself again; and on returning to the hotel would partake of a little soup or strong beef-tea, and spend an hour or two in genial conversation discussing the events of the day and the incidents of the readings, before retiring to undergo the agonies of a sleepless night.

The farewell Boston reading took place April 8th, and was a notable event. The receipts on this occasion were the largest of any one reading in America, amounting to \$3,456. It was during this visit to Boston that Dickens, having been much interested in a visit to one of the Asylums for the Blind, made arrangements to have "The Old Curiosity Shop" produced in raised letters for the use of the blind in every asylum throughout the country. This was done before the following July, entirely at his expense.

On the 18th of April a brilliant banquet was given at Delmonico's, in honor of the English novelist, by the journalists of America, under the presidency of Horace Greeley. On this occasion Dickens expressed, in a fine speech, the feelings of gratitude and affection springing from his second visit to this country. On the following evening his last reading was given, and two or three days later he sailed for England.

In the course of the next two years—alas! the closing ones of his life—Dickens made a final farewell tour through the United Kingdom. His readings were more popular than ever. Under contract with the Messrs. Chappell, he gave 100 readings, for which he received £8,000, or \$40,000, a goodly sum, but earned at the cost of his life. As an additional sensation, he added to his reading repertory for this tour the terrible scene of the murder of Nancy by Bill Sikes, in "Oliver Twist," which thrilled so many audiences, and astonished professional actors of tragedy. During the interval between

his return from America and the commencement of the tour, he took entire charge of his paper, *All the Year Round*, and during the tour itself he began work upon his last and never-to-be-completed novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Yet, beyond occasional "bad days" and nights, and one or two partial breakings-down, there were no premonitions of the coming end. Dickens was apparently as joyous and enthusiastic as ever, and the jaunts "on the road" were as agreeable as of yore.

The following anecdote, told by Mr. Dolby, belongs to this period: "On one of our 'off' nights both Mr. Dickens and myself had accepted invitations to dine with friends in Liverpool; but Mr. Dickens, being too unwell to carry out his part of the engagement, I had to go without him, leaving him at the Adelphi Hotel alone, to amuse himself the best way he could. Before my departure, he begged of me to call at a bookseller's and to send to him a book with which to pass away the time until my return. I was embarrassed to know the sort of book he would prefer, and was met with the reply, 'Oh, you know! anything you like.' This not satisfying me, I pressed for more precise instructions on the point, getting only the same reply as before, with the suggestion that something of Sir Walter Scott's or *his own* would answer the purpose. As this did not assist me very much, I decided on getting for him one of his own books, and knowing 'The Old Curiosity Shop' to be a favorite with him, I purchased that. Taking it to him myself, he was delighted that I had done this, for he had not read the book for years! On hearing this I was naturally curious to see the effect of his own work on him when I should return to the hotel, and was greatly amused to find him laughing immoderately at certain incidents in the book, as if he had never seen it before. I was as much amused at this as he was with his book, and lest I might think he was vain of his own work, he explained to me—he was not laughing at his own creations, so much as at the recollection of the circumstances under which certain passages and incidents were written."

When produced in St. James's Hall, Tuesday evening, January 5th, 1869, the effect of the "Sikes and Nancy" reading was all that Dickens had anticipated from a financial point of view, and from an artistic point of view he had no reason to be disappointed; but in the vigor and the earnestness with which it was delivered, it was painfully apparent to his most intimate friends, and those who knew his state of health the best, that a too-frequent repetition of it would seriously and permanently affect his constitution. The terrible force with which the actual perpetration of this most foul murder was described was of such a kind as to render Mr. Dickens utterly prostrate for some moments after its delivery, and it was not until he had vanished from the platform that the public had sufficiently recovered their sense of composure to appreciate the circumstance that all the horrors to which they had been listening were but a story and not a reality.

Macready, after hearing this reading, said to Dickens, in his peculiar, hesitating way:

"You remember my best days, my dear boy? No! that's not it. Well, to make a long story short, all I have to say is—Two Macbeths!"

From Mr. Dolby's anxiety concerning this "Murder" reading arose the incident of Dickens uttering what the former says were the only angry words he ever heard his Chief address to any one. The two were engaged in a consultation, over dinner, concerning the programme of readings for the month to come. Says Mr. Dolby:

"I ventured to remark: 'Look carefully through the

towns you have given me, and see if you note anything peculiar about them.'

"'No,' he replied. 'What is it?'

"'Well,' I said, 'out of four readings a week you have put down three Murders.'

"'What of that?'

"'Simply this,' I said; 'the success of this farewell tour is assured in every way, so far as human probability is concerned. It therefore does not make a bit of difference which of the works you read, for (from what I have seen) the money is safe any way. I am saying this in the interest of your health, and I feel certain that if either Tom or Arthur Chappell were here, he would indorse every word I have said, and would agree with me that the "Carol," "Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby" or "Marigold," will produce all the money we can take, and you will be saved the pain of tearing yourself to pieces every night for three nights a week, and to suffer unheard-of tortures afterward, as you have to do. Reserve the "Murder" for certain of the large towns, just to keep your hand in; and if you do this you will be all the better in health, and we shall be none the worse in pocket. Even if we are, I am sure the Chappells will not regret it, but would do anything and everything to save you unnecessary fatigue.'

"'Have you finished?' he said, angrily.

"'I have said all I feel on that matter,' was my reply.

"'Bounding up from his chair, and throwing his knife and fork on his plate (which he smashed to atoms), he exclaimed: "Dolby! your infernal caution will be your ruin one of these days!"

"'Perhaps so, sir,' I said. 'In this case, though, I hope you will do me the justice to say it is exercised in your interest.'

"'I left the table, and proceeded to put my tour list in my writing-case. Turning round, I saw he was crying (my eyes were not so clear as they might be), and, coming toward me, he embraced me affectionately, sobbing the while:

"'Forgive me, Dolby! I really didn't mean it; and I know you are right. We will talk the matter over calmly in the morning.'

During the the latter part of 1869, the new book, "Edwin Drood," was much in the thoughts of the novelist. Its composition gave him trouble and anxiety; and upon being asked, on one occasion, how he liked returning to the writing of a serial story, he replied that he "missed the pressure" of former days. It is noteworthy that one of the conditions which he made with his publisher in regard to the sum to be paid for "Edwin Drood" (the largest paid for any of his works), was that in event either of the author's death or inability from any other cause to complete the work, it should be referred to the arbitration of such persons as he then appointed to decide what amount of money ought to be returned out of his estate to his publishers.

Through much suffering and anxiety, and not without one or two partial collapses, Dickens redeemed his contract, and gave all the readings which had been announced. The final one was given before a vast audience in St. James's Hall, London, on the 15th of March, 1870. The selections were the familiar "Christmas Carol," and the "Trial from Pickwick." At the conclusion, the reader came forward amidst wild applause, and, with great emotion, spoke these words:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It would be worse than idle, for it would be hypocritical and unfeeling, if I were to disguise that I close this episode of my life with feelings of very considerable

pain. For some fifteen years, in this hall, and in many kindred places, I have had the honor of presenting my own cherished ideas before you for your recognition, and in closely observing your reception of them, I have enjoyed an amount of artistic delight and instruction which perhaps it is given to few men to know.

"In this task, and in every other I have ever undertaken as a faithful servant of the public, always imbued with the sense of duty to them, and always striving to do his best, I have been uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy, and the most stimulating support.

"Nevertheless, I have thought it well in the full flood tide of your favor to retire upon those older associations between us which date much further back than these, and thenceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art that first brought us together.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—In two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter in your own homes on a new series of readings at which my assistance will be indispensable,* but from these gairish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell."

Three months later, came suddenly the last farewell of all—the parting of the people's writer with this glad world which he loved and had made more cheerful. The chair by the window at Gad's Hill was left vacant, to be filled—nevermore.

A BOOKWORM is described in dictionaries as "a great reader or student of books," and also as a worm that eats holes in books." The *Publishers' Circular* says: "We confess that, although quite familiar with the little circular tunnel to be met with in bound books as well as in 'quires,' we have never seen the engineer that so scientifically performs this destructive kind of work, until Mr. Bowden sent a specimen." This is figured in the last number of the *Circular*. It is a white waxlike grub, exactly resembling the little white maggots seen in a well-decayed "stilton." Mr. Bowden says: "Booksellers are often made aware, in a manner that is more painful than pleasant, that there are such things as bookworms in existence. However, it is not many booksellers that have seen one; for despite its large ravages, the worm itself is very rare. Mr. G. Suckling discovered three at Messrs. Sotheran's Strand house a few months ago. They were halfway through a bundle of quires, and were evidently on their second or third journey, judging from the number of perforations made in the paper. Mr. Blades devotes, in his "Enemies of Books," some space to a description of this destructive, but withal interesting, species of worm."

REVIVAL OF HOOKS AND EYES.—For more than a dozen years the manufacture of hooks and eyes for women's and children's dresses may be said to have been dead, buttons having superseded. But there are indications that the hooks and eyes are again coming in use, at least to considerable extent. If this should be the case, it would gladden the hearts of some who have preserved their machinery from the scrap-heap. Thirty years ago the State of Connecticut had manufactories within her territories that produced these little articles to the value of \$112,000 annually at fifteen cents a gross. Previous to 1830, or thereabouts, hooks and eyes were made by hand and sold at \$1.50 per gross.

GREAT and good men should be an inspiration to us; their light should illuminate us, their enthusiasm warm us, their spirit animate us. We must not, however, lose our own identity, or quench our own powers, in the vain attempt to live their lives or to imitate their actions.

* A reference to the approaching publication of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."



BURIAL OF DICKENS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE NOVELIST AND HIS CREATIONS.

EARLY LOVE.

Our early love was only dream,
Still a dream too fair for earth;
Hallowed in a faint, far gleam,
Where the fairest flowers have birth;
Let it rest! no stain o'er trouble
Magic murmur, limpid bubble!

These two spirits in the calm
Of moonlight memory may go,
Finding pure, refreshing balm,
When life traileth wounded, slow
Along dim ways of common dust,
As dull lives of mortals must.

Early love, fair fount of waters,
Ever by enchantment flowing,
Where two snakes, her innocent daughter,
Were wont to swim among the blowing
Wilding flowers thou knowest well,
In the wood of our sweet spell!

LOVE BY REFLECTION.

In the province of Canton dwelt as next-door neighbors two rich Chinamen, retired from business. The date is of little consequence. Stories do not require an exact chronology. One of these Chinamen was called Tou, and the other Kouan. Tou had occupied high scientific posts. He was a member of the Chamber of Jasper. Kouan, in employments less abstruse, had acquired fortune and respect.

Tou and Kouan, who were connected by a distant relationship, had formerly loved one another. But their characters, which at first only indicated inappreciable disparity, became in time entirely opposed to one another, like a forked limb of an almond-tree, whose two branches are connected at the root, but are widely separated at their extremities.

Year after year Tou increased in gravity; his corporation increased majestically; his triple chin protruded with solemnity; he now only made good moral couplets to suspend at the gables of the pavilions. Kouan, on the contrary, seemed to get merrier as years increased; he sang more merrily than ever of wine, of flowers, and of swallows. His spirit, freed from vulgar cares, was as fresh and lively as a young man's.

Little by little the two friends conceived an aversion to one another. They could no longer converse without wounding each other with sharp words, and they bristled with thorns and pricks like two quickset hedges. Things at last came to such a pass that they no longer held any communication with each other, and each hung to the front of his house a tablet bearing a formal prohibition against any of the inhabitants of the next house crossing his threshold under any pretext whatever. They would have very much liked to take up their respective houses and to set them down elsewhere. Unfortunately that was not possible. Tou, indeed, did attempt to sell his property, but he was not able to get a reasonable price; and besides, it was painful to him to leave the carved wainscots, the polished tables, the transparent windows, the gilt trellis-work, the bamboo-seats, the porcelain vases, the cabinets of red and black lacquer, the rolls of ancient poems, which he had taken much pains to accumulate. It is hard to give up to others the garden where one has oneself planted willows, peach-trees, and plum-trees, where one has watched the may blossoming each Spring; each of these objects was attached to the man's heart with threads more delicate than silk, but more difficult to break than iron chains.

At the time when Tou and Kouan were friends they had each erected a pavilion in their gardens, at the edge of a pond common to the two. It was a pleasure to them to exchange familiar greetings from the height of the balconies, and to smoke the drop of opium ignited on porcelain bowls, exchanging good-humored puffs. But since their dissensions they had built a wall which separated the pond into equal parts, only, as the depth of the pond was great, the wall was supported on piles, forming a kind of low avenue, through the apertures of which were reflected the lengthened shadows of the opposite pavilion.

These pavilions consisted of three stories, with receding terraces. The roofs, turned up and bent at the corners, were covered with round and glittering tiles. At each corner were carvings in the form of foliage and dragons. Pillars of red varnish, joined by a frieze, slashed like the ivory blade of a fan, sustained this elegant roof. Their bases rested on a little low wall, covered with porcelain tiles arranged with a pleasing symmetry, and bordered by a railing of curious design, so as to form an open gallery before the building. Artificial rocks, in the interstices of which willows and walnut-trees hid their roots, served on the land side for a foundation to these pretty buildings. On the water side they were supported by indestructible wooden piles.

Under the crystal water sported crowds of azure fish with golden scales; fleets of pretty ducks with emerald necks paddled up and down in all parts, and broad leaves of the *nymphaea-nelumbo* were lazily extended under the diamond-like transparency of this little lake fed by an active spring. Except toward the middle, where the bottom was composed of a silver gravel of peculiar fineness, and where the bubbles of the spring which welled up had not permitted the aquatic vegetation to take root, the whole of the pond was carpeted with a green velvet more beautiful than can be imagined.

Without this unsightly wall, erected by the unusual animosity of the two neighbors, there would not have been in all the length and breadth of the empire, which, as we know, occupies more than three-quarters of the world, a garden more picturesque or more delightful. Tou and Kouan had gained by their dissensions a limit to all perspective, and each was deprived of the sight of the other's charming pavilion; but they consoled themselves by the thought that they had inflicted an injury upon their neighbor. This state of things had gone on for some years; nettles and weeds had encroached upon the paths that led from one house to the other; branches of thorny shrubs had interwoven, as if they wished to cut off all communication.

During this time the wives of Tou and Kouan had each given birth to a child. Mrs. Tou was the mother of a charming daughter, and Mrs. Kouan of the prettiest boy in the whole world. This happy event, which had brought joy into the two houses, was ignored by each in the case of the other; for though their properties were adjacent, yet the Chinamen lived as strangers to each other, as if they had been separated by the Yellow River or the Great Wall.

The boy was called Tehiu-Sing, and the girl Ju-Kiouan—that is to say, the pearl and the jasper. Their immaculate beauty justified the choice of these names. As soon as they were a little grown up, the wall which bisected the pond and limited unpleasantly the view from that side attracted their attention, and they inquired of their parents as to what there might be behind this obstruction.

They were told that it was the dwelling of strange,

ignorant, barbarous people, very unsociable, and that this barrier had been made to defend them from such undesirable neighbors. This explanation had sufficed for the children; they became accustomed to the wall, and took no more notice of it.

Ju-Kiouan grew in graces and accomplishments. She was instructed in all the duties of her sex and in all possible feminine accomplishments. Tchiu-Sing had not profited less by his studies; his name was found first in the examination lists. Already all the mothers thought that a boy so advanced in the sciences would make an excellent son-in-law and attain to the highest literary emoluments; but Tchiu-Sing sportively replied to the negotiators whom they sent to him that it was too soon, and that he desired to enjoy his liberty for some time to come.

Never was young man more pampered, or received more attentions. But his heart seemed insensible to love, not on account of want of feeling, for a thousand trifles indicated that Tchiu-Sing had a tender soul. They said he remembered a figure known in a previous existence, and that he hoped to recover it in this.

On her part, Ju-Kiouan evinced no less waywardness; she refused all her suitors. This one bowed clumsily, that one was not careful about his dress; in short, they had all some defect. Ju-Kiouan sketched some portraits of them which were so ludicrous that her parents themselves had to laugh, and show to the door, most politely, the wretched aspirant who imagined himself to have his foot already on the threshold of the pavilion.

At last the parents of the two children grew alarmed at their persistence in repulsing everybody who was presented to them. Mrs. Kouan dreamt that she saw on the breast of her son, Tchiu-Sing, a jasper, so marvelously polished that it threw out rays of light like a carbuncle. Mrs. Tou, for her part, dreamt that her daughter wore on her neck a pearl from the beautiful East, and of inestimable value. What signification could these two dreams have?

The good matrons saw in these dreams allusions to very advantageous marriages which their children would soon effect. Unfortunately Tchiu-Sing and Ju-Kiouan persisted more than formerly in their resolution, and falsified the prophecy.

Kouan and Tou, although they had dreamt nothing, were astonished by such obstinacy, marriage generally being a ceremony for which young people do not show so determined a dislike. They thought that their stubbornness perhaps arose from some preconceived attachment, but Tchiu-Sing had made court to no young lady, and no young man walked the length of Ju-Kiouan's trellis. Some days of observation sufficed to convince the two families. Mesdames Tou and Kouan believed more than ever in the great futures which the dream pointed to.

The two women, independently, went to consult the "bonze" of the temple of Fo. The "bonze" replied to Mrs. Tou that it was necessary to bring the jasper to the pearl, and to Mrs. Kouan that it was necessary to bring the pearl to the jasper, and that their union alone would be able to end all their difficulties. Ill-satisfied with this ambiguous reply, the two women returned, without being seen by each other, by different roads. Their perplexity was greater than ever.

Now it happened one day that Ju-Kiouan was leaning her elbow on the balustrade of the rustic pavilion exactly at the same time when Tchiu-Sing was doing likewise on his side of the wall.

The weather was beautiful; no cloud in the sky.

There was not enough wind to make a leaf shake, not a wrinkle that disturbed the surface of the pond—smoother than a mirror. The trees on the bank were reflected so perfectly that it was difficult to distinguish between image and reality. The fishes had the appearance of swimming in the branches, and the birds of flying in the water. Ju-Kiouan was amusing herself by contemplating this wonderful transparency, when, throwing her eyes on the portion of the pond which was adjacent to the wall, she noticed the reflection of another pavilion which reared up to there, coming through the arch.

She noticed the red pillars, the slashed friezes, the pots of queen-marguerites, the gilt weather-cocks, and, if reflection had not reversed them, she would have read the sentences inscribed on the tablets. But what astonished her most of all was seeing reclining on the balustrade of the balcony, in a position similar to her own, a figure which Ju-Kiouan, by the beatings of her heart, realized was not that of a young girl. Till then she had believed that she was without an equal in the world; but when she saw this shadow in the water she understood that her beauty had a sister, or rather a brother. Far from being angry, she was very happy. The pride of believing oneself to be unique soon yielded to love, for at that very instant the heart of Ju-Kiouan was captured for ever. A single glance, exchanged, not even directly, but by simple reflection, sufficed for that.

Tchiu-Sing had also perceived this marvelous beauty. "Is it a waking dream?" he cried. "This charming figure which trembles under the crystal of the water should be formed by the silver rays of the Spring moon, and by the most subtle aroma of flowers. Although I have never seen her I know her; it is, indeed, she whose image is graven on my soul, the beautiful unknown to whom I address my couplets and my quatrains."

Tchiu-Sing had got thus far in his monologue when he heard his father's voice calling him.

"My son," the father said, "a very rich and desirable person has proposed for your hand through the intermediation of my friend Wing. She is a girl who has imperial blood in her veins, whose beauty is celebrated, and who possesses all attributes necessary to her husband's happiness."

Tchiu-Sing, entirely preoccupied with the adventure of the pavilion, and burning with love for the reflection in the water of which he had caught a glimpse, absolutely refused. His father, incensed; lost his command, and went away uttering the most violent threats to him of imprisonment and exile.

These threats did not much terrify Tchiu-Sing. Next day, at the same hour, he returned to the rustic pavilion, and, as he watched, leaned against the balustrade.

At the end of some minutes he saw the reflection of Ju-Kiouan distend on the waters like a bouquet of submerged flowers.

The young man placed his hand on his heart, kissed the tips of his fingers, and threw the kisses to the reflection, with a motion full of grace and passion.

A pleased smile appeared like the blossom of a pomegranate in the clearness of the water, and demonstrated to Tchiu-Sing that he was not objectionable to the beautiful unknown; but as you cannot hold very long conversations with the reflection of an invisible body, he made a sign that he was going to write, and re-entered the interior of the pavilion. At the end of a few moments he came out, holding a square of paper, silvered and colored, on which he had extemporized a declaration of love in verses of seven syllables. He rolled up the poetry, inclosed it in the calyx of a flower, and wrapped

up the whole in a large leaf of nymphaea, which he placed as gently on the water.

A light breeze, which had risen just at the right time, carried the declaration toward one of the openings of the wall, so that Ju-Kiouan had only to stoop to pick it up. For fear of being surprised, she withdrew to the privacy

of her apartments, and read with infinite delight the expressions of love, and the metaphors to which Tehiu-Sing had given vent. Besides the joy of being loved, she experienced the satisfaction of being loved by a man of merit, for the beauty of writing, the choice of words, perfection of rhymes, the felicity of similes, indicated a brilliant education. What struck her above anything else was the name of Tehiu-Sing. She had heard her mother speak about the dream of the pearl too often, not to be impressed with the coincidence; moreover, she did not doubt for an instant that Tehiu-Sing was the spouse which Heaven had intended for her. The following day, as the breeze had changed Ju-Kiouan sent a reply in verse to the opposite pavilion, in which, in spite of all a young girl's natural modesty, it was easy to see that she reciprocated Tehiu-Sing's sentiments. In reading the signature Tehiu-Sing was unable to repress an exclamation of astonishment—"The jasper? Isn't that the precious stone which my mother saw in a dream sparkling on my breast like a

carbuncle? I must present myself at this house, for it is there the wife dwells who was prophesied by the nocturnal spirits." Just as he was going out he remembered the dissensions which divided the two owners, and the prohibitions inscribed on the tablets; and, not knowing what action to take, he recounted everything to Mrs.

Kouan. Ju-Kiouan on her side had told everything to Mrs. Tou. The names of pearl and jasper appeared decisive to the two mothers, who returned to the temple of Fo to consult the bonze.

The latter replied that such was, in fact, the meaning of the dream, and that not to conform to it would be to provoke heavenly resentment. Moved by the importunities of the two mothers, and also by some little presents that were made to it, it took upon itself to influence Tou and Kouan; and so well did it convince them, that they were not able to dissent when it explained the true origin of husbands. In looking back after such a



EARLY LOVE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 446.

long interval, the two friends were more than surprised—they were angry at themselves for having been divided by such trifles, and they thought of how much happiness both had been deprived. The negotiations progressed; the pearl and the jasper were at last able to converse without the aid of a reflection. That they were happier for it we dare not assert, for happiness is but too often merely a shadow in the water.

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A HEBREW MAIDEN WITH HER PSALTERY.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIANA COOMANS.

OF TWO EVILS.

BY

PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," ETC.

PART III.—THE WOE OF THE BRAYNOR INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

The lawyer rode slowly—the night was bright; there was no reason why he should hurry. Like many another man, he had the habit of enjoying good company when he was alone, and frequently kept up a running conversation with himself.

"How natural this seems," he said; "how natural and

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how pleasant. I could almost shut my eyes and believe that I was looking out for the interests of my native land."

(The lawyer didn't see anything incongruous in what he said; the reader who does is quite welcome to his discovery.)

"Habit, it is all habit," he continued. "I have spent my life, so far as nights are concerned, so much in the buggy or in the saddle, that it seems quite the most natural way in which to enjoy myself. As I told my wife, only yesterday, I hope that when death comes it will find me riding somewhere in the night, and—but not too soon, not too soon," he hastily concluded, seeing just where his rambling speech was leading him.

He had told his wife, not only yesterday, but scores of times before, the same story he had just said over to himself; he had told it to his most loving and patient auditor, Mrs. Barcase, and to his most attentive and respectful one, Mr. Barcase, until I suppose he thought he really believed it. There is nothing which takes the conceit out of a man so thoroughly as to have Providence pretend to be about to take him at his word.

"Habit," he said, with a gesture which would have helped convince a jury of the justice of his argument, "habit is a great and a good——" He suddenly smote himself upon his right hip. "And a good-for-nothing thing," he concluded.

He had just discovered that his pistol was at home, as usual. Habit is a remarkable thing.

Arrived at the place of his last night's experience, he rode back and forth, searching for a trace of the recent passage of a horse. He found it at last, and found another thing at the same moment; the latter was a vivid recollection of the stolen horse, tied to a sapling near where they found Glugg; he had had one of those unreliable ideas of which he had talked with the doctor, up to that very moment—an idea which had existed in spite of what he had actually seen—the idea that the stolen horse had been free to roam about during the latter part of the night. He had come sixteen miles, only to awake with a start to the fact that the horse's journey had ended at the point where some one had tied him! No jury had ever caught him in such a maze of folly, though the reason may be that by the time the average lawyer has talked as long as this one had been in riding his sixteen miles, the average jurymen would not only be unable to tell whether "the horse aforementioned" was tied or not, but would be in doubt as to which was the horse and which "the said sapling" to which the horse was "fastened, tied, hitched, fettered, or otherwise secured."

Of course the horse had gone up from this, the nearest point in this road, to the place where Glugg had been attacked. And, equally of course, that fact meant Glugg. But, since he had not admitted the possibility of a third party being the responsible one, and the guilty, but had held constantly to the belief that either Glugg himself or Glugg's despoiler had tried to buy him with Glugg's money, the lawyer was ready to decide that he might have reached the same conclusion regarding the attack upon himself, the bearing of the stolen horse upon the matter, without having left his house at all. The journey of the horse had ended where some one tied him! The lawyer said that over again to himself, scratched his head, and looked both puzzled and annoyed.

Then another thought struck him. This wild cross-country route was not often traveled over. Probably the leaves and twigs were not bruised and broken a half-dozen times in a twelvemonth. A horse had forced his way through the thicket, just at hand, presumably on a

journey between this place (the loneliest spot in the yesternight trip of Barcase, as well as the scene of the most unpleasant adventure of his lifetime) and the place where Glugg had almost met his death. Suppose there were tracks leading in both directions? Suppose that the horse had been over the road twice? That might mean either man of the two, with the possibilities in favor of its not being Glugg, for two reasons: First, he would probably not have gone to the pool, whatever reason he might have had for going there at all, if he intended to waylay the lawyer, while the other might have followed him to try to obtain the money he wished to use in an attempt to bribe Barcase. Second, had he been to the pool before attempting to obtain the package, it was not likely he would have returned there.

Mr. Barcase sprang from his horse. He made a hasty examination. A horse had been over the path in each direction! The lawyer's brain fairly reeled.

It would have made a pretty case in court, this, if the lawyer had only a mere professional interest in it, instead of being his own client. Put some other person in the place of the man assaulted; give him a good fee; give him an attentive and sympathetic jury; and how easily he could hang Glugg—when care and patience had made him well; how easily he could let Glugg go free and hang the other man; surely it would not be impossible—even rogues sometimes rob one another as Glugg had been robbed—to hang them both. The trouble with Mr. Seth Barcase was that he had more than a lawyer's interest in this affair; he understood, for perhaps the first time in all his long professional life, just what an honest client's interest in a case really is; he longed to know, longed with a feverish impatience which he could not control, who had tried to obtain the documents intrusted to him—and why?

"My horse cannot be very tired," he said to himself, "for I have ridden slowly. I would like to know, and—and I will know."

He took out his watch, glanced at it, put it back into his pocket, turned his horse into the rude path through the thicket, touched the beast with his whip, and dashed away with a speed like the wind.

"I will know," he had said.

Know what?

How long it would take a good horseman and a good horse to make the distance between the two places which he had so appropriately marked with crosses of red on the map in his "den" at home; that was all. Taken all in all, Mr. Seth Barcase was a remarkable man.

Sometimes the thorns and thistles seemed to hold him back; sometimes the thicket of vines and undergrowth seemed to bar his way and try to drag him down. Now he had to bow his head to escape the low hanging boughs; then he must brace himself for tremendous leaps over narrow ravines and tiny streamlets. Sometimes the horse slipped on the glassy surface of some granite ledge; a little later he would be floundering ankle-deep in some swampy place on the margin of some sluggish stream. At one time he was on the breezy uplands, with the moonlight all about him; at another, down in the still shadows, with no light save that which the stars directly overhead let fall.

The way was long and dreary, but he made no pause. There was never a house to be seen in all the way. Not a light from some window or doorway sent a human greeting to him. A dog barked, once or twice, but it was so far away and faint that it seemed like the ghostly voice of some dead watcher of the olden time, so unfaithful to his trust that he had been sent back to stand

guard again in the long, slow moving nights, year after year, while time should be.

He reached the pool at last, darker and deadlier-looking by night than it had been by day. A shifting, wavering mist hung over its surface. Some creeping thing crawled away, noisy though unseen, and the weeds and bushes seemed to lean nearer together and to laugh and whisper to themselves about it.

There was little light here, and little sound. But the lawyer managed, by dint of careful trial, to see the time by his watch; the blood upon the ground and trees he could not fail to see, though he would have gladly faced a darkness deep enough to shut that out. It was really terrible.

He rode away from the pool, up to the knoll where they had carried Glugg.

"It could never be done," he said, "never. No one ever hurried more than I have done, and no one ever made better time than I did. And it has taken me two hours, two full hours. I do not understand it at all."

He looked away toward Pleanton, away over the route, half-path, half-road, over which they had carried Martin Glugg, not knowing whether he was alive or dead—the route over which John Braynor had been dragged to his death.

He shuddered. He could not find it in his heart to go home that way. Better, far better, the way in which he had come.

How far away home seemed! What a weary stretch of miles of forest and hill and stream lay between him and Pleanton. How lonely it was, with a strange chill in the air, despite the Summer night, and with a thin, gray mist rolling or drifting in every ravine. All human life seemed far away—far away.

He turned his horse toward the path over which he had come. How lonely, how very—

But was it?

There was something moving in the underbrush a score of rods away, on the other side of the stream and just beyond the stagnant pool. He looked eagerly at it. A man? No; yes; no. Then he came into clearer sight in a somewhat open place among the trees, and the lawyer saw that it was a man, a man beyond any doubt.

Not coming toward him. Not going from him. But taking a circuit of the pool which would lead him further and further from the road over which the lawyer must soon return. The man was hurrying, panting; his clothes were torn into shreds by the thickets through which he had passed; his hands were bleeding; his face was white. A rope, knotted into a wicked-looking noose, hung quite loosely about his neck, and the end, broken and frayed, swung from side to side behind him as he ran.

"Merciful God!" he groaned, looking neither to the left nor the right; "will they catch me? I—I never killed a man in all my life before, and Martin Glugg was not a good man. Will they catch me?"

The lawyer sat silently on his horse and watched him; watched him until he could see his features no longer; watched him until the swinging rope, suggestive of some nameless horror, was out of sight; listened until the crash of breaking boughs faded into silence.

The lawyer shivered, though not with the chill air of the later night. He passed his hand over his eyes and face, slowly, wearily, dejectedly. He wondered what he should find when he got back to Pleanton. Lynch-law was out of place in so quiet and conservative a New England community. But if anything had happened; if he should find the dead body of the man who had robbed

Martin Glugg swinging from the limb of some convenient tree, *what then had he just seen?*

But he had not yet seen all. There was more to come. He took out his watch again, and glanced at the time. He looked once more toward Pleanton. Up the road from that way, under the shifting mists, some one was coming. Some one!

There were two. The one in front was straining every muscle in a mad effort to keep in advance of his pursuer. The one behind was gradually gaining, however.

They had not seen the lawyer yet, and he drew his horse into a shady thicket of stunted evergreens to keep himself and his beast from their observation. They would pass within a hundred feet of him, no doubt.

Nearer, nearer, nearer. Despairing horror stamped on the face of the one in advance. Wicked resolution written on the face of the one who was following.

Ghosts? Mr. Seth Barcase did not believe in ghosts, and it might be that a man whose life had seemed hanging in the balance a few hours since was able to run a race across rough country by the light of the moon and stars. Living or dead, the man who was flying from what seemed inevitable capture was—Martin Glugg. And the man behind? Who was he? The lawyer leaned forward, and peered anxiously at the man as he passed.

One moment of puzzled suspense. Then he put spurs to his horse and was away like a flash of light.

He passed one frightened look over his shoulder. He saw Glugg sink down by the pool. He saw the other man lay his hand on Glugg's shoulder, and shake him as a cat might shake a mouse.

"Have—have I seen aright?" said the lawyer to himself as he urged his horse to greater efforts; "has the grave given up its dead?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

BACK through the waning night, from the dreadful pool in the horror-haunted hills to the lonely spot where he had stood nearer death than it was likely a man would stand twice and live to marvel at it.

Back along the high ridges, with their outcrop of slippery ledges and their scant garb of summer-dried grasses and stunted evergreens, with the wind whispering strange things through them.

Back through dark ravines. *Back across swampy lowlands. Back under the low-reaching fingers of the forest trees.

Swifter—swifter—swifter—leaping some obstruction now; sweeping up some steep slope like a wild wind; sweeping down another with dizzying speed.

On—on—on! Never had Mr. Seth Barcase been in so much of a hurry before. Never before had he so fully understood what speed really was.

He drew rein at last in the main road. He had escaped the horror from which he had fled. Here all was quiet and calm and repose. He removed his hat; here, last night, he got that good-sized hole in it. He replaced the hat on the head the hole was meant for, and took out his watch. Daylight would not be an unwelcome visitant, even in this calm and quiet abode of peace and repose. No indeed. And the night had seemed long enough—quite long enough.

"Fifty-five minutes," gasped the astonished man, taking a second glance to be sure he had made no mistake, and giving his watch a shake to make certain that it had not stopped. "Fifty-five minutes. I have really done it in that time. I wonder—no I don't!"

The merciful man is merciful to his beast. On the

racecourse, when money depends upon it; going for medical help, when human life depends upon it; going from the field of battle, when the fate of a nation is at stake; on any and all of these occasions the merciful man is what has been so truly said. But the thoroughly frightened man is a different sort of an individual altogether. The difference between the puzzled and hurried man who rode up to the pool, and the horrified one who rode back, was the difference between two hours and fifty-five minutes.

Mr. Barcase had several reasons for wishing to get back to Pleanton as soon as possible. But the condition of his horse was such as to convince him of the necessity of being careful. So it happened that the sun had been above the horizon for some time, when he came in sight of the village. He had let the animal take very much his own gait for sixteen miles, walking when he pleased, taking a greater rate of speed when he felt like it.

Mr. Seth Barcase was a good Christian, of the New England pattern, and attended church regularly every Sunday morning, every Sunday afternoon, and every Sunday evening. He had very rarely been out of Pleanton over Sunday for a half-century, and he had never missed a sermon when he had been at home, unless he was too ill to be out of doors long enough to go from his house to the church. It was rather a severe shock to him, therefore, to hear the bells ringing as he came near town, and to remember suddenly that it was Sunday morning. He had actually forgotten it—he, Seth Barcase—and only night before last so near his death!

Despite the day and the bells, it seemed as though a sudden lack of devotional feeling had developed itself in Pleanton. Men and women were gathered in groups at the street-corners, all trying to talk at once.

The professional instinct of Mr. Barcase, aided and added to by one or two other things, perhaps, took his actions under control and acted as guide. He drove to the small, rude and somewhat insecure structure which the inhabitants of the village had provided for the detention of such persons as should, rarely and infrequently, be so unfortunate as to need the interference of the law with their liberty of action.

The door of the lock-up was broken from its hinges. A heavy sledge-hammer and a couple of crowbars lay on the ground not far away. The one small room which made up the affair was empty!

James, the watchman by day, was seated disconsolately on a pile of lumber not far away—the only man in all Pleanton that morning whose duties were such that he did not feel free to talk.

The night watchman, not in bed as he really ought to have been, was standing in the centre of a group of excited citizens. His face was pale, his clothes were torn, and there was a bloody bandage tied around his head.

Barcase rode up to the group.

"Sam," he said, sharply, "what has happened?"

"Well, sir," said Sam, "I don't think I really know. There's some of the hot-headed young scamps about town that think themselves a great deal smarter than they are. They do say that yesterday, when you arrested, or ordered arrested, or suggested the arrest of, or—or something, the late occupant of the jail here, if I may make so bold as to call this building a jail, which has been called such by many distinguished individuals, including one who has been spoken of as a possible candidate for the Legislature, though others do affirm that it is not a jail, properly and correctly speaking, and——"

"Well—well—never mind that! What happened?"

"I am coming to that, sir, leastwise, to what I know

about it, which isn't much, I do really think and believe; but you must let me begin at the beginning. They do say that some of these rash and thoughtless and inconsiderate individuals took the part of the evil-minded man to whom I have referred, and endeavored to prevent his arrest. Am I correct in my statement of the facts?"

"Yes. But what of it? What happened?"

"Well, it seems that these same persons changed their minds very thoroughly, and made up a plan to take justice into their own hands. I don't know much about it, you see, but it looks as though that was the case, for they came to me—that is, one of them did—and demanded the key of the jail, if jail I may call it."

"What?" cried the lawyer; "lynching in Pleanton? I feared it. I feared it."

Sam raised his hands with a gesture of horror.

"Lynching, sir, lynching!" he said; "certainly not that. You cannot believe that our own fellow-citizens would be guilty of the atrocities which are the scandal and shame of the West. No, Mr. Barcase, no; a misapprehension of the relations of themselves to the government and the law, perhaps, but nothing more serious than that. I feel that I can speak with certainty; nothing more serious than that. Lynching, indeed!"

"Well, never mind what we call it. What happened?"

"They came over to the jail, so called, sir, and I followed along, wanting to see what was done, as I felt that it might be my duty to arrest some one of the crowd, or at least to admonish them."

"I should think so. What next?"

"Well, sir, they sent off and got some tools and proceeded to break the door of that building, the property of the village of Pleanton, off its hinges. Then they took the prisoner out and put a rope around his neck; and when I told them they had better not do it, one of them struck me with a cane and knocked me down. I tell you what, I guess it was a narrow call for me."

"Weren't you armed?"

"Yes, sir; but——"

"Why didn't you defend your prisoner, then?"

"Defend my prisoner? Do you mean why didn't I stand between him and the ones who came after him?"

"Certainly."

"What? Stand up for him and hurt some of my own townspeople? Stand up for such a miserable scoundrel as he was, and shoot some young man who has lived here all his life?"

"They were lawbreakers, were they not?"

"I—I suppose so. It wouldn't be just legal to break open a public building, even if it were no bigger nor better than our jail."

"So you stood by and let these fellows take your prisoner out?"

"How could I help it? I told them it wasn't right."

"But it is common to defend a prisoner against lynchings, didn't you know that?"

"Why, of course. And I'd do that, too. Only to think of a mob of masked men, half of them drunk, all of them full of passion, dragging some one out and killing him in cold blood. Why, Mr. Barcase, there wasn't a masked man in the lot; there wasn't a drunken man in the lot; this isn't a Western Territory—this is New England!"

"But they hung him, didn't they?"

The question was steady and quiet, but the lawyer felt as though he could scarcely wait for an answer. He thought of what he had seen by the pool in the hills. Reason and the experience of a lifetime were on one side, a sickening fear was on the other. He had half formed a



SELLING THE WEDDING-DRESS.

resolution never to speak of his last night's experiences ; but, if it should happen that Glugg's assailant was dead, murdered by the careless hands of those whose sentiments and beliefs and desires were as stable as the shifting sand, and no more so, could he keep silent ? Would not his burden of mystery be greater than he could bear ?

"But they hung him, didn't they ?" was his question.

"Well, as I told you in the beginning, I don't really know much of what happened, and to a lawyer like you one must be pretty exact, I suppose, or run the risk of getting into serious trouble.

"Give me the key," said the fellow

"I won't," said I.

"We'll break in the door," said he.

"The door is the property of the village of Pleanton," said I.

"A fig for Pleanton," said he.

"And——"

"Will some one answer my questions ?" thundered Barcase.

"I will," said a young man ; "the prisoner escaped. They broke in the door ; they put a rope around the man's neck ; they put the other end over the limb of a tree. When they tried to pull him up the rope broke. Then he ran, and it seems he was swifter than any of the rest. At any rate, he got away."

"Thank you," said the lawyer.

Then he turned to Sam again.

"You know who the men are who were concerned in this affair ?"

"As I said in the beginning, I——"

"Answer me at once. Yes or No."

"Yes, then ; but——"

"Who were they ?"

"I'll never tell. They are among the young men who have lived in Pleanton all their lives, never having been away to acquire bad habits among the abodes of sin and wickedness in distant parts, and I will never tell."

And the stubborn fellow never did.

"But they were engaged in the most lawless of acts ; they were lynchers ; they were murderers !"

"Easy now. They murdered no one. The man ran, and he may be running yet. Lynchers, never ! No man in Pleanton is a lyncher. In the West I suppose they would actually have hanged the rascal."

"I suppose they would," said Mr. Barcase, dryly.

I suppose they would !

"And that was about the way it happened," said Sam ; "they demanded the key of me—of me that has always done my duty—and I don't really know much about it."

"I don't think you do," said Barcase, as he rode up the street.

I don't think he did !

Barcase rode at once to the house of the blacksmith. Dr. Pilleo and the blacksmith were seated on the doorstep. John Ampstead was leaning against a tree near by.

The lawyer sprang from his horse and threw the bridle-rein over the hitching-post. It was undoubtedly a needless precaution ; his horse was not in a run-away mood that morning.

"Has—has anything happened ?" asked Barcase, addressing himself to the group in general.

John Ampstead took it upon himself to answer.

"There was an attempt made to lynch the man who was locked up, a most dastardly affair. But the bungling brutes were baffled. The man got away."

"I heard of that down the street," said Mr. Barcase :

"I meant to ask if anything else had happened. For

instance," he hesitated before he finished ; "for instance—what about Glugg ?"

"Glugg's gone," said the blacksmith, briefly.

The lawyer's heart almost stood still. His breath came in a hot, sobbing gasp.

"Gone ?" he said, in a whisper ; "gone ? Is—is he dead ?"

"No," said Pilleo, with emphasis ; "he isn't dead—that is, he isn't unless he has died since he left here. A man who had lost as much blood as he had, and whose face was as badly pounded out of shape as his was, ought to lie in bed for a week or two at least. It is almost an insult to the medical profession to get up and leave, as he did. Why, he might have died in the woods if we hadn't found him when we did, and I felt anxious about him all the evening. If he lives through this escapade I shall feel sure that he has a constitution like iron, and as many lives as a cat."

"I slept at the Braynor mansion myself," said John Ampstead, "and only came over here a little while since. I was as much astonished at this whole matter as you are."

"There is one thing to add to the story of Glugg's departure," said the blacksmith, gravely ; "I have been waiting for you to come before mentioning it, for I wanted just such a practical and unimaginative person as you to weigh what I have to say, and try to tell me what it means. I retired rather late last night ; I cannot say at what time exactly ; I had been asleep, in the room just over the one occupied by Glugg, you will remember, but I am under the impression that I hadn't slept very long. I awoke with the feeling that there was something wrong, somewhere, and I stepped noiselessly out of bed and went to the window. Sure enough, there was something wrong. There was a man coming up my front walk, not slowly nor hesitatingly, but as though he had a very definite object in view. I could see his face plainly, and I am good at remembering faces. I will tell you in a minute or two who it was. He walked up to the window of the room beneath mine, the room in which Glugg was. After a little he turned and went down the walk again into the street. He walked until he reached the gate, though it was a fast walk, but once in the street, he ran, and was out of sight almost at once. You may laugh at me ; you may question my sanity ; you may call it a dream. But it was a striking face I saw, a very striking face ; I never saw but one at all like it—it was the face of——"

Dr. Pilleo raised his hand, warningly.

"Wait a little," he said, and let me tell a story of last night. I saw the man you did. Let us see whether we saw alike. I retired later than you. Glugg was sleeping on the bed. I drew a lounge just in front of the door in the next room, and feeling sure that I should have a chance for rest, while I kept watch of the man in whom I took so deep an interest, I removed the most of my clothing, wrapped myself in the blanket which Mrs. Ampstead's thoughtfulness had provided, and lay down to sleep a half-hour. It may be well for me to state that I can go to sleep in perfect confidence that I shall not oversleep a limit which I set for myself, not by more than five minutes ; this, of course, is the result of an experience and a discipline of a lifetime. As I said, I lay down to sleep a half-hour. Now I have another peculiarity ; not only would nothing cause me to sleep more than, say, thirty-five minutes, under the circumstances I've named—no silence nor darkness, nor even the most utter weariness and previous loss of rest, but any unusual noise, such as the opening or shutting of a door or a groan from my patient,

would awaken me at once ; off duty, I can sleep through a tempest ; on duty, I awake at the slightest sound. Of course I was most emphatically on duty last night. So, when I suddenly found myself wide awake and listening, I am sure that I had not been asleep a half-hour. I listened intently. Glugg was breathing as calmly and regularly as any one you ever heard ; he was as quiet and peaceful as an infant. He had done nothing to cause me to wake. In a moment or two I heard the gate closed. I knew then that the opening of it must have been the sound which aroused me. Steps came up the walk. They came to the window of Glugg's room. A face appeared there. The light of the night-lamp shone upon it. I saw it as plainly as I see either of your faces now ; the same face that Mr. Ampstead saw, of course."

He paused a moment, to make his recital more emphatic. A sudden startling suspicion flashed into the mind of the attentive lawyer. A moment later, when the doctor resumed his narrative, it was almost impossible for Mr. Barcase to have patience to hear him through. He had acted upon his suspicion. He had thrust his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat. His fears were too sadly true. The package which he had kept at the risk of his life—*was gone!*

Where had he lost it? What a question! Where had he been? Not *everywhere*, but as near it as the limits of one night and the strength and endurance of horseflesh had rendered possible. What persons had he seen? What persons had quite possibly seen him?

Martin Glugg for one; Martin Glugg, murderer, convict, mystery and danger in human form. A nameless individual for another, nameless so far as any one in Pleasanton knew; a man who was a confessed thief; a man who had only escaped being a murderer by the merest accident. And one or the other of these two men, so he said to himself, had so much coveted that precious parcel as to be willing to sell his soul and risk his neck for it. Possibly each of them wanted it. And he had seen those two. It might be that they had seen and known him.

Besides these, he had seen—the man (or whatever it was) that Dr. Pilleo and Mr. Ampstead had seen, no doubt. He wondered whether they had all seen alike. He felt so sure that his eyes had not deceived him. Dr. Pilleo was resuming his narrative. Mr. Barcase bent nearer in breathless attention.

"Glugg moved uneasily in his sleep, just then. I heard him groan. I saw that he was awake. I know that he was looking at the face at the window; a convulsive tremor, indicative of the utmost horror, shook him from head to foot; it was almost a comfort to know that I was not the only one who could see that handsome, evil face, framed in by the open window, and having the dark night outside for a fitting background. Glugg began to move slowly and noiselessly and with infinite caution across the bed. It took a long time—long, considering the circumstances I mean, probably a half-minute—and still that wicked face smiled into the room. You will remember that we feared it might injure Glugg if we undressed him; he had all his clothing on—all of it. One leg swung clear of the bed; one foot touched the floor; then the slow-motioned Glugg seemed electrified to quick life. He sprang from the room. He dashed out at the rear door. Clothed as scantily as I was, I could not follow him. He escaped. He was gone. And when I gathered my senses enough to look for the face which had so frightened him, and frightened me too, to confess the simple truth, that was gone too. It may be ridiculous; it may seem impossible; twenty years, you may

say, has made my memory dim. Say what you will. My memory is strong and vigorous despite my years. Only one face among all the hundreds of faces I have ever seen ever looked like that—the face of *Ward Dellerton!*"

"The face of Ward Dellerton," assented the blacksmith, with the grave emphasis of sturdy conviction.

CHAPTER XIX.

Noon in New York. Noon in the well-furnished office of Messrs. Bluff & Bragg.

Noon, high noon, to the great mass of crowding and pushing humanity upon the sidewalks, and to the endless maze of cars and trucks and carriages upon the streets. Noon to love and life and hope; noon to vigor and effort and success. Noon by the clocks and bells everywhere. Noon!

But night—

Night to the eyes which will never open again to sun nor sky nor flowers. Night to the dead, endless night. It is twelve hours, twelve short solemn hours, since one man went down into *his* night; twelve hours since the mad regrets of the avenger who came too late passed by his unseeing eyes and sounded above his eternally deafened ears; twelve hours since light and darkness became one to him.

Noon to the great metropolis. Night to Ward Dellerton. Ward Dellerton died twelve hours ago.

There are light words spoken in the office of Bluff & Bragg. There is joy there. It is the joy of success.

There has been an inquiry into the cause of Ward Dellerton's death, an inquiry already. There has been an inquest held over his dead body.

Surely, for a city where lawyer's law is keen and active, a city where it finds means, very often, for delaying justice or escaping it altogether, the great firm of Bluff & Bragg have allowed the net to be drawn more and more closely about their client very, very soon. But have they? Let us look a little further. Bluff attended the inquest in person. He is talking with Bragg. Let us listen. This was the conversation:

"Mortimer Dellerton testified. I had a conversation with him first, of course, and gave him a hint or two as to the way in which to tell his story. There's is a great deal in one's manner and gestures, you know," said Bluff.

"And no persons in this city can make better use of the artistic element in testimony than we can," said Bragg.

"The story itself needed no amending. There wasn't a thing lacking in it. I wouldn't have had him leave out a single point; there won't be anything to fight against a cross-examiner on when the case comes to trial," said Bluff.

"If the case comes to trial," amended Bragg.

"Exactly. I took a copy of the substance of his testimony. Shall I read it?"

"Certainly," said Bragg.

And Bluff read Mortimer Dellerton's testimony as follows:

"I came home, on the night when the deceased was shot, at about half-past ten o'clock. I had not been drinking. I had spent the evening in the company of a young lady. No, I will not mention her name. No, I am not engaged to marry her. I have asked her to marry me. The deceased knew of my attentions to her. He did not approve of them. I do not know why he objected. I did not know that he had ever seen her or any of her family. He knew her name, of course. No, I did not tell him her name, nor that I was looking forward to marriage with any one. I do not know who told him. He had known my intentions for some time. Yes, we had talked about the matter before. We had talked about it frequently. We had not agreed.

"The old man had been drinking. He had been drinking a great deal, I should think. I do not know whether I would like to swear that he was drunk. I will swear that he had been drinking. Yes, I will swear that he was under the influence of liquor."

"The deceased was very abusive. He sneeringly said that the girl would probably never marry me. I don't know why he said it. I had never told him that she had refused me. One reason was that I didn't like to face the scornful manner I knew he would assume. Another reason was that I believed she would reconsider the refusal and give her consent. No, I do not think she can be induced to marry me now. No, I should not willingly have done anything which I felt utterly destroyed my chances for winning her."

"I think the conversation lasted fully an hour. He had never been so unjust; I had never been so firm. I asked him if the girl wasn't good enough. He said, in a sneering way, that he guessed anybody was good enough for me, and added, bitterly, that any one was good enough for a Dellerton. I asked him if he thought she had too little fortune, and he flew into a terrible passion, and said that if he could have his way she should have nothing; that she should starve. I pressed my question. Then he said that he presumed she had money enough, but he didn't know anything about it, but that he had no doubt she had money in abundance."

"I told him I would marry her if possible. He said he had rather see me dead. I asked him if he cared nothing for my happiness. He flew into a terrible passion again, and said that he hated me."

"I told him that this matter must be settled that night for good and all. Unless he gave his consent to my doing as I pleased in the matter, I would leave home and never return."

"You shall never marry her!" he shouted, drawing a pistol from his pocket and firing at me. I was scarcely more than a yard from him. But he missed me. I caught his arm as he was about to fire again. I wrested the pistol from him."

"To-night I leave this house for ever!" I said.

"You'll never leave this house alive!" he shouted; "I'll get another weapon, and you won't escape again."

"Taking the pistol from him and his starting for another did not occupy a quarter of a minute. I cocked the pistol I had taken from him, and demanded that he sit down and be reasonable."

"He saw that I had the advantage, but his passion was so great that he could not do what was wise. He attempted to leave the room. I fired. He staggered to a corner and fell. Yes, I killed him. I meant to kill him. I will not say now whether I am glad I did kill him or not."

"There," said Bluff; "I've left out the questions which were asked him, and I've not used his exact language in all respects. But that is the substance of his testimony."

"A very ingenious and plausible story," said Bragg.

"Indeed it is," said Bluff.

"I only see one weak point in it," said Bragg.

"Indeed? And what may that be?" asked Bluff.

"The part which relates to his father firing at him first, to his getting the pistol away from him, and to shooting the old man down when he felt that he had to. The rest seems reasonable enough, but——"

"That is because the truth always seems reasonable," interrupted Bluff.

"But that seems remarkably far fetched. It isn't natural. It cannot be used convincingly with either a just judge or an honest jury," concluded Bragg.

"But that was the point on which we introduced corroborative testimony, and——"

"And it was the point on which you needed it," said Bragg, catching eagerly and with great satisfaction at a chance to indulge in an interruption to offset the one which Bluff had made a little time before.

"And the only point," said Bluff, in conclusion.

"Exactly. It was the only point on which any was needed, so far as I can see. Who suggested the necessity for more testimony?"

"The prisoner himself. One of the servants presented the help which was needed. He swore to hearing the last two or three sentences which Mr. Mortimer Del-

lerton had stated were spoken; he testified to hearing the struggle between the two men; he stated that nearly a minute elapsed between the two shots."

"Isn't that a weak point? Wasn't the first report, which said the two shots were fired in quick succession, much more reasonable?"

"Certainly; it was much more reasonable. That is a weak point. It is a very weak point."

"Can it be strengthened?"

"I don't know."

"You've consulted personally with Mr. Mortimer Dellerton; I haven't. You have heard Mr. Mortimer Dellerton give his testimony; I haven't. Was there a minute between the two shots, or were they fired in quick succession?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? What did the servants hear? What do they say?"

"I've told you what one said. The remainder did not testify. I so managed it that they were not called upon."

"You feared to have them sworn?"

"I did, most emphatically."

"But they will be put upon the stand when the case is tried."

"If the case is tried."

Bragg laughed.

"You've gone back to my argument, I see," he said; "that is all right. But what does the prisoner say? You know the case fully from him, of course. What does he say?"

"He says the same thing to me that he does to the coroner and his jury. He insists that his story is true?"

"He does, does he? He's either innocent or game—very game."

"It looks so."

"Well, the case presents some very beautiful difficulties. It is always more difficult to clear an innocent man than a guilty one, supposing both to be equally frank in the statements they make. A guilty man who makes up a story of pretended innocence and asks his lawyer to believe it, sticking to the truth of it himself whatever comes, is hardest to clear of any one."

"It's going to be a very hard thing to clear Mr. Mortimer M. Dellerton from the charge of murder, if he is ever tried on that charge, when he is tried, in my opinion."

"And in mine as well. It is a bad business for a young man to shoot his father down, as young Dellerton certainly did, when one makes the best of the case that can be made. But it is not for us, as his lawyers, to look at the moral side of the matter at all. Our business is to clear him, if we can. Prove his story to be true, or reasonably probable, and your logic and my pathos would do the necessary business with the twelve good men and true. We could make a jury disagree, at least, if we could not make them acquit. But can we prove the story to be reasonably probable? Can we? What can you say of the character of the servant who testified in young Dellerton's favor?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? I should think it well to investigate in that direction."

"I have investigated."

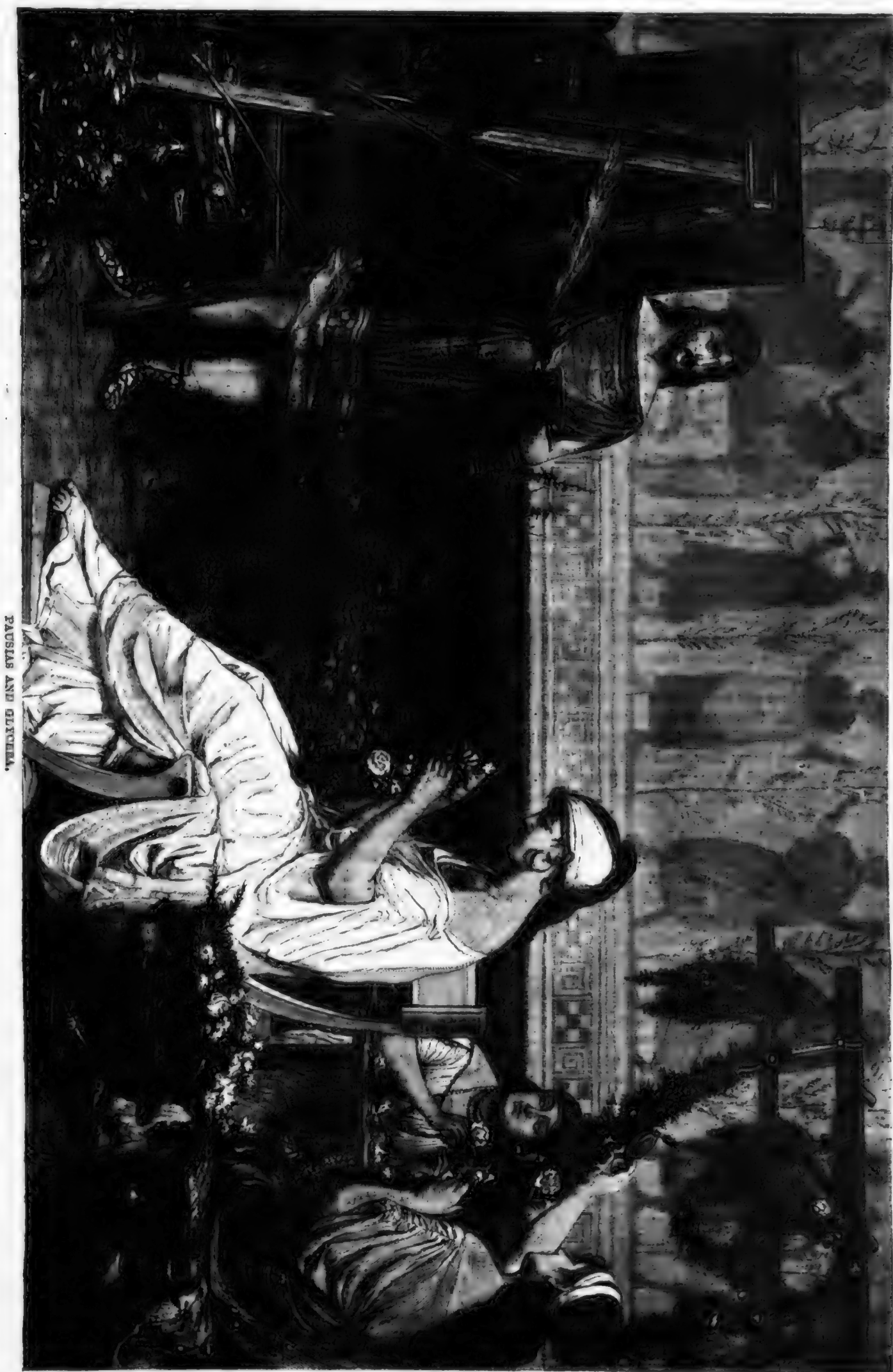
"And you cannot speak of his character?"

"I cannot. He has no character to speak of."

"Ah, I see! Very good; very good indeed. But I suppose it wouldn't be difficult to throw doubt on his word if that is the case?"

"It would not."

"When the case comes to trial, then——"



PAUSIAS AND GLYCERA.

"The case must never come to trial. The verdict of the coroner's jury was favorable to us, on the whole, though not just what I hoped. 'The deceased came to his death as the result of a wound inflicted by a deadly weapon in the hand of Mortimer M. Dellerton, while the said Mortimer M. Dellerton was laboring under great excitement caused by violent and provoking actions and words on the part of the said deceased.' I went into the court afterward, where the judge was presiding who originally committed young Dellerton to jail, and succeeded in getting him to allow me to make a representation of the facts in the case, and demanded the release of the prisoner on bail."

"And succeeded?"

"And succeeded. Mortimer Dellerton is out now. I gave him a hint or two, and I think he is not in the city."

"And the next thing, of course, is the matter of an indictment?"

"Rather a matter of no indictment. We must have the case dismissed, or staved off as long as possible. We have got our man out. We must keep him out. The case must never come to trial if we can possibly help it. If it does, in spite of all we can do——"

Bluff paused.

"Well?" queried Bragg.

"We must say to the young man, 'Mr. Mortimer Dellerton, the Continent of Europe possesses advantages as a place of residence which you have only to experience to appreciate. Your natural desire for longevity can be gratified only by a sojourn abroad. Make no great noise about the matter; have nothing said of it in the daily newspapers; don't give any farewell banquets to your friends; but take the next steamer for Liverpool?'"

"Excellent, exceedingly excellent," said Bragg.

"And we must say to his bondsmen, 'Gentlemen, you understood that this was a desperate matter; some of you understood how desperate, and are not disappointed; the rest of you know now, and you cannot afford to let disappointment and worry shorten your lives. Pay up the amount you promised, and forget it as soon as possible.'"

"Logic, lovely logic," said Bragg.

"In a nutshell, the case is this: Mortimer Dellerton is a liar, and his servant is another. I suppose there is no doubt that father and son had a quarrel about some young woman, for we know they disagreed about something, and a woman is the likeliest thing about which to think they scolded and threatened. But I don't believe the old man ever threatened his life. I don't believe the young man acted in self-defense. I don't believe the old man ever had the pistol in his hand at all, and I don't believe you can make twelve men think he had. We have our doubts, Bragg, as well as other men; we may be incorrect in our conclusions, as others may; but our experience has been of little value to us if it hasn't taught us to tell the true from the false in a case like this. Am I not right?"

"You are, as we usually are."

"Well, then, I say this: If there was ever a cowardly, deliberate, cold-blooded murder, this was one. If there was ever a premeditated murder, this was one. If a man ever went armed and ready, and picked a quarrel in which he had decided to win his point or kill his opposer, this was the man and this the case. If ever a despicable, cowardly, infamous, black-hearted wretch earned the vengeance of the gallows for the worst of crimes, Mortimer Dellerton is the depraved rascal who has earned it," said fair and frank Bluff.

"Exactly. And we have made fame and fortune for ourselves by saving such fellows as he is from their deserts. We never lost a case like this. We never will. We will save even Mortimer Dellerton," said boastful Bragg.

"Yes, we will."

"And we will do it in such a way that no one but ourselves—ourselves and the accused—shall guess it was not easy."

"And in such a way that no one but those who pay the bills—they and his bondsmen—shall ever imagine it was not cheap."

Night for Ward Dellerton; sudden night. Night for him ere one would have thought the afternoon of his life was well begun.

Noon for his murderer. Noon, with friends, and vigor, and influence, and money, and power, and freedom.

Noon, with the sun seeming to stand still. Noon, without a cloud in the sky. Noon, without a shadow on the land.

Is it strange that the Mortimer Dellertons of this world watch the golden floods of sunshine, and say they will be eternal? Is it strange they forget the night?

Is it?

Or is it not?

Say what you will, the facts remain the same. The earth ever turns; the noonday sun ever declines; night after day, climbing slowly and toilsomely up the eastern sky, has always been the rule of Time's Empire, and always will be. Night is inevitable. And justice is as certain as the night is! —

CHAPTER XX.

MR. SETH BARCASE did not attend church that Sunday of which we have spoken.

In the afternoon he sought a private interview with John Ampstead, and told him, in as few words as possible, of the loss that had come to them. He did not think it best to speak fully of what he had seen, and, not liking to do things by halves, he said nothing of it. He talked only in a general way.

"I was riding in the country," was indefinite enough, but every one knew that Mr. Barcase was constantly taking rides into the country. And there was little to say, since it would have been unseemly to scold and blame, when the lawyer had frankly said that he had no doubt some passer-by had picked it up.

"I shall advertise for it, of course," said the lawyer.

"Certainly. That is the thing to do, and the only thing."

"Not the only thing. I shall search as well. I shall go over, to-morrow, every foot of the ground I went over last night. I shall give the entire day to the search. I cannot but say, though, that I expect to find nothing. We shall secure the return of this lost secret, if we secure it at all, by advertising. It is a duty to search, but I do it without any hope."

"Offer a reward if you think it necessary," said Ampstead; "and draw on me for the needed amount, if it is ever called for."

"But I have lost the package. The cost of its recovery should be paid by me."

"Not at all. I will not agree to that. Frankly, I will say that I am almost glad the package is lost; I dread it; I am puzzled and fascinated by it. Were it not that the reading of it had been imposed upon me in such a way that I feel it a sacred duty, I should almost hope we would never see nor hear of it again."

The lawyer drew a long breath.

"I agree with you," he said. "But, everything considered, it must be found unless it has been destroyed, and it must be kept, and in due time it must be read."

"Yes, read; read and acted upon. Do you know that I have a presentiment, sometimes, that the day when I read that document will be the saddest day of my life?"

"Let us hope not; remember what John Braynor said when he lay upon his death-bed: 'It is in the hands of God.' I feel certain that all will be well in the end."

"I trust you are right. I think, I almost believe that you are. I must return to New York to-morrow, or I should insist on joining you in your search. I shall write you as soon as I have anything of interest to tell you. Please let me hear from you soon and often. Telegraph me if you find the document."

"I will. By-the-way, I have an idea that the finder of this document which we have lost, if it has been found at all, may go to New York himself. I need not enter into any particulars. I need not say what my suspicions are. I need not say that I have any suspicions at all. I think the package may be carried to New York; I think it well to advertise there. Will you attend to the matter?"

"Certainly I will. What shall I say?"

"I am not prepared to say just what will be best, just now. Of course we must advertise in such a way that only the one who has the package, if some one has found it, or those to whom he has shown it, if it has been found and shown, will be able to understand it. I will think the matter over, and will give you a form which will be useful and satisfactory for us to use, some time between now and the time when you go. Meantime, I think it best not to say anything about the matter to any one else. Your father and Dr. Pilleo and Mrs. Johnson would only worry needlessly. Let us each agree that whenever it seems to be wise to call in help or advice in the matter we will act promptly, but that we will not seek mere sympathy. The man who says least of his business is the man whose business, in the long run, will say the most for him."

"As you wish. I am agreed."

And so it was settled.

John Ampstead took the first train on Monday morning, bound for New York and for the resumption of the duties which John Braynor's death and the events which had followed it had made it necessary to interrupt for a time. He carried the copy for an advertisement which he was to insert in all the daily papers in New York.

Early Monday morning, so early that John Ampstead's early train had not yet started, and so early that youthful John Ampstead was still enjoying the perfect peace and care-freedom of perfect sleep, the old gray-headed lawyer was in the saddle and riding into the country to examine the ground over which he had ridden on Saturday night and Sunday morning.

There were, first of all, sixteen miles of moderately well traveled road. Not less than a score of teams, to put the estimate low enough, had undoubtedly been over this portion of his route since he had been. Unlikely as it was that he should find anything here, the man would let no chance go untried; so he rode slowly and searched carefully. But he found nothing.

It was getting well toward noon when he came to the place where he had left the main road on his way to the hill-encircled pool. He was hot, tired, hungry and thirsty; he was weak and faint; but he was resolute. He pushed forward, going more slowly now than he had before, and looking into every bush and thicket near the path, and behind every huge stone. Slowly, slowly, with

a toilsome patience, he worked his way into the hills. On the bare bleak ledges he searched for a hundred feet or more on each side of the narrow trail, for it might be that a fallen package would have blown before the wind. In the marshy places he looked at every hole where a horse's hoof might have forced a parcel half out of sight. At every streamlet he rode down its course for many rods, examining every deposit which the current had left in the shallower places, or swept into slowly turning eddies near the banks. Slowly, slowly, with the despair which the unknown mystery of the thing he hunted deepened and intensified, he searched the whole long distance until he reached the pool.

Then the tears came into his eyes, and rolled down his thin and wrinkled cheeks. His face was very pale. He had hoped so much. And he had found nothing.

He rode up to the little hill we have spoken of—the hill where Dr. Pilleo had said that Glugg had a chance to live—and the hill over which he had seen the same Glugg, quite beside himself with terror, followed by—by some one, or some thing!

Pleanton lay in such a direction. How near it seemed, though unseen to him. In a little while he would be there again, ready to take up the old dull routine of existence that he had followed for many, many years, but with the added burden of his loss always weighing on heart and brain. The dead had imposed the trust; the trust must be for ever unperformed; would the dead know?—could the dead understand?

In this direction—turning his tired horse another way and raising his hat from his aching head—in this direction lay New York. How far away, how very far away! How mad he had been to dream that there could be any hope of finding there what he had lost in the wilderness of the woody and rocky outlying country near Pleanton! How weak he had been to let John Ampstead waste his money in advertising which could do no good, but which would kindle false flames of hope that could only fall into the ashes of despair! Why had he been so wicked as not to say, boldly, "It is gone for ever!" to the young man who loved and honored and trusted him? It would be but a few years, a few short years, ere he could lay his white head down to rest for ever from his pain; why had he dared to lay on Ampstead's heart the heritage of an equal and a hopeless pain? These were his self-reproachful thoughts. This was his bitter agony among the hills.

He rode to the thicket from which he had watched Glugg pass him by—Glugg, and another. He paused at the spot where he had put spurs to his horse and commenced the flight which put poor 'Tam o' Shanter quite to shame.

Here his horse wheeled. Here, again, was where he made a marvelous leap! Here the poor beast had slipped! And here—

Here?

Was he going mad? Did his eyes play him false? He sprang from his horse.

Until wrangling debaters decide for good and all whether the worst certainty is better than suspense, and bad news more to be hoped for than none at all, I cannot tell you whether it was well that Mr. Barcase found the thing he did, or quite otherwise. In the conflict of emotions in his mind, I do not think the lawyer could have given an opinion himself. He did not feel gladness; he did not experience sorrow; he only knew that all his powers and faculties were numbed and shocked. There was nothing left to hope. There was nothing left to fear. All that could have happened, had happened.

It was an envelope which he picked up, a big yellow envelope, pompous and clumsy-looking, and not flattened down yet into the humble shape which was fitting to its new condition of utter emptiness.

An empty envelope, torn and discolored, but with a clean cut along its upper edge which spoke alike of a keen knife, and some one's nervous haste. An empty envelope, with the direction: "John Braynor Ampstead, in trust with Seth Barcase, Esq."

It was almost night. Day was fading rapidly. The mists were already beginning to show above the pool and along the winding streams.

Down this road lay Pleanton. Down this road went John Braynor to his death. Down this road went Glugg when his life seemed hanging in the balance. Up this road came Glugg and whatever pursued him.

What of it all?

This way Pleanton lay, and this way Seth Barcase would go. He would have gone, and gone more quickly and more gladly, if he had been going to his grave.

Home to Pleanton he went. Early to bed, to find the rest he so much needed. A night of torture, filled with awful dreams and still more terrible wakefulness. A Tuesday that was almost a living death—and which dragged as it may be Eternity will. A Tuesday night which passed all too quickly, and which was a period of unconsciousness and oblivion because his life would have been in danger had it been otherwise—his life or his reason, and because Nature was strong enough to have her healing way. A Wednesday which was enough like Tuesday to seem its shadow—and enough blacker, too, to be that. Such was the life—or shall I say existence?—of Mr. Seth Barcase up to the arrival of an afternoon mail on Wednesday from New York.

He had not written to John Ampstead yet; he had not found the courage to do so. But now there came from him a letter, a letter so full of hope and vigor, a letter so spiced with pleasant gossip regarding his life and work, that the lawyer smiled again, albeit faintly, despite himself.

John Ampstead had sent him a bundle of New York daily newspapers too, and for a few moments he quite forgot what he had found—*how little*—in place of what he had lost—*so much*—while he looked over the advertisements in them, finding in each one this:

"PERSONAL.—If the person who found the package lost near P. by 'S. B.' will return the same to him; or, to the person addressed by name (care of Bluff & Bragg, New York, in the latter case), he will be rewarded."

And in another column this:

"\$100 REWARD.—Return stolen package to 'S. B.' of P., or to 'Owner,' at Bluff & Bragg's and receive One Hundred Dollars. No questions asked."

The advertisements looked well in print. They would mean enough to one who understood them. They would be strange and meaningless to every one who did not have the key to them in the memory of his own action. They seemed to cover the case very thoroughly, only—since he found that empty envelope the lawyer had felt there was no case to cover!

Mr. Barcase started slowly toward home from the post-office. He had nothing to do; he had no ambition to do anything. Life had become a blank to him since Monday; his years pressed upon him; he was very old and very feeble. He saw Dr. Pilleo drive briskly by, and he felt personally aggrieved that the old doctor could look so vigorous and happy. He met a man whose vote (and "influence") he had desired to secure in favor of his

candidates, and he never looked up from his reverie; for an active American citizen he was certainly in a bad way.

A boy ran up to him and spoke his name: "Mr. Barcase, sir, if you please."

The lawyer did not stop. He did not look up. He did not appear to know that any one had addressed him.

The boy laid his hand upon the old man's arm.

"Mr. Barcase, please."

The lawyer stopped, and slowly looked around.

It was a boy from the telegraph-office who had stopped him, a boy with a telegram for him.

He slowly and dejectedly tore it open—tore it open as a man might be expected to open his own death-warrant. A moment later he was rushing up the street toward his house, at a rate of speed which it had embarrassed the boy to keep pace with, oblivious of the fact that the hurrying lad wanted a receipt for the delivery of this electrical tonic.

He looked years younger; old age seemed to have fallen away from him in a moment, like a garment. His form was erect; his step was elastic; his eyes were bright and hopeful. Was the fountain of youth a prophetic fable? Did Ponce de Leon only die because he lived too soon? Is the mystery of deathlessness a secret of zinc and carbon and acid?

This was the telegram which had made an old man young—in heart at least:

"NEW YORK, August —, 1880.

"SETH BARCASE, Esq., Pleanton—I have the package, minus the envelope. Come at once. JOHN B. AMPSTEAD."

Do I need to say that Mr. Barcase obeyed?

When Thursday morning was growing into day, Mr. Barcase left the car in which he had spent a portion of the night, and the thunder of the metropolis of the Western World was all about him.

He sent his baggage to a hotel, but he only stopped long enough at a restaurant to eat a sandwich and drink a cup of coffee. He knew that it was time for a law-student to be at the office; he had the address of the place of business of Bluff & Bragg; he could not wait a moment longer than was absolutely necessary; he must see John Ampstead at once.

To the unobserving, a crowd is a crowd. But there are degrees in a crowd, as well as in many other stupendous and bewildering things.

To the unobserving, especially if he is inclined to be petulant and excitable, making one's way through a crowd is just that, always that, and always nothing more. But there are degrees to the density of a crowd, and degrees to the effort required of the individual who must make his way through it too.

It is possible that Seth Barcase was so much in a hurry that morning as to be prejudiced. But it seemed, while he was still a dozen blocks from the one in which Bluff & Bragg had their offices, that the crowd was greater even than the crowds of New York which he remembered in the bygone years. The further he went the denser it became. After a little, every one was going one way—his way; he was meeting no one! There were no ladies in the mass of human beings now; they had been left behind by the swift, crushed back by the strong, and hopelessly stranded at street corners and in broad doorways, while the men swept on.

Mr. Barcase looked about him. He was going with this tide of humanity. He was getting beyond his power to turn back—beyond his depth, so to speak. And he had not intended to go to a fire this morning, unless—

They eddied round a corner. The moving was easier. He found a way to press forward now, and to pass many



of those less quick to see their chances and to take advantage of them. Clouds of dense smoke were rising toward the heavens. The rattling puff of the steam-fire-engines rose above the turmoil of traffic and the clamor of the crowd.

There was nowhere else for Mr. Seth Barcase to go that morning than to the fire. The block where Bluff & Bragg had studied and schemed for years was a mass of flame. It did not need an experienced eye to see that the only hope the firemen had was for the surrounding buildings, and not a certain hope in all cases even at that. The burning block was surely doomed.

There are men who are always behind their fellows, always standing on tiptoe and craning their necks in an apologetic way. There are others among mankind who are always at the front, men who always know by actual observation what happens; pushers and crowders in life's race, though with more of mind than mere muscle.

Must I say where Seth Barcase belonged? You remember him resolutely riding by night, at an hour's notice and to carry out some sudden plan which his brain had conceived, over routes from which bravery might shrink and weariness falter at. I need not classify the great lawyer; his actions have classified him. If we desire to keep our places at the side of Mr. Barcase, we must follow him down to where the blue-coated police have established the boundary between the crowd and the conflagration.

Mr. Barcase had been standing looking at the fire, standing in the very front rank of the spectators, for only a few minutes, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned his head. It was John Ampstead who stood beside him.

There were no preliminaries necessary to their conversation. Each knew of what the other wished to speak.

"Who had it?" asked the lawyer.

"I don't know."

"Wasn't the reward claimed?"

"It was not."

"Who returned it?"

"It was returned by mail."

"But we have it again?"

"We *had* it, or rather I did. Look there, those are the rooms of Bluff & Bragg."

He pointed to the windows of the second-story, fronting upon the street on which they stood.

There could be seen many beautiful and costly things through these windows. Bluff & Bragg were men of wealth and taste, and men to whom money meant nothing unless it could be used to please and gratify their whims and fancies. There were desks, elaborately convenient in all their appointments; there were chairs, so sumptuous and easy that one wondered how their occupants could ever study, or bring themselves to the consideration of facts and logic. There were handsome gas fixtures; there were a few well-chosen and valuable paintings on the walls; there were tons of costly books ranged on scores of long shelves. It was an ideal office—in some senses Bluff & Bragg might be called ideal men.

The fire had taken in the basement, and had found its prompt way to every floor by the way of the convenient elevator—convenient alike in man's service, and in the service of his roaring, hot-breathed, red-tongued servant turned cruel and relentless master.

There was no fire in the rooms of Bluff & Bragg yet, but the smoke drifted through in clouds. The floor above was a furnace. Half the floor below was a hell. It was a mad race, and an open question, whether the

demon of the rooms above or the fiend of the floor should have his wicked way first. The windows below those of Bluff & Bragg were like the entrances to great furnaces. Ladders were impossible of use for the rooms above.

Barcase had made no answer to Ampstead. The latter repeated what he had said last.

"Those are the rooms of Bluff & Bragg."

"Certainly. I heard you say that before. What of it?"

"And the package is in the safe."

"Well," said the lawyer, letting his glance follow the outstretched hand of his friend; "what of—"

He never finished his sentence. The smoke in the room into which they were looking swung aside for a moment. There, against the furthest wall, stood the great safe in which the property and the secrets of Bluff & Bragg were kept. But the fright of fire had found them unprepared in its awful suddenness. The door of the safe was wide open.

A man pushed his way through the crowd down to the very front rank of those who were watching the work of destruction. He glanced up at the flame-filled windows of the third and fourth and fifth and sixth stories. He looked at the terrible tale one could see written behind the ruined plate-glass front of the first story, and at the surging sea of fire the basement was. He shook his head. He shrank back from the heat. But his face was white with an awful despair.

"It's Bluff," whispered John Ampstead to his companion.

Bluff raised his hand with a gesture of command. A silence fell upon the gathered multitude watching him with eager upturned faces. Only the roar of the flames and the wheezy beat of the engines sounded near at hand, and the thunder of thousands of hoofs and wheels on the echoing pavement seemed far away.

Bluff faced the crowd, but half turned toward the building behind him.

"Our safe fastens with a spring lock," he said, hoarsely, "and its door is so nicely balanced that a child could close it. Its contents are almost priceless. I will give a thousand dollars to the one who shuts it."

A murmur of stifled horror shook the crowd for a moment. Was he mad? Did he think others were?

"Two thousand dollars."

More than one hard-working man thought of the family he loved and labored for, and looked greedily at the task—the work of five minutes with a reward as great as his savings for a lifetime—and drew back as he thought of how much he was loved, of how much his ragged little ones would miss him when he was gone.

"Three thousand."

Men were turning white and faint, mad that the fortune that they dared not try to win should mock them by its very nearness.

"Five thousand."

No other answer than a stifled groan.

"Eight."

Not a word met his.

"Ten thousand dollars."

A man sprang out from the crowd.

"I've been a bad man all my life," he said, with sullen frankness, "and I've done everything evil for money—everything except murder. Why should I not do this thing to-day? I—I've got a sick wife—a starving wife—and I love her as well as any man loves his own. I would give my soul for money to-day; why not risk my life?"

He sprang in at the front doorway, in among the clouds of blinding smoke, in where the flame seemed to thrust out its red tongues to draw him in,

"The man who robbed Glugg?" gasped Barcase to John Ampstead.

"Yes," replied Ampstead, "the man who robbed Glugg."

It seemed almost an eternity to the waiting audience before the hero of this stupendous tragedy appeared again. But he did appear at last, staggering and stumbling and groping blindly across the rooms of Bluff & Bragg toward the treasure he was risking all to save.

His hair was singed and burned; his face was blistered and blackened; his hands were almost useless; his clothes were on fire in a dozen places, but he did not pause, he did not falter, he did not turn back.

Perhaps he knew that there could be no turning back to life again for him; perhaps he felt that it was only left to him to go forward—straight forward—forward to his grave among the furnace heat of this mass of bending, melting iron, and breaking, crumbling stone.

He staggered, struck his foot against something, and fell! He could not get upon his feet again, but he crept slowly and painfully toward the work he had to do. Possibly, even in his agony and his fear, he felt the glory of success as he had never felt it before in all his life, for thousands were cheering him for his bravery, and it must be that he heard them, for he turned his scorched and shriveled face that way, and there appeared to be a smile upon it.

He reached the safe! The smoke lifted so that they could see him plainly. A hush fell upon the great multitude. Of course the man could never come back. Of course the chances which he had taken had gone utterly against him. Hope was dead. Prayer was vain. But the far-extending audience watched the man play out this dreadful scene with the same breathless attention which they would have given to a great artist on the stage, apt in the art with which he could mimic life and passion. Men love bravery. This man was as brave as any on whom they had ever looked.

He reached the safe! He laid his hands upon it, and slowly drew himself up to a standing position. It took him long. The effort was an agony. The fire had not reached this place yet, but he had been through more of pain than many men are called upon to suffer in all their long lives, and it had been barely three minutes since he had been as strong and vigorous as any of them.

He hurled his weight against the door. It closed with a clang which could be heard even in the street below, and the answer from the street was a cheer that began with glad praise for his gallantry, and ended with a groan for his inevitable fate.

He turned his face toward them, his poor blind eyes straining for a sight of the sympathy he would never see again, nor hear much longer. He put up his useless hands with a weak gesture of helpless appeal.

The cheer died into silence.

Flowers and bouquets next for the actor who had done so well. Ay, flowers and bouquets!

Flowers of yellow and crimson, springing through the floor beneath his feet! Bouquets of burning brands, falling from the ceiling above his head!

Suddenly the safe sank a little from the place where it had stood. It swayed slowly toward one side. The man in the room reeled forward; the crowd in the street reeled back; the walls reeled in; the roof settled—settled—settled. The next instant there was only a monster pile of fiercely burning *débris* upon the basement floor, with nothing between it and the bright blue sky above!

(To be continued)

FAREWELL.

(From the German.)

Who asks how came it so? The same
Happens to others every day.
By chance or fate the meeting came;
Which—who shall say?

It was not much that either said,
But each felt richer for that night;
You turned, as I drew near, so red;
When I went, white.

And then came meetings day by day,
Our only thought near, sun and moon.
The Summer quickly passed away,
Indeed, too soon.

We pressed fond hands; for nothing, smiled;
For nothing foolish tears let fall.
We quarreled, and were reconciled;
And meant it all.

Then Autumn came, and Winter white;
The swallows fled to skies of blue;
Love? It was freezing day and night:
It froze us, too.

And I to other lands must go;
"Farewell!" you said, so courteously:
Courteous I kissed your hand, and so—
So let it be!

A DREAD SECRET.

"It is a first night at the St. James," observed Mrs. Gregory Farquhar.

She was sitting at the dinner-table opposite her husband, Captain Farquhar, of the Guards.

"Aw!" replied that gentleman, being evidently unable to think of any more trenchant remark.

Mrs. Farquhar went on, with a slight nervousness of manner:

"Lord Ferdie has sent me a box—you'll come, won't you, Gregory?"

"Awfully sorry," answered Gregory, indulging in all the accepted abbreviations with which our gilded youth disfigures his native tongue, "but really couldn't. Got an engagement to-night, Bessie—must keep it, 'pon my honor. Be delighted to go with you otherwise."

"Oh, I dare say!" said Mrs. Farquhar, with an angry color rising in her cheeks—"delighted, of course! I've observed that you always would be delighted to go out with me on Saturday evening, only you're engaged."

Captain Farquhar applied himself to the claret, and made no answer. He was not blind to that angry color rising in his pretty wife's face; and being a young man of a peaceful disposition, notwithstanding that his profession was that of war, he took refuge in a wise silence.

It is not to be denied that silence was a very easy thing to him, for as a rule he had nothing whatever to say. His claims to the admiration of society consisted in the superb proportions of his form, the magnificence of his mustache, and the perfect fit of his clothes.

Mrs. Farquhar, on the contrary, had a tongue of her own; and just now she seemed inclined to use it.

"Am I to go alone with Lord Ferdie?" she asked, presently.

"'Pon my soul, Bess, I don't know. He's a harmless chap enough; but I suppose it wouldn't look well."

"A harmless chap!" echoed Mrs. Farquhar, in such a tone that the captain opened his eyes wider than usual.

"You want some sort of a sheep-dog, I s'pose, Bess?" he added, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Mrs. Farquhar, with intense scorn; "quite in the Becky Sharp style that would be. But it might be a little difficult to engage one for Saturday nights only—that little difficulty didn't occur to you, perhaps? Gregory," she said, with a sudden change of voice and manner, "I *will* know where you go always on Saturday nights!"

"Oh, come, I say!" was Captain Farquhar's response.

"Oh, but we weren't to have secrets, and mine isn't unreasonable jealousy. No woman could endure such a thing—flesh and blood couldn't stand it. Dear, Gregory, do tell me, and then I'll be—oh, so good?"

"Very sorry," repeated the captain—"can't."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Farquhar, transformed once more, as if by magic, into the virago; "then I know what to think. I'm not the ignorant little thing I was when



FAREWELL.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 463.

He was a good deal taken aback by this pretty little creature's sudden transformation into a virago.

"You must tell me!" she cried.

"Very sorry," answered the captain—"can't."

Mrs. Farquhar looked at him from under her long, dark eyelashes; and then, by a great effort controlled herself, and did a little acting.

"Gregory dear," she said, very gently, "do tell me. It's disgraceful to be such a jealous little wretch, I know, but I can't help it."

"Forgotten the compact, eh, Bess?—each to do as we pleased, don't you know, and no jealousy allowed?"

you married me. It comes to 'you go your way and I go mine'—does it? Very well! You used to think me pretty; now, I suppose, you have found a different style of beauty that you like better. Never mind! I can still manage to be the fashion for a season or two, if I choose. You think Lord Ferdie a harmless sort of a chap, do you? He's very kind; he seems to admire me very much. I'll send over for Mrs. Vane; no doubt she will go with me and play sheep-dog to-night."

"No, no," exclaimed the captain; "don't go out with that dreadful woman, Bess."

"Who else am I to get at a moment's notice? Am I to



A DREAD SECRET.—“AT LAST HE STOPPED AT A DISMAL LITTLE HOUSE, IN A DISMAL LITTLE STREET, RANG A BELL, AND WAS IMMEDIATELY ADMITTED. MRS. FARQUHAR STOOD TREMBLING AGAINST THE RAILINGS.”—SEE NEXT PAGE.

sit at home by myself all the evening, just because it happens to be the night you are engaged? That would scarcely be keeping our compact. Ta-ta! I'm going to dress. I hope you'll enjoy yourself."

"I say, Bess," said the captain, rising from his chair as his wife turned to the door.

"Well?"

"Don't go with Mrs. V. and Ferdie."

"Tell me where you are going, Gregory, and I—well, I'll try and get somebody else."

The captain opened his mouth as if to speak, then shut it again.

He looked at his wife in a hesitating sort of way, grew a trifle redder than usual, and at last relapsed into the old formula, "Very sorry—can't."

Mrs. Farquhar made him a profound courtesy, and then left the room.

She then went up-stairs to her dressing-room and rang the bell. When her maid came the door was locked, and she was told to go away again. For Mrs. Farquhar, to her own surprise, had burst into a passion of weeping.

After a few minutes this stopped as suddenly as it began. She rose hurriedly, opened her door, and set it ajar. Then she quietly and quickly got a long, dark traveling-cloak and wrapped it round her, put a little black hat on her head, and tied a thick veil over her face. She snatched up her purse and gloves, and then went outside her door and stood listening.

In a little while she heard the captain come out into the hall, take his hat, and open the front door.

Swiftly and softly she crept down the stairs. As he closed the front door she reached it, and, after waiting a moment, opened it very gently, went out, and as gently closed it behind her.

She had made up her mind to follow him.

The Farquhars lived in Hyde Park Terrace; there was a cabstand within a stone's throw of their house.

Lingering within the shelter of the railings, Mrs. Farquhar watched her husband take a hansom and drive off in it. Then she rushed across to the stand, sprang into another, and said to the man:

"Keep that hansom in sight that has just driven away. Stop when it stops, but not too close."

The man whipped up his horse, and in another minute they were in full chase.

It was a desperate move, this of pretty Mrs. Farquhar's; and though her spirit was still all ablaze, and her face white with resolution, her heart quailed within her. How would it end? What would she learn to-night?

Strange as it may seem, Bess Farquhar cared not one farthing for any man in the world but her own handsome guardsman; and though she pretended to have the fashionable failing of a love of admiration, she was perfectly indifferent to the worship of all the gay chappies of the day, if the especial one of her heart had indeed grown tired of her.

She felt sure he had. She only wanted to have facts, instead of feelings, to go upon; and then, she resolved, she would throw aside her lingering scruples, and drown her regrets for the past in the excitements of the present. She was making a good beginning, certainly, in her programme of dissipation.

Her mind was a perfect blank to the fact that Lord Ferdie would expect her to be in that box at the St. James's Theatre to-night.

Very certainly she would not be there; for it was now nearly the time of the performance, and she was speeding away cityward along the Bayswater Road, along Oxford Street—on—on.

"How much further?" she thought to herself, with a rather frightened feeling.

To tell the truth, she had expected to be taken north, to the charming precincts of St. John's Wood.

It was a clear, fine night, and she kept her eyes steadily fixed upon the hansom in front of her, which she could see very plainly. It went on, on, at a steady pace, much as though the driver had made up his mind to drive all night, and meant to keep his horse cool for the work.

And as they went on, it really seemed to Bess Farquhar as if this was the fact.

They got into Holborn, on a straight line, over the Viaduct, down Newgate Street into Cheapside. Then came Cornhill and Leadenhall Street; and then Mrs. Farquhar began to find she was more frightened than anything else.

Only twice in her life had she ever been into the city. It had never entered her head that any business could be important enough to take one to the city in the evening. Why, the very city men themselves had left it then.

How deserted it looked! this place that she had seen on her former visits swarming with men of business, who one and all recognized her as an outsider, and stared at her as she was never stared at in Piccadilly or the Park.

Now, the only people about were the actual dwellers in the city, intent on their Saturday night's marketings; the only vehicles, great drays and carts that were still at work.

Now they were in Aldgate; with wide eyes of wonder Mrs. Farquhar looked at the street, full of a life so strange to her. Soon afterward she saw written on the wall Whitechapel Road. Her heart sank within her. Where could Gregory be going? Was he a Fenian coming to some secret meeting to discuss the subject of dynamite?

Like an arrow they had come, straight and direct—along, as it seemed, one broad, smooth road—from Hyde Park to Whitechapel, right through the heart of the city.

Yet on went that hansom in front, straight down Whitechapel Road, that great thoroughfare which might, if fashion, instead of famine, were at home there, be one of the handsomest streets in London. But it looked a very dreary, hopeless, sordid place now.

Oh, what could Gregory want here? On, on, went that hansom, straight away up the Mile End Road.

Mrs. Farquhar had heard of Whitechapel as a place the mere mention of which must make one shudder; but she had not even heard of Mile End.

The cab stopped at last—at Canal Road. Mrs. Farquhar felt quite worn out, the drive had been so long and so strange.

Her cabman, wise in his generation, drew up on the other side of the street. He accepted five shillings with an attempt at a growl; but Mrs. Farquhar did not stay to listen, for she saw that the captain was walking very swiftly down Canal Road, and she was afraid of missing him.

He turned twice, down dark and dreary streets, that filled Mrs. Farquhar with a nervous dread; then, at last, he stopped at a dismal little house, in a dismal little street, rang a bell, and was immediately admitted.

Mrs. Farquhar stood trembling against the railings; she knew not what to do. Presently a crowd of roughs came down the street, rang the same bell, and were admitted. Then came a number of dirty, miserable women. They, too, went to the door.

Despair gave Mrs. Farquhar courage. She was as much afraid to stay out in this dreadful street as to go into this mysterious place. She went in among the women, and when the door was opened, entered with them.

To her amazement she found herself in a very large room. Four houses had been thrown into one, and this room ran all the length. It was crowded with people—such people as Mrs. Farquhar had never dreamed of; the sight of their poverty, their rags, their strange faces—some fierce, some foolish, some utterly sad.

Presently there rang out a clear, fine tenor voice; it was her husband's. He was singing an old Scotch ballad, with which of old he had been wont to please his college chums over gay suppers. How these poor wretches listened!

Mrs. Farquhar wondered as she looked furtively about her. And she felt a strange sensation of pride when she saw at the end of the song, that her handsome guardsman was a popular favorite—a darling—among these unhappy and unwashed ones.

He was entreated for another song; the audience was familiar with his whole *répertoire*, and would gladly have had it all. Again and again Captain Farquhar sang; and then, with a good-humored laugh, he refused to sing any more, and gave up the piano to a quiet-looking lady, dressed like a Sister of Mercy, who began to play some pretty dance music.

Captain Farquhar went into another part of the hall, where there was a billiard-table. Here he was welcomed with great delight by a crowd of horrible-looking roughs, who were knocking the balls about.

A game began in good earnest. Captain Farquhar was a splendid player, and the men watched him with fascinated eyes when he was at work.

Presently Mrs. Farquhar noticed that a stalwart and very pleasant-looking young clergyman had joined this group, and saw that the men seemed to be as fond of him as they were of Captain Farquhar. By-and-by the clergyman broke up the meeting with a little speech, and when every one rose to go out, Mrs. Farquhar slipped away unseen.

Cabs are not plentiful on the Mile End Road; a hansom is as strange a sight there as in the depths of the country. So when Captain Farquhar reached the top of Canal Road he stopped an omnibus which was going cityward. But just as he was going to get into it his arm was touched. He looked and saw a young woman; without further ceremony he put his foot on the omnibus step, when the young woman said, "Gregory!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Captain Farquhar.

Then he signed to the omnibus conductor to go on, which he did, slamming the door of the vehicle indignantly.

Captain and Mrs. Farquhar then took a walk down Mile End Road, and this is some of what they said:

"Will you ever forgive me Gregory? How could I be such a jealous little wretch, and so mean as to spy?"

"All right," said the good-natured captain; "woman can't help it, I suppose."

"And why wouldn't you tell me?"

"Didn't want to be laughed at."

"Oh, I wouldn't laugh at you—I'd like to tell all London!"

"Exactly—and then all London would laugh at me. Couldn't stand that. Don't tell, Bess; should cut it altogether if any of the chaps found me out."

"I won't tell, then. But how ever did you find such a place?"

"The parson there's an old school chum of mine. I read the papers, and wondered if the writing fellows told lies; so wrote and asked Dolly, as we always used to call him. Dolly said, 'Come and see'; he was in the midst of it, trying to humanize the wretches. Dolly got hold

of me when I did come down, and made me promise to do some humanizing. Don't know that it's much use, but they seem to like it. Wish they didn't look so hungry. I'm going to give 'em a supper next week."

"You are! Oh, Gregory! I must come and help," she exclaimed.

And she did. More than that, she kept her husband's secret. For he declared positively that he would go immediately to Timbuctoo if any of "the fellows" heard of it.

A ROYAL TRAGEDY IN TURKEY.

(From *Advance Sheets of a Work on Turkey.*)

BY OSCANYAN.

THE Padisha, or the reigning monarch of Turkey, is not the son of the late Sultan, as might be supposed, but his nephew, the son of his brother Abd-ul-Medjid; for the Salic law is also the law of the land in Turkey, with this exception, that only the eldest male member of the royal family is the rightful heir to the throne.

The actual Sultan is not, therefore, the rightful heir, his elder brother Sultan Murad being still living, but he is Sultan by accident. The circumstances attending his elevation are the following:

When Abdul-Aziz, the late Sultan, succeeded his brother in 1861, he had the good fortune to enjoy the services of the two most eminent statesmen of Turkey, Aali Pasha and Fuad Pasha, men well and favorably known to Europe. Through their wise counsels and measures the country acquired a fresh lease of prosperity, especially when these two statesmen succeeded in persuading His Majesty to visit Europe, which he did in 1867. This was an event unprecedented in the annals of Turkish history.

After a sojourn of one month in Europe, on his return he was full of ardor to raise his Empire to the level of other civilized countries which he had visited. His knowledge of these foreign countries being limited to what he had witnessed, he attributed their greatness to the military forces by which he saw them surrounded—an inference inseparable from the logic of despotism. His first step was, therefore, an attempt to place his own army and navy on an efficient basis. He accordingly ordered the purchase from Europe of firearms of the most approved pattern, and ironclads of the most recent models and of great strength.

To give emphasis to his design, he enlisted his eldest son into the army, and his second son in the navy. In the civil service many innovations were also introduced, such as courts of justice, lyceums, normal schools, etc.

While some of these measures conflicted with the prejudices of men of the *ancien régime*, and clashed with long established interests, yet many persons deriving benefit therefrom became their ardent supporters, especially the cormorants of the army and navy departments.

Hussein Avni, then Minister of War, headed the list. The speculations of this man being made known to the Sultan, His Majesty summoned him to his presence, and after reprimanding him severely, dismissed him from the service. But it was not long before he obtained pardon through palace intrigues, and was reinstated in office. He became the leader of a conspiracy, and the regicide of the Sultan.

In most criminal cases women having figured conspicuously, it has become a favorite expression with the French to say "*cherchez la femme*," to discover the source of a crime. This adage is peculiarly applicable in the

present instance, for there is decidedly "a woman in the case."

Abdul-Aziz whilst a Prince had an *odalisque*, by whom he had a son, Youssuf-Izzeddin.

Formerly the princes were neither allowed liberty to move about freely, nor the privilege to become fathers. But Sultan Mahmoud of "glorious memory" had broken the unsocial chain of ancient usages, and his successors have followed in his footsteps.

When Abdul-Aziz girded on the sword of state, his *odalisque* became at once his first Caddin, and four others were added to his domestic arrangements, in conformity with state etiquette and official requirements.

Mohammedans, in general, are entitled to have four wives, but Sultans can have seven. By this arrangement their superiority to ordinary men is thus attested, and the chance made surer of an heir to the throne. It will thus be perceived that polygamy, in the case of a Sultan, is more a matter of policy than choice, for should a Sultan content himself with one wife the state would interfere.

The design of limiting His Majesty's wives to seven, is to spare the state the enormous expense attendant upon the maintenance of so many ladies of royal rank. Even this number has been reduced to five ever since the death of Mahmoud, whose son, while showing his power to exceed the restrictions upon ordinary Mussulmans, has displayed an inclination not to burden the state too heavily with the Imperial family expenses. This example has ever since been followed by all who have succeeded him.

Accordingly, although in the household of a Sultan, there are more than 2,000 women, but five of these hold the rank of Caddins, or wives,

Common law never allowing a Sultan to form an alliance with any of his subjects, all his Caddins are originally Georgian or Circassian slaves, who are selected for this distinguished honor and presented to him by his mother or sisters, on Kadir-Guedjessy, or the night in which the Koran descended from heaven.

Nor are they married to him. A Sultan being above all law, cannot submit to any matrimonial bondage. He is not, therefore, legally married to any of his wives. But those who are selected by him to share his affections are pronounced by him Caddins, or Ladies, and not

Sultanas, for none but those of the royal blood can enjoy that title, except the mother of the reigning Sultan, who, on her son's accession to the throne, takes, by courtesy, that title, and is called Validé Sultan.

The title Sultan is equally applied to males and females, with this difference only; that it precedes the name of the male, and follows that of the female. Thus, they say, Sultan Abdul-Hamid, but for his sister Adillé Sultan, or his daughter, Muhibb Sultan. When it is used by itself it always implies the female branch of the royal family, and never His

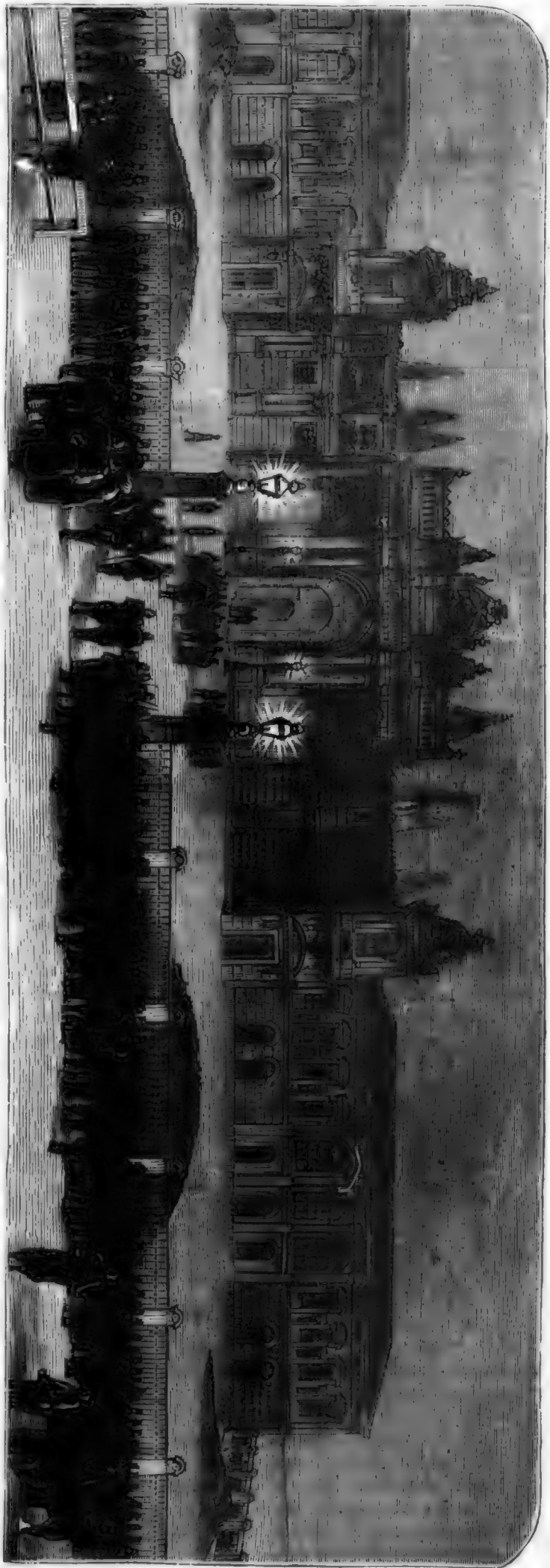
Majesty, who is known by the title of Padishah, or, in common parlance, Effedimiz—our Lord.

The Caddins of a Sultan are classified and designated as first, second, etc., the order of their precedence being determined by the date of their elevation to their respective posts, as is the case with major-generals in the army. The first in the list is termed, by courtesy, "Bash-Caddin," or Principal Lady, as a mark of distinction; and promotion takes place when death occurs in the ranks.

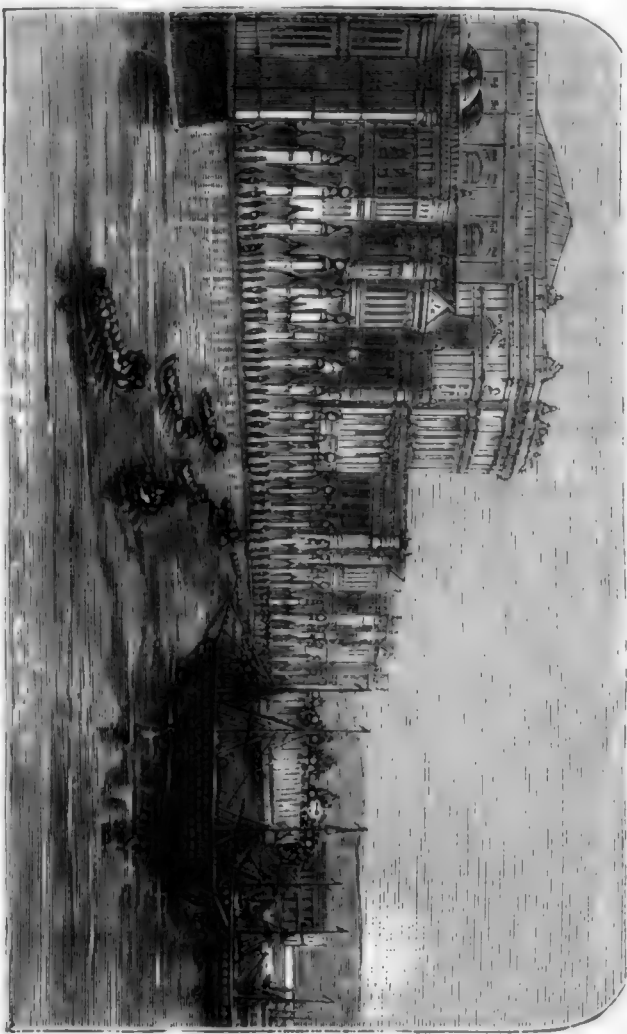
It so happened that the third Caddin having died, there was a vacancy in the fifth rank. This the Validé,



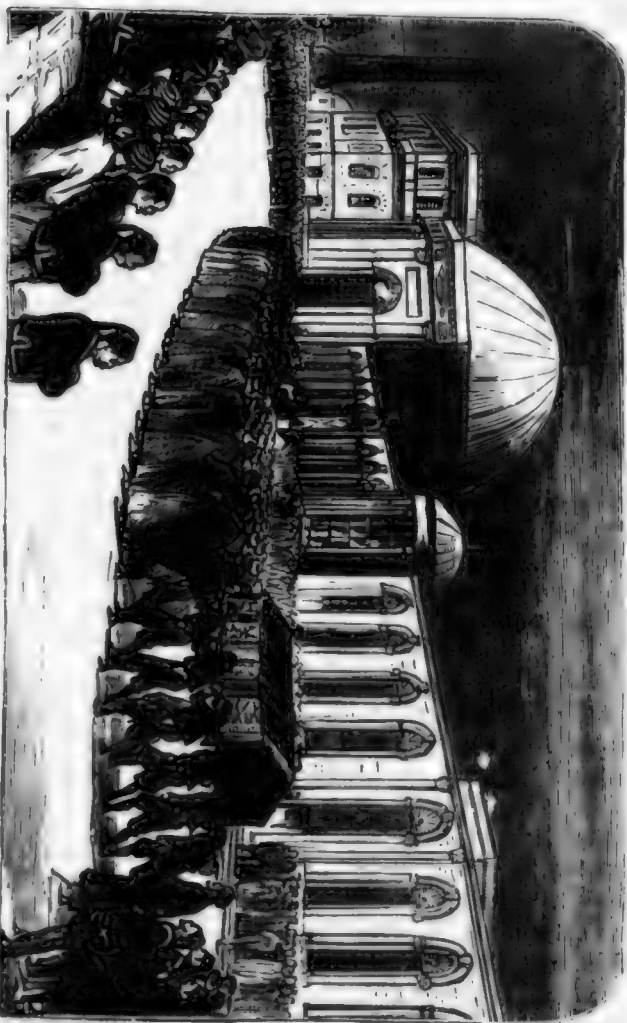
THE MINISTERS DECIDING, IN COUNCIL, TO DEPOSE ABDUL-AZIZ.



INVESTMENT OF THE PALACE AND OVERTHROW OF SULTAN ABDUL-AZIZ.



ABDUL-AZIZ REMOVED TO SERAGLIO POINT.



FUNERAL OF ABDUL-AZIZ.

or the Sultan's mother, filled with a gift of her own. Prior to this event the fourth Caddin, who had become third in rank, was the shining light in the royal household on account of her extraordinary beauty and her maternity of Djemal-Eddin, the second son, of whom His Majesty was very fond. But the advent of the fifth Caddin changed the situation altogether.

Mihriyé was one of those rare gifts of nature whom humanity loves to admire and adore. She was young and lovely, a budding rose in the royal conservatory. Attracted by her unwonted charms, the Sultan, becoming captivated by her, naturally transferred his affections, and the fifth Caddin was proclaimed the favorite of the harem.

This incident affected the Third Caddin most grievously, who

"— was an empress, but had been
Perhaps as wretched if a peasant's queen."

In the cosmic economy nature has implanted in the bosom of every woman an instinctive faculty which ever seeks to attract and engage the attention of the sterner sex. This proclivity is in most cases so strongly developed that no competition can be brooked, much less direct interference from a rival. When such an incident occurs, it evokes direful anger and prompt resentment. Wounded pride and injured interest combine to produce a sense of humiliation, leading the aggrieved to certain revenge. This is pre-eminently exemplified in a Turkish household, where, by reason of polygamy, rivalry is brought face to face under the same roof. Hence, if the curtain of mystery which hides from view the many insidious acts practiced by the members of that peculiar institution called the Harem, were lifted up, what startling revelations there would be! The most tragic events transpire there; and those that fall victims to the insidious cup of coffee are by no means exceptional.

Thus Mihriyé would have soon met her fate at the hands of her wily rival, had it not been for the special surveillance of her distinguished guardian, the Validé, who, pleased and flattered by her son's partiality to her choice of this budding flower of the Caucasus, had taken Mihriyé under her especial protection. Past experience in feminine wiles of rivalry, and a thorough knowledge of the secrets that burned in the bosom of the third Caddin, made the Validé the more anxious about her ward and *protégée*. She was, therefore, constantly in Mihriyé's apartments, and even dined with her almost every day, never leaving her except when her son, the Sultan, was with her.

Mohammedan law and custom assign, for obvious reasons, to the several wives separate apartments, separate retinues, and separate tables, so that the different wives, although living under the same roof, are as much apart as the occupants of "flats," in a building of that description, visiting each other with all the etiquettes of perfect strangers.

Mihriyé's isolation through court etiquette, and the Validé's close surveillance, having deprived the third Caddin of any chance for revengeful designs within the palace, she began to look for outside aid. In this she found Hussein Avni a fit and willing instrument, who promised through his friends to avenge her wrongs if recalled from exile and reinstated.

Hussein Avni was a native of Asia Minor, short of stature, and as thick-set in frame as a burgomaster. His complexion was ruddy, with twinkling blue eyes, and his round face was adorned with a snow-white beard. Altogether, his bull-neck and heavy build reminded one of

those who are seen in the streets of the metropolis vending *gueozlemés* or pancakes, typical of the class of Asiatic backwoodsmen, nicknamed *Heodukes*. Nevertheless he had a natural gumption for intrigue—a Machiavellian countenance, "*collo scollo, pensieri stretti*"—a sort of frank expression; but with deep, designing thoughts, which did not fail to serve him to good purpose, and by means of which he was not slow in ascending the ladder of distinction. From a common private he became a Ser-Asker, or Minister of War.

His selfishness and greed of gain were intense, so that when he attained power he began to look out for number one. In everything he aimed solely at his own selfish ends, and followed the maxim of Louis XV., "*Après moi le déluge*." Public interest had no influence over his actions, and patriotism and statesmanship were terms unknown to him. He had but one aim in life, and that was Hussein Avni. He would, as the Turkish saying is, "Burn an entire quilt to get rid of a single flea." He became the head and front of a ring that despoiled the Treasury, whose guardians chuckled over the event when the news of Tweed's peculation and plunder reached their ears, regretting the while that their operations fell short of those of America's expert. Naturally vindictive, he was against all those who ran foul of his own interests or designs; and, as an adroit politician of the "spoils" system, remembered those who served his purposes.

It was during his banishment that the palace imbroglio was made known to him through his satellites, and through them he proffered his services and sought for his recall. The death of Aali Pasha occurring, greatly facilitated the matter.

The Sultan, thus deprived of his last confidential adviser—Fuad Pasha having previously died—was thrown into the hands of indifferent statesmen, many of whom were former associates of Hussein Avni. These, who entertained the same principles and pursued the same policy as the disgraced functionary, naturally worked for his recall, on the principle that "fellow feelings make us wondrous kind."

Their efforts were greatly aided by the third Caddin herself; for, notwithstanding Mihriyé's supremacy in the affections of the Sultan, the third Caddin still held some degree of influence over His Majesty through his favorite son. Whether it was this, or a desire to keep the peace in his domestic relations, the Sultan was always inclined to conciliate matters as much as possible.

Then again, Mahmoud Nedim Pasha had succeeded Aali. This individual owed his elevation to the premiership to the third Caddin, whose *protégé* he had been through her son, who was placed under his care when he was Minister of the Navy, so that he could not refuse anything to her ladyship.

These circumstances having combined in favor of the exiled minister, he was recalled and reinstated as Ser-Asker.

When Hussein Avni was rehabilitated, he was at once taken up by the third Caddin, who was anxious to know in what way he was going to serve her in the matter of the existing rivalry. For this it was essential that she should have a conference with him. But court etiquette and the Mussulman law of seclusion interfered. She could not receive him at her own quarters in the palace, nor could she have an interview with him at the War-office. There was but one way left to her which was available, namely, through Hussein Avni's harem, where she could visit with perfect propriety, and there summon to her presence Hussein Avni, without anybody being the wiser.

These visits continued to be repeated, until their frequency began to attract public attention, and caused remarks, not creditable always to the third Caddin, but of course flattering to the Pasha.

Elated by the distinguished patronage, and encouraged by the adulations of those who surrounded him, he became dictatorial in deportment, defiant in manners and arrogant in intercourse, considering himself as the power behind the throne.

Hussein Avni's superciliousness in matters of state produced, of course, a conflict of authority between the Grand Vezir and himself, which led to secret intrigues and covert plots. But neither party could gain supremacy over the other.

Hussein Avni was surrounded and supported by numerous partisans, backed by the Third Caddin at the palace; and Mahmoud Nedim, besides being the especial protégé of the Third Caddin herself, enjoyed also the auspices of the Validé, and was the favorite of the Sultan.

The strife between the two was rife, and the partisans of each were not slow in disseminating disparaging reports.

Nedim's administration was conservative; that is, pacific in its foreign policy. The Grand Vezir was accordingly given to temporizing in foreign relations, and, above all, desired to keep on good terms with Russia, whom Turkey had the most reason to dread. The principle which actuated him in his policies was the Turkish adage that, "It is always good policy to maintain fellowship even with his satanic majesty till the bridge (connecting Paradise) is crossed over." This sagacious policy was, of course, misinterpreted by his adversaries as meaning that he was in secret league with Russia, the inveterate enemy of Turkey. This was availed of by that arch-traitor Midhat Pasha, who, in the character of a "confidence man," set England against him.

Then again he was accused of being a sycophant to the Sultan, whom he flattered and encouraged in all his whims and unjustifiable caprices, to the prejudice of the state. The numerous innovations and purchases ordered by the Sultan called for disbursements which the Imperial Treasury was not in a condition to meet. The consequence was a suspension of pay to the army and navy, and a reduction of ten and twenty per cent. from the salaries of the officials. True, there were occasional reliefs from moneys borrowed from abroad at an exorbitant rate; even this came to an end, and a panic prevailed. The cause of all this was laid at the door of Mahmoud-Nedim.

Added to these, there was also the same idea on the part of the Sultan of changing the organic law of the land, and attempting to make his eldest son the heir presumptive. So that malcontents were not wanting, and through them Hussein Avni had succeeded in upsetting the Mahmoud Ministry, and after a while he himself became the Grand Vezir.

On the other hand, the defeated party sought to revenge itself by exposing the villainy of the successful intriguants, attributing the triumph of Hussein Avni to the influence of the guilty third Caddin, whose conduct and *mauvaise liaison* with the actual Grand Vezir called for the strongest censure. It was time that the Sultan should be informed of the circumstances. But who was to be the informer? Nobody ventured to assume the task.

Abdul-Aziz was a stout, heavily-built man, of herculean strength. His face was rotund and full, and adorned with a well-trimmed, thick beard, just turning gray. His eyes were dark and lustrous, shaded by heavy

eyebrows and long, dark eyelashes. The whole expression of his countenance conveyed the conviction to the beholder that he was a man possessed of an imperious nature and resolute character; so much so that General Ignatieff, the former Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, comparing the defunct Sultan to the two who succeeded him, facetiously remarked that Abdul-Aziz was "the last of the Mohicans."

He loved everything that was princely and grand, and could tolerate nothing shabby or mean. He admired courage, and patronized bravery and prowess even in animals. His daily pastime was either to witness the athletic performances of *pehlivans*, wrestlers, cock-fighting, or combats between lions and tigers. The victors in these struggles would not only meet with royal approval, but would also be decorated—making no distinction between man and beast; for bravery deserved its own reward. He was accordingly considered an eccentric character. Yet with all this eccentricity and savage mode, Abdul-Aziz was not devoid of fine sentiments. He loved music and the fine arts; he himself being a painter of some merit, and specimens of his handiwork are now extant. He was also affectionate in his domestic relations. He was sensitive to mean acts and quick in resentment, and therefore could not bear to hear disagreeable truths. It is said that one day the Sultana Validé ordered an officer of the palace to communicate to His Majesty a message which happened to displease him. Whereupon Abdul-Aziz chased the officer from his presence, and never would consent to see his face again.

Such being the character of the Sultan, we can easily understand why the scandal was not imparted to him. But having reached a point of grave importance, the Validé herself undertook the disagreeable task. So, on the last Friday of the month of May, 1876, when the Sultan returned in procession from the usual state ceremony to a mosque, called *Selamluk*, which takes place every Friday noon, unless His Majesty is prevented by sickness, he repaired at once to the harem and entered the apartments of his favorite Mihriyé. There he met his mother, who, instead of retiring to her own quarters, still lingered in the saddest mood, as if some calamity had befallen her.

The Sultan perceiving her distressed condition, inquired for the cause. The Validé shook her head in evident anguish, as if powerful emotions deprived her of speech. The Sultan, alarmed at her condition, begged to know what ailed her, and ordered the palace physicians to be summoned at once. The distressed Sultana countermanded the order, and demanded *hulvet* (privacy), whereupon all the attendants left the apartment, leaving the Sultan for a *tête-à-tête* with his mother and Mihriyé Caddin.

When by themselves, "Oh, my son!" she exclaimed, "my distress is not physical but moral, and as no one would dare to impart to you the sad circumstances, I am obliged to assume that distressing task myself!"

The Sultan, when he learnt the sad story, was so dazed by it, that he appeared to be paralyzed.

At that instant Mihriyé, availing herself of the opportunity, prostrated herself before her liege lord, and implored mercy and leniency for the erring woman.

"Oh, Padishah!" she sobbed, piteously, "be generous and show clemency toward the erring woman, for the sake of your own child!"

The Sultan, who stood transfixed and motionless, did not utter a word, nor spurn the applicant, but recovering his senses, left the apartment and repaired at once to that of the faithless wife.



MEHEMET MURAD.



HUSSEIN AVNI.

When there, his sudden presence and awful bearing, deep anger flashing from his eyes, convinced the Third Caddin at once that the fears she anticipated had reached their climax, and that her own fate was sealed. With the view to anticipate her doom and mitigate the royal wrath, she threw herself at his feet and implored mercy and forgiveness, crying: "Aman! Aman Effendim! Teorbe!" (Pity! Mercy, my lord! I repent!)

The Sultan, who could scarcely contain himself, ejaculated, in passion:

"Touch me not! Away with you, you vile wretch! You have debased yourself by betraying me, and you must bear the consequences!"

The wretched woman, prostrate on the floor, with outstretched arms and tears streaming from her eyes, still shrieked in agonizing tones, and continued to implore for mercy in the name of the Prince:



MIDHAT PASHA.

"I am the mother of your dearest son, your own flesh and blood! For his sake spare me!"

"Oh, for the privilege of old times when the sack was in vogue!" exclaimed the Sultan, in a rage; "but civilization prevents me from meting out the just chastisement you deserve! Nevertheless, to save the honor of that child whom you have wantonly dishonored, I must punish you!" And detaching his sabre which he had not yet taken off since his return from the mosque, he exclaimed, "Oh, I feel as if I could run you through and through!" But without unsheathing the blade, he commenced to belabor her unmercifully, and bestowing a final kick of contempt upon her, left her prostrate on the floor, and turning to the attendant slaves, orders: "Have that woman taken to the Old Palace."—(Seraglio Point.)

The eunuchs charged to carry away the disgraced Caddin enter the chamber, and, without evincing the slightest compassion for their dying mistress, as is their wont, they hustle the female slaves from the room and try to force the unfortunate woman to rise to her feet. This they find, however, impossible, for the third Caddin, being at the time a victim to kidney disease, some of the blows had caused a hemorrhage and produced death.

The news of the tragic catastrophe soon reached the ears of Hussein Avni, the *particeps criminis*. The wily

intrigant saw at once that he was a doomed man. The question revolving in his mind resolved itself to this—"To be, or not to be"—whether he or the Sultan were to live; and as Hussein Avni lived only for Hussein Avni, a *coup d'état* was the resolve as the only means of salvation. Sedition was at once set to work, and the malcontents were mustered into service.

Although he had the reins of government in his own hand, and the support of many discontented and ambitious dignitaries, the chief among whom was that arch fraud, the renowned Midhat,



MIDHAT PASHA SENT INTO EXILE.



ABDUL-HAMID ON HIS WAY TO BE INVESTED.

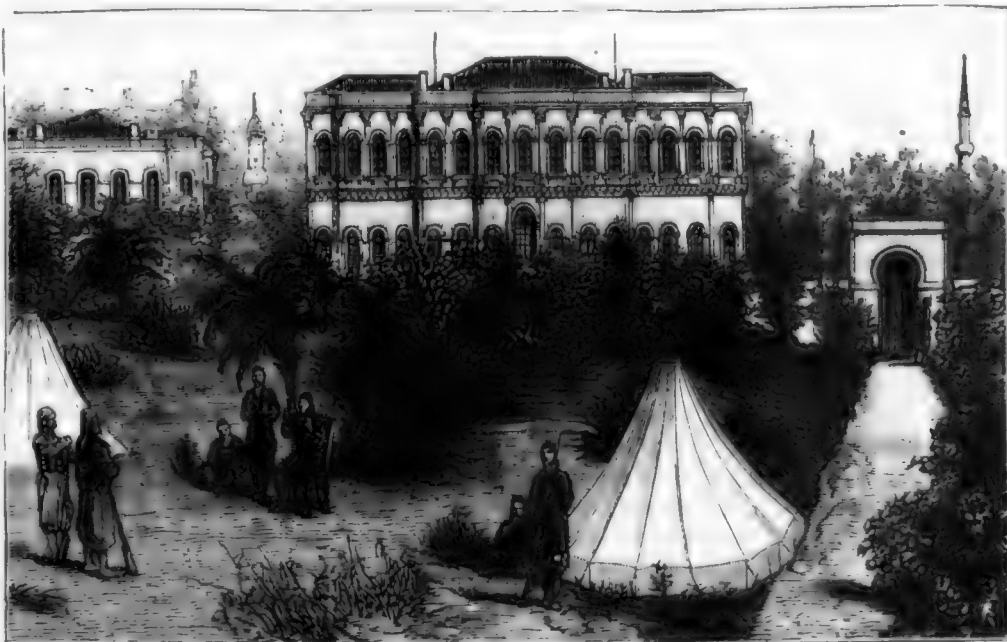
"stall" in his nefarious operations, and whom he had raised from poverty to affluence, for safe keeping. A *mouche* or small steamer was next stationed in the Black Sea, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, with two of his aides-de-camp on board, under the pretence of inspecting the forts which guard the straits; but in reality to serve as a ferry to convey him, in case of need, to one either of the French, Austrian or Russian mail steamers that ply regularly to Odessa.

Thus prepared, Hussein Avni was now ready either to escape by flight the wrath of his sovereign, or

yet he feared with reason the Sultan's wrath which was soon to visit him.

Instigated then by an apprehension of personal danger and a desire of revenge, he decided to effect the dethronement of the Sultan which took the civilized world by surprise.

Like an experienced and adroit intrigant he did not neglect to take precautionary measures to meet all emergencies. His valuables, consisting of bonds and jewelry, were packed in a case and forwarded to the counting-house of a naturalized American in Galata, who was his "wire" and



PALACE OF ABDUL-HAMID.

to crush him in so complete a manner as to have no cause for fear again. He would dethrone him in favor of Murad his nephew. The project was not a new scheme. It was attempted once before in 1865, by what is termed the "Young Turkey" party; but having signally failed, the conspirators found refuge only in flight.

Profiting by the lesson, Hussein Avni took all the precautionary measures necessary and proceeded at once to the work before him. He consulted Midhat Pasha, the representative of "Young Turkey," and the favorite of the European powers, and also Kaiserly Ahmed, the Minister of the Navy. These arch traitors, after mature deliberation, concluded that although they were confident of the support of the Ulema and the Softas, the religious magnates and theological students, they could not effect their purpose without the sanction and the co-operation of the Sheikh-ul-Islam, the head and front of the Mussulman law. It was indispensable that they should obtain his authorization, and with that object, the Sheikh-ul-Islam was invited to a dinner party at the *Yalli*, or Summer house of the Grand Vezir, situated on the borders of the Bosphorus, a little to the north of Scutari, on the Asiatic side, and opposite the palace of the Sultan.

The invitation was of course accepted without the slightest suspicion.

When dinner was over, and pipes and coffee served, "halvet" privacy was announced. The Grand Vezir, cuddling toward the Grand Mufti in a cozy and confidential manner, presented a paper for him to peruse. His Highness, Hairullah Effendi, on glancing over the document, felt a shiver creep over him owing to its ominous nature, for it was the text of a *fetvah*—exposition of the law relative to the dethronement of a sovereign. It read thus:

"When a Sultan becomes unable to govern his Empire in consequence of intellectual deficiency, is it lawful to depose him?"

This was the question propounded, and an answer was required thereon from the highest authority in the land.

The answer was of a simple nature. It consisted either in "Yes" or "No." But Hairullah Effendi demurred, saying:

"The proposition savors of treason, therefore it cannot be answered without due deliberation upon the subject. Besides," addressing the Grand Vezir, "you ought to know from personal experience what it is to incur His Majesty's displeasure, having been once before exiled. It strikes me that you are running to your own ruin in this precipitate act, and——"

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed Midhat Pasha. "We did not invite you for counsel, but to obtain a legal opinion from you on a point of law, and which you, as the interpreter of the law, are bound to answer."

"Gentlemen, I do not deny your right to obtain a *fetvah* on a point of law; but since a deposition of a Calif must involve death as a consequence, and——"

Hussein Avni, growing impatient, and fearing pusillanimity on the part of some who were present, abruptly brought argumentation to a close. For, remembering the quaint saying of Napoleon, that "Providence was always on the side of the heaviest artillery," he instantly cooled the judgment of the chief judiciary by placing the icy muzzle of his revolver on the temple of the procrastinating functionary, and asked him to sign the document without a moment's delay.

Hairullah, perceiving the force of the reasoning thus brought to bear upon the subject, to be irresistible, quietly affixed his signature, after writing the ominous

"Yes" which was demanded of him. Having done this, he rose to depart; but his departure was prevented by Midhat, the presiding genius of the assembly, who shrewdly observed that his withdrawal might occasion betrayal and miscarriage of their design.

Now, the plot having reached its crisis, prompt action became imperative. Not a moment was to be lost. A messenger was dispatched to summon Murad Effendi, the heir-presumptive, to repair at once to the War-office. The Minister of the Navy went to one of the ironclads stationed before the palace at Dolma-Balitché to take charge of the fleet, and the rest of the assembly adjourned to the War Department to meet Murad Effendi, dragging along Hairullah as a hostage to keep the peace. The Grand Vezir himself, in his capacity of Minister of War, ordered at that late hour (about half past ten), the very bodyguards of the Sultan to turn out and surround the palace, under the plausible pretext that the Sultan's life was in danger from the threats of the dissatisfied *softas*—the religious students. And then, accompanied by Redif Pasha, the field marshal, and attended by trusty aides and *Tchaoushes* (orderlies), proceeded in all haste to the Sultan's palace.

On the way he informed them that the Council of State, sanctioned by the Sheikh-ul-Islam himself, had decided to dethrone the Sultan, because he was no longer fit to reign; and they, the ministers, had chosen him as their instrument to carry out this national will, and he hoped that he would be aided by all who loved the welfare of their country.

On his arrival at the palace, having announced himself as the Minister of War, he was received with due honors by the guards on duty. He ordered them to "stack-arms" and march off, leaving that duty to the charge of the two battalions who were surrounding the palace. He then proceeded with his retinue to the side door, used by the *habitués* of the palace, leading to the Sultan's apartments. Here the Grand Vezir demanded admission, saying that His Majesty awaited him on urgent matters of state. Thus far all having been conducted quietly and regularly, no one in the palace had the least suspicion of anything wrong. He was at once admitted and received with due deference. In his progress through the corridors he took the necessary precautionary measures to relieve the guards by fresh ones of his own, and thus step by step the palace was taken possession of.

The invaders of the palace finally reach the Sultan's apartments, called the *mabeyn*. Of course His Majesty is not there at that hour of the night. He was sleeping in the harem, unconscious of intrusion, or of a *coup d'état*. Recourse is had to Djevher-Agha, the chief eunuch of the palace, who alone has access to the Sultan on such extraordinary occasions. This was perhaps done out of regard for the women, toward whom all Orientals have an innate sense of propriety, or perhaps from motives of policy, fearing to arouse among the females unnecessary hullabaloo. So Kizlar-Aghassy, or chief eunuch, was summoned to his presence. This functionary was not far off. He was lying in a room near by, ready to be on hand for any emergency.

Whilst Redif Pasha went in search, Hussein Avni placed his orderlies at the two doors of the apartment, with instructions to fire upon Abul-Aziz if he should attempt to escape.

Kizlar Aghassy was of course startled at the appearance of Redif Pasha by his bedside, and thinking that it was a continuation of a dream, drowsily ejaculated: "Well, what's up?"

"Come! get up, Djever Agha, and tell your master that the Grand Vezir is here and wants to see him."

The functionary, thus addressed, rolled the milky whites of his eyes in perfect wonderment, and exclaimed: "You must surely be crazy, man; for, in your right senses you would not dare to summon even your peers from the harem, much less His Majesty."

Hussein Avni, becoming impatient at the delay, enters the room and puts an end to all procrastinations and palaver by exclaiming: "Shoot the fellow if he says another word," and addressing the Kizlar Aghassy, "Get up at once, you bloated nigger, and tell Abdul-Aziz that he is no longer Sultan; the nation has deprived him of the sovereign power, and elevated Murad Effendi in his place, who is now the Sultan, and whose orders are that Abdul-Aziz should be conveyed to the Old Palace (Seraglio Point), and there confined. Do you understand now? Make haste and obey orders."

As the termination of the sentence was wound up by the presentation of a shining revolver, the icy muzzle of which, in close proximity with the nostrils of the sable functionary, carried conviction beyond peradventure. Djever Acha, perceiving the serious nature of the occasion and the force of the argument brought to bear upon him, jumped up in a tremor and proceeded to execute the orders.

The door of the harem is opened by a pass-key, and Djever Agha enters alone.

The Sultan rushes to the door in his night habiliments, in a terrible rage. He is at once covered by the orderlies with bayonets. The Sultan, surprised and astounded, tries to defend himself, but being destitute of weapons, he tries in vain to overawe his adversaries by terrific glances of majesty. Hussein Avni, perceiving the Sultan's helplessness, taunts him with the assurance that it was useless to resist the decrees of Fate. It was the will of the nation that he should no longer reign, and he must succumb with good grace and becoming resignation. Even the very "body guards," upon whom he depended, were now surrounding his palace; and to be convinced of the fact, he had only to step to the window overlooking the highway, to realize the truth.

A glance from the casement revealed the fact and caused him to exclaim, in tones of despair: "Oh! the wretches! Ungrateful rascals! after all I had done for them!"

Seeing the effect which this circumstance had produced upon him, Hussein Avni urges him to surrender quietly; for the least resistance might lead to serious consequences, for which he would not be responsible.

With the view to avoid any "serious consequences," and the hope of regaining power through his partisans, diplomatically submitting, the Sultan questions him as to what he was to do.

He is requested to leave the palace at once in a *cayik*, which was waiting to convey him in safety to the Old Palace at the Seraglio Point.

His Majesty hastily dresses and is conveyed thither, accompanied by his eldest son Izzeddin, and there confined in a room—wet from the rain, and without bed or food.

On Monday, the 30th of May, at dawn, the air reverberated with the salvos of cannon, throwing the inhabitants into wonderment, not knowing what they were for, until informed by public criers, who proclaimed the advent of Murad to the throne. They were the more amazed at this, because a new Sultan could only ascend the throne after the death of the reigning monarch, and they knew that Aziz was hale and hearty the evening before.

Nobody dreamt of a *coup d'état* having taken place during their slumbers.

In the course of the day a brilliant *cortège* proceeded from the Ser-Askeriah, conveying the new Sultan to Dolma-Balitché. On the way thousands crowded the streets to view and welcome him, for Murad was very popular with all. Apart from the facts that he was amiable in disposition, affable in manners, and prone to civilization, fond of music and literature, there was a covert sympathy for him, because his uncle had tried to defraud him of his birthright. Besides, having received marked attention in Europe when in company with the Sultan, on their return he was treated rather harshly by his uncle Aziz, who looked upon him with eyes of suspicion and jealousy. Rendered thus doubly dear, the shouts of the populace were heartfelt and deafening.

On reaching the palace-gate, his carriage was suddenly approached by a military officer and a sealed document was handed to him.

Although the document was sealed, it nevertheless proved to be an open letter, for the next day it appeared in the public papers. It read thus:

"MAJESTY—Permit the humblest of your subjects to be the first to wish you a long reign and a glorious future. I ask but one favor of Your Majesty; it is my life and permission to reside with my family in that same pavilion of Teheraghan which I had built for you. I pray Allah to enlighten Your Majesty's mind with His supreme wisdom, and if I dare give you a warning, it is not to trust too much in your army. I had sacrificed everything for mine, only to be betrayed by it. That you may live long and happy, sire, is the most fervent wish of

"Your respectful servant, ABDUL-AZIZ."

This letter had its due effect upon Murad. It touched his tender heart and made him pity the fate of the deposed Sultan. He therefore gave it immediate publicity, so as to show that his accession was not through foul play, for Abdul-Aziz was still alive, but rather, as he believed, it was in obedience to public demand.

The ex-Sultan was at once removed to Teheraghan, as he desired, and surrounded with his harem and own attendants.

The circumstance alarmed the conspirators in no inconsiderable degree, for it created discussion and dissension in the community; particularly in the army, who took umbrage at what had occurred without their knowledge.

Fearing serious consequences, they met and decided to take precautionary measures for the future. They, the ministers, accordingly repaired in a body to the palace, and asked Murad not to do anything without first consulting them. This the new Sultan refusing, they took the law into their own hands and resorted to drastic measures. They first isolated the state prisoner from his attendants, and surrounded him with their own henchmen. But as long as Abdul-Aziz lived, they apprehended their lives were in danger. So, his destruction was considered in their estimation a state necessity, for that would put an end to all future troubles.

Among the attendants assigned to serve, or rather, watch, the movements of Abdul-Aziz, was Mustafa-Pehlivan, a gross and powerful man, and a noted wrestler. It was assigned to him to accomplish the nefarious deed. This ruffian falls into a dispute with His ex-Majesty, on the 4th July, at about ten o'clock in the morning, whom he knocks down, and with the aid of an abettor, chloroforms him, and then, calling for a pair of scissors from the harem, opens his veins, and gives out the announcement that the deposed Sultan, in distress of mind, committed

suicide. This accomplished, the conspirators assembled at the house of Midhat Pasha, to deliberate upon the plan to carry out their reign of terror, but their deliberations were suddenly interrupted in an unexpected and disastrous manner.

The man who delivered the aforesaid document of Abdul-Aziz to Sultan Murad was no other than Tcherkess Hassan, the brother of Mihriyé, the favorite of Abdul-Aziz, and the defunct Sultan's own trusty aid.

He was, of course, one of the first who was deprived of the privilege of personal attendance on Aziz; and his intrepidity and dare-devil character being notorious, it was considered dangerous to allow him to remain in the city. He was, therefore, ordered to report at Bagdad, under the pretense of promotion. Having disobeyed orders, he was arrested and imprisoned.

Hearing of the assassination of his late royal master, he applied for permission to leave for the post assigned to him. Hussein-Avni, glad of the opportunity to get rid of him, gives the order for his release, with the injunction to leave the city the next morning.

At nightfall Hassan repaired to the magnificent residence of Hussein Avni; in Bentari, almost a pal-



THE SULTAN ABDUL-HAMID.

ace, erected through his speculations in arms and ammunition. Hassan is told that His Highness had gone to the city to attend a cabinet council which was held that night at Midhat Pasha's *Konak*, city residence.

Hassan, quite disappointed in not finding the minister at home, jumps into his *cayik*, and crossing over, sulkily wends his way through the dark streets wrapped in mysterious thoughts, and with pursed brows, until he reaches the destined *Konak*.

He immediately proceeds up-stairs. He is welcomed by the numerous attendants in the antechamber, who all know him well. They inquire the cause of his presence. He informs them that, as he is to take his departure in the morning for Bagdad, he wanted to see the Ser-Asker before leaving, and proceeds to the door of the council-chamber. He is prevented entering by the guard at the door, who tells him that the ministers

were in secret session, and therefore nobody was allowed to enter. The only way to see the Ser-Asker was to wait until the session was over. He demurs; but seeing no remedy, he concludes to tarry, and watch for an opportunity.

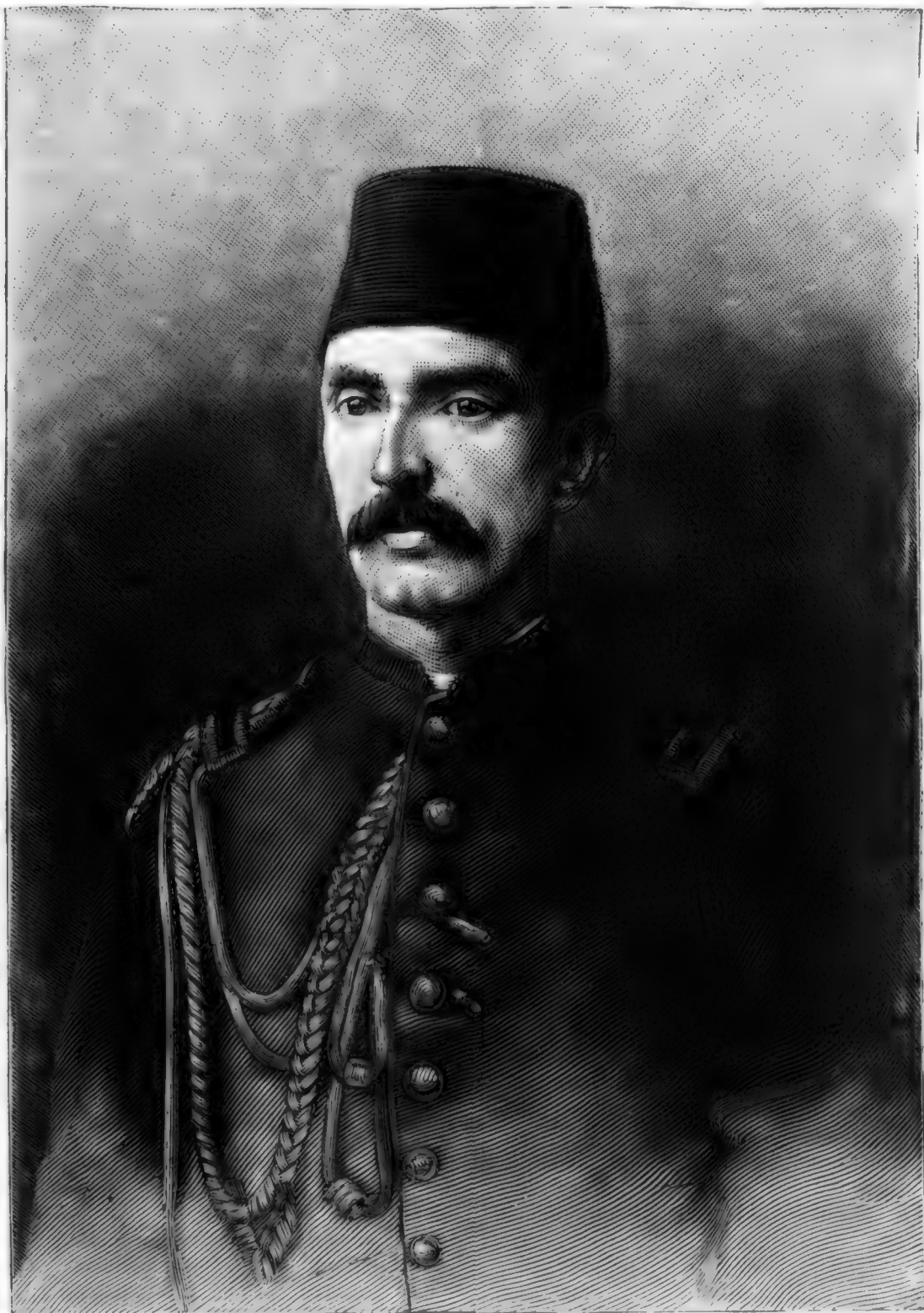
This opportunity occurs by the doorkeeper leaving his post for an instant and stepping into



TRIAL OF THE ASSASSINS OF ABDUL-AZIZ.

the antechamber, when Hassan, instantly rushing in, revolver in hand, startles the assembly with amazement. Hussein Avni, at the sight of the intruder, knowing his man well and apprehending mischief, tries to resort to his revolver. Hassan, perceiving the action, commands him not to stir, and follows his threat by a

Affairs. The first repaired to the antechamber as the sole and accessible refuge near at hand, whilst the other remained in his seat staring into vacancy. The poor fellow was paralyzed from fear. Hassan, seeing him, and in his frenzy taking the minister's helpless condition as a sign of bravado, turns upon him, and quickly



TCHERKESS HASSAN, THE AVENGER OF ABDUL-AZIZ.

couple of shots from his own revolver, which, entering the head and heart, lays his victim prostrate at his feet.

During the affray Midhat, the host of the house, starts to the door which communicates with the harem, and the rest instinctively follow his example, bolting the door after them. There remained, however, two persons in the room, Kaiserli Ahmed Pasha, the Minister of Marine, and Rashid Pasha, the Minister of Foreign

dispatches him. He then assails the door of the harem, where the company had repaired. Whether he was unable to break through, or from an intuitive regard for the women, natural to Orientals, he desisted, contenting himself by merely riddling it. Tired of this vain effort, he sallies forth into the hall, intending to depart. But the household being by this time thoroughly aroused, he meets there a crowd of attendants, who assail him and

endeavor to capture him. Hassan, undaunted, braves them all, and having killed two more of his antagonists, sets the rest flying for dear life, save the Minister of Marine, who, seeing the crowd in the hall, had taken courage to issue from his place of retirement and joined the *mêlée*. Left alone, he finds himself grappling with the infuriated Hassan.

After some scuffling Hassan dispatches him with a thrust of his *kammah*, a sort of Circassian bowie-knife, a deadly weapon in the hands of the wild mountaineers of the Caucasus.

The minister lay sprawling on the floor. But Hassan is not left alone in his glory. A posse of police arriving, overpower him, and he is finally captured and carried to prison.

The next morning he is led forth more dead than alive, and executed by authority by hanging him at the limb of the solitary tree, near the Ser-Asker's Tower.

This incident naturally produced quite a commotion in the community, developing the act of the late Sultan's assassination, which created a consternation among those who were concerned in the conspiracy.

Deprived of their leader Hussein-Avni, the conspirators next placed all their hopes of salvation in Midhat, whom they followed blindly. By his advice, they, the ministers, repaired to the palace to advise the Sultan to take energetic measures against any demonstrations of discontent. They found His Majesty in a sulky mood and quite dejected. They were coolly received and as coolly dismissed.

They repeated their visits, and reiterated their demands without success. Finally they were told by Murad that he would not be a Sultan under the circumstances. The ministers were amazed, and at a loss how to act. They felt ready to resort to any, and even violent measures, but this placed them in a new and unexpected dilemma; for they saw plainly that they had to resort to another murder to make room for a fresh succession. This they viewed with just apprehension, the community being already incensed at what had taken place, and the foreign powers having evinced general dissatisfaction and displeasure.

They tried in vain to persuade Murad to change his mind, and when they found that he was inexorable, they concluded to resort to a diplomatic stratagem through the advice of Midhat—namely, that Murad had contracted mental alienation, and therefore was not fit to be a Sultan. The *Ketvak* already obtained from the Sheikh-ul-Islam answered their purpose. So, on the 31st of August, Murad V. was proclaimed insane, and Abdul-Hamid, the younger brother, was elevated to the throne, and has become the reigning monarch of Turkey.

The conspirators did not, however, gain much by the new *coup d'état*. Indeed they jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, Abdul-Hamid proving more than a match for them all.

Unlike his brother, who is of a timid nature and a lover of peace and culture, Hamid is a man of determination, and has a will of his own, inherited from his grandfather Mahmoud. So, profiting by the lesson imparted through the recent occurrences—soon after the girding on of the sword of state which made him a regular and lawful Sultan—avoiding the palaces, he retired to Yildiz *Kiosk*, just above Tcheraghan, formerly a mere farmhouse, but now a royal residence. There, shutting himself up and surrounded by trusty bodyguards, he forbade the approach of any one, except through a systematic and strict court red tape.

Thus, thoroughly isolated, he began to issue his

Irads, or edicts, the principal of which was an order for the arraignment of the chief conspirators, who were soon tried, convicted and sentenced to death. But their sentences were commuted to exile, through the efforts of the British Government, which regarded Midhat as a man of liberal ideas, and looked upon his acts as instigated by misguided zeal, whereas he was nothing less than a fraud, and an ambitious and fanatical zealot as much as the rest, only a more cunning and abler diplomat who knew better how to hoodwink Europe.

IN DREAMLAND: A MEMORY.

BY DUNCAN MACLEAN.

Bright thoughts flash through my brain,
Like sunshine 'mid the rain,
As in my room I sit;
Once more I see a face,
Of wondrous charm and grace,
With love and sweetness lit.
Once more there comes a smile
Into my heart's exile,
And chases gloom away.
A bright and winsome pet,
Sweet as the mignonette,
Has cheered my soul to-day.

Once more I live anew,
Beneath those eyes of blue,
With their strange thrilling power.
I hear sweet cooing words,
Like music of songbirds,
As falls the evening hour.
Within her mother's arms,
My "Daisy's" lovely charms
Once more I fondly trace;
And smile to think that she
Is dear as life to me,
With her pure angel face.

Once more that rosebud mouth,
With odors from the South,
Is fondly pressed to mine.
Once more the world seems fair,
As "Daisy's" sunny hair
Gleamed in the "auld lang syne."

* * * * *

I start—my cheeks are wet
With tears of wild regret;
For she I loved is now
Across the jasper sea
With Him of Galilee,
Where glory crowns each brow.

CONJURING EXTRAORDINARY.

"The finest exhibition I ever witnessed was in Anam. I was traveling through the country with a party of German officials, when we stopped one night at an inn where it chanced that a number of magicians were resting. There were six of them, four men and two women, all very small, except one, who was a fleshy giant, resembling the typical wrestlers. I soon made their acquaintance, as I was then greatly interested in legerdemain, and soon won their good-will. They were very eager for me to show them an exhibition of my skill. I did so, but in every case they caught me and laughed at my efforts, excepting once. Though I tried some of our best tricks upon them, curiously enough, the most stupid thing of all fooled them. It was the old 'Pharaoh's serpents' trick, which was so much in vogue some years ago.

"After I had finished my exhibition," continues the writer in a contemporary, "the doors were closed, and

only those admitted who paid a regular admittance fee—a small sum—and soon, the apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance.

"The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves, or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them, and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the inclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a closed ring around them. The light was now turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illumined by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body. She then began to move round and round, uttering a low, murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top.

"A moment of this and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force, and assumed a pillar-like form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned, and began to mold the light with her hands, and, though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud, it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands and legs, all molded, and finally a face and headgear. She next called for a light, and, the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native, seemingly evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand; his hands were moist, as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit. After he had talked, and drank a glass of rack, he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about.

"The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few moments the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar, or a form of light, and then attaching itself to the woman, and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time, before the eyes of at least fifty people, and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward. Now this would have been explained by the Psychological Society as some new sense or power, etc.; but between you and I, who know that all things can be explained by cold facts, it was merely a clever trick, so skillfully done that I did not discover it in any way or shape.

"The man next took his place in the ring, and, handing me a large, highly-ornamented sabre, he said: 'In five minutes by the clock I wish you to behead me.'

"I objected, of course, but he insisted, and said it had been done a dozen times; so I finally agreed. He was searched, and in the dim light began to contort himself in strange positions until he seemed to grow perceptibly smaller, and finally stood before us so gauzy that I thought I could see right through him. It was now five minutes, so I took the sabre and struck a light blow, only sufficient to knock a man over, when, to my great horror, the blood spurted into my face, and the head dropped with a thud upon the floor. As soon as it fell, the body stooped and picked it up, held it in the air, and then placed it upon the shoulders. The full light being turned on, there stood the giant, grinning and warm.

"The blood? That had faded away by the time the light was turned up, and you must remember that in all this, though the light was dim, it was quite sufficient to prevent our seeing everything, and seemed to be used only that we might observe the figure of lights that were evolved so curiously from the mediums, as our spiritualists would call them.

"The next trial was equally mystical. All the party now stepped into the ring, and began to chant and move

about. In a few minutes they ceased, and we observed that one was missing, though no one saw him go. A moment after the whirling was repeated, and another was found to have disappeared, and so on, until in fifteen minutes only the giant was seen. More light being given us, a noise was heard at the door, and, upon going to it, there stood the mystic five clamoring for admission. That ended the performance for the night, and I sat up the rest of it, or well into the morning, trying to figure out how it was all done. The natives accepted it as magic without debate, and I began to think that was about the easiest way out of it.

"The following day another performance was given at midday that was even more wonderful. The giant, as I called him, caused the audience to sit on a grass plot, leaving a circle of about twenty-five feet across, and in this the jugglers took their places, the giant opening the entertainment by taking a roll of ribbon, and, by a dexterous toss, sending it up fifty feet or so, where we distinctly saw a small hawk dart at it and carry it up higher, until we nearly lost sight of it. It then seemed to enter a cloud that, I assumed, was caused by something burning on the ribbon; but from the cloud came sliding down, first a dog, then a snake—a good big one, too—that wriggled off the moment it touched the ground, and was captured by the men.

"Then a larger object was seen sliding along, and one of the women, leaping forward, received and held it out to the crowd—a laughing native baby. The giant had all this time held the end of the ribbon, and releasing it, it seemed to disappear in the air; at any rate, we saw it no more. A few moments later they all joined hands and began to move about rapidly. When they moved to the right I distinctly counted twelve persons in the circle; when they changed the movement we saw only eight, and some one appeared to be standing in the centre.

"These are only samples of the marvels, I might say, that they went through."

STORIES ABOUT TARANTULAS.

"ELEVEN years ago," says a representative citizen of Arizona, "when there wasn't as much pleasure in traveling through these parts as there is now, I camped out one night just across the New Mexican line with a party of prospectors. We were all comparatively new, and we didn't know anything about tarantulas. When we selected the place for our camp, we noticed three or four drab-colored things, looking like dice boxes with covers, lying on the ground, but we paid no attention to them. It was chilly, and we had a blazing fire. Some time in the night Gus Peterson startled us with an unearthly yell, and, running to him, we found he was in a death agony. We thought he had been shot, and I guess he did too. He didn't live long enough to get a clear idea of what killed him. He doubled up like a jack-knife, and then spun around like a top. Then he would straighten out stiff for a minute, and we'd think he was dead; but pretty soon he would begin to writhe again. We could not do anything with him. He died in an hour of awful torment. The next day we examined him, and found a bite of some kind upon his left breast. The breast was purple and swollen. Some one said it must have been a snake or a tarantula.

"Did you ever see a tarantula?" I asked of the crowd.

"One man said he had seen one dead on a card once, but none of us had ever seen one alive. Just then Conkey, one of the party, picked up one of those mud-like

dice-boxes, with the remark: 'What in the world are these things, boys?' As he held it up the cover lifted, and out crawled a spider with five or six legs two inches long. He gave a yell, and we all ran.

"That's a tarantula, sure," said the man who had seen one dead. After awhile we crept back to the camp, and found that we had slept in a regular nest of them. They live in these little boxes, which they make with astonishing precision. The cover to the box is nicely hung on hinges, and can be raised by the tarantula from the inside very easily. After he makes his exit it falls back into place, fitting so snugly that it all looks like one piece. When he wants to get in he raises it with one of his feelers, and then lets it down after he has entered.

stantly, and three or four others suffered in various ways until death relieved them. We tried to make one of them believe that he was scaring himself to death. That's what some fellows try to say about these things; but it is all bosh. A tarantula bite in Mexico means all the whisky the victim can hold, and no Mexican will die under such circumstances if he can help it.

"I'll tell you what makes some people believe that tarantulas and centipedes can't hurt anybody. Every little while in Mexico some fellow who is mighty dry makes a tremendous fuss about being bitten, and after he has been dosed with free whisky for a few days he recovers. Now, the truth is that these dead-beats were not bitten at all. Nothing moves the sympathy of a



ANYTHING BUT A GOOD HOP-A-TUNE-ITY.

DURING A VERY LIVELY SCHOTTISCHE, LITTLE TOMPRINS, A SPECIMEN OF THE WALLFLOWER SPECIES, FINDS IT, WHAT WITH THE SWEEPING TRAINS AND THE FANS LOOSELY SWUNG AT THE LADIES' SIDES, ANYTHING BUT A COMFORTABLE PASTIME.

They are very knowing animals, and there can't any one tell me their sting is not fatal, for I have seen it.

"A Mexican then said he once saw a man who had been bitten by a tarantula in Sonora cured by dosing with whisky. 'We happened to have a jug,' he said, apologetically, 'and when we made up our minds what the trouble was we poured the whisky down him. He was a Mexican, and it did him good. At first he appeared as if he had the *delirium tremens*, but after we had filled him full he went to sleep, and when he came to himself again he was out of pain. He never was any good after that, though. He was kind of lame and rickety, and his mind was a little unbalanced. Some time after that he killed a man, but they let him go because he had a tarantula bite and was not responsible. That is the only time that I ever knew anything to save a man who had been bitten. I know a man who died in-

Mexican like a tarantula bite, and I am sorry to say that frauds take advantage of this very frequently.'

"The last man who spoke said he knew of a case in Grass Valley, California, where a man was bitten on the arm by a centipede, and took to his bed, never to rise again. When it became obvious that something must be done to save his life a surgeon cut the arm off. For a time he seemed to be suffering only from amputation, but the poison at length appeared in the other arm, and that was also amputated. He lingered for a long time in pain, and finally died very suddenly one day, the poison having reached his heart."

The Rothschilds still keep their ancestral dwelling in the Jewish quarter at Frankfort, although they do not live in it.



A LOVER'S GALATEA. — "KISS ME ONCE MORE! ONE KISS, SWEET AND STRONG AS LOVE! STRONG AS LOVE AND DEATH!"
SEE NEXT PAGE.

A LOVER'S GALATEA.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

"Will he pull through, doctor?"

"Hush!—the bandages, there! Quick—the brandy! Poor fellow, he has fainted again."

"Angel—where is Angel?"

The light figure lingering, listening outside the window, darts down the piazza out of sight, away into another room; alone—alone, where sob and sigh and prayer, and stifled sob and sigh and prayer again, can be heard only by one ear—the All-Pitiful.

"Angel—I say, Angel!"

A step outside the refuge—some one entering—a man's voice, barytone, singing mockingly:

"Sleepest thou still,
My lute shall wake thee!"

Hearing this song, the slim girl figure starts up in all the beautiful disarray of soft falling bonnie brown hair, lace scarf crumpled and wet, primrose ribbons, and blue eyes, sad, too, and dim with tears.

"Is he dead? Oh, Claude, you would not come singing his song to tell me he is dead!"

Claude von Arloff stared.

"Don't be a fool, Angel; get up and listen. Of course he is not dead, but—"

"But—but what?" cries Angel, impatiently. "You don't—oh, Claude, you don't mean that Johnnie is going to be blind?"

"Blind! Good heavens!—no. What an idea! But his beauty will be spoilt." (Angel draws one swift breath of relief.) "Father and Beaumont are both with him. They say Johnnie will carry the mark of the burns for life. What will Imogen Mortimer say to that?"

"Say!" burst out the angry Angel. "Why, what can she say! She has promised to marry him—he saved her life."

"Saved her life! that is just like you: a phrase from novels!" Claude lifted one fair hand, smoothing his long mustache with insolent grace, his handsome eyes lighted with a cold fire. "And as for her promise to marry him—oh, yes!" He smiled cruelly. "I'll sing his song for her beautiful ears:

"Sleepest thou still,
My lute shall wake thee!"

"Oh, Claude! if you mean—if you dare——"
But the rest was tears.

* * * *

"Johnnie—Mr. Forrester!"

"No, I'm not asleep. Is it medicine-time?"

"No, not yet; but you ought to rouse yourself. Father and Dr. Beaumont both say it would do you good to—to take more interest in things."

Angel's voice falters; she fidgets, moving this thing and that. Johnnie Forrester lies on his sick-couch, mute, motionless, after all these weeks of suffering; wan, woful, scarred.

"You—you act as if you had no hope, Johnnie," Angel continues, desperately.

"Oh, don't bother—I can't." A restless sigh. "Let me alone!"

Then contrition:

"You mustn't mind me, little one. I'm only a cross, sick man; and I'm tired. I'm not worth your sweet care."

Silence! Angel looks at the dark head lying listless on the sofa-pillow. The dark eyes—dark with deep beauty

as eyes seldom are—tight shut; if they were open now, perhaps the tears that lie close would gather and flow like the tears of any weak woman weeper. The cheeks are thin and hollow, all grace and strength and mighty vigor gone—gone for what? for whom?

"Can't I do something for you, Johnnie?"

"No!—Stay! were there any letters this morning?"

"None; only things for papa—circulars, medical reports and begging letters."

"None from—from——"

"Nothing."

A long silence.

"You might read to me, Angel."

"Yes; what shall I take?"

"It doesn't matter," impatiently. "Anything you like. There is that—that—what was it you were reading yesterday? Take that."

The pale Angel fetches the book and sits down by the sick man. The sunlight streams in on the two young heads, one so fair, one so dark. A green vine creeps up, up into the open lattice. It points a finger, holding a wee blue flower, toward them, with mysterious movings. The lace curtains flap softly. Mignonette, and yellow roses, and great bells of lilies—pale Madonnalilies (the Mother's Flower)—are heaped in the big yellow-and-red bowls of lovely Spanish ware. A beautiful marble "Puck"—Miss Hosmer's dream of airy grace and mockery caught and held in white stone—laughs malicious drollery in a corner.

How sweet and still the hour is! Angel loves to read, and this from William Blake is so beautiful:

"His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold!"

Hush! was that a sob!

"Suppose you don't read any more now, Angel. I—I don't think having such sweet sorrow read just now agrees with me." Johnnie forces a laugh; frosty laughter, sad as death and terrible in its feigning. "Haven't you got something of Mark Twain's, or—or a Josh Billings Almanac? Suppose you try some music."

The patient nurse, opening the piano, sits down on the music-bench. She touches the keys softly. "The Lost Chord" quivers through the room, filling the dim place with harmony. Soon she is lost to all outward life, all her senses tangled in the sweetness of the sound she makes. Well for her she cannot see the face there by the window; well she cannot hear the bitter sobbing, loud as trumpet-tones to him who cries with all Love's bitter reproach in loving:

"Imogen! Imogen! I saved your life that I might lose you! I was true that you might be false! Your heart is winter-cold, and mine is breaking fast."

Angel hears nothing! Hark! how beautiful the bit of Irish song is! Cool silver-chorded strains, low-toned, low-tuned! Done for an hour like this!

Suddenly she starts up.

"Johnnie, Johnnie, what is it? What has happened now?"

"Hush! it's nothing. Only, only—don't sing any more of that stuff! Sing nigger melodies by the dozen if you want to, but not those beastly sentimental things!"

Johnnie dashes his hand across his poor scarred face.

linging the tears right and left. Then he looks up, with a miserable, pitiful, make-believe smile, into Angel's face.

"I've spoiled your pleasure, haven't I, dear? What a weak fool you must think me!—and you're an angel! Your own name names you! Would you think a great strong fellow like me could get so pulled down—so terribly weak and nervous by a month's sickness? By the powers, I used to fancy I was something!"

He turned his head away to hide the wringing spasm there.

"Don't mind me!" he muttered, and Angel sang no more songs for him.

* * * * *

A few days after this episode, Johnnie and his nurse are standing in the hall.

"Yes, I'm going to Drayton," Johnnie is saying. His face is white, his voice is weak and trembly. "You must help me, like the good little sister you are! I—I must see Imogen! She will be there. It is only five miles! I must see Imogen once more!" he repeated with feverish eagerness.

Angel listened. Oh, she was quiet enough now. She rang the bell for Johnnie's man, and went in search of his father. She was Johnnie Forrester's sister. Yes, she would be that! She pulled the scarf of her blue dress close about her shoulders. She felt cold—sad and wintry-cold.

* * * * *

The little parlor of the Drayton inn looked mean enough and shabby enough that day. Johnnie Forrester paced up and down the worn carpet; the strong Summer sunshine poured in on the old-fashioned color; on the dust and disorder; on Johnnie's pale, beaten face.

Suddenly the door opened, and Beauty entered, transfiguring all, lending a glow to all the meanness. Beauty! Johnnie stared at this woman, so dressed, so demeanored! Splendidly calm, strong, serene, tall, gracious!

"Imogen!" he sighed, and, then stopped with no further word.

Something in him fell dead. No responsive light came into that marble-fine face. Was it some statue that had walked in, and stood there looking at him with wide, lovely-lidded eyes? Some Galatea endowed with movement, not with soul?

Soul! Pygmalion had no power for that. Why, Shakespeare's work was better; and he wished he had *Paulina's* art, as when she cried—

"Music, awake her; strike!"

"Tis time; descend; be stone no more!"

and *Hermione* obeyed, and came down from the pedestal to those who loved her, warm, human, loving.

"Yes, I got your telegram," said Imogen. "And I think it imprudent, most imprudent of you to come, in your state."

"Do you?" said Johnnie, dully.

"It put me out very much! It set all my plans crooked, but yet I thought it just as well to humor your whims once," went on Imogen. "I was so tired of your letters! Letters, letters, all the time; so I decided to stop!"

She put a delicate hand up to her mouth. She hid the faint shadow of a yawn.

"You are very good!" says Johnnie, bitterly now.

"It is so tiresome to have to change one's plans!" said Imogen.

Johnnie looked at her. Something rose to his lips. The air seemed dead and cold. He felt weak.

"Did you travel in that dress?" he asked, with a change in his dull voice.

The folds of her black velvet robe, turned back with gold satin, lay on the floor about her feet. Costly frills of old lace rolled about her dimpled elbows, and filled in the open square at her throat. The narrow black band about her lifted dead-gold hair made her lovely brows classic! Again the statue-look! How splendidly pure and cold she was! Clear, too, like Northern Lights!

"We came as far as here in our own carriage," said "Galatea," looking away from "Pygmalion."

"We?" said Johnnie, hoarsely. The dead thing in him felt cold and heavy, as a dead child lies heavy on its mother's heart, never having seen the light.

"Galatea" looked down at the jeweled hands folded in her lap. She did not answer.

"Where are you going?" asked Johnnie.

"Where? Oh, somewhere! I am not sure. To Europe, most likely—to Sorrento."

"To Sorrento?"

"Galatea" opened a great black-and-gold painted fan, moving it slowly back and forth. There was a pretty group painted on it. Something from Lord Tennyson's poem, "*Enone*." Beautiful *Paris* leading in his jet-black goat, and showing the golden apple in his hand. Hesperian fruit all done in gold-and-black! It was said to be Mr. Whistler's work. A Harmony! She herself might have been done by some clever artist—by Mr. Whistler—a Harmony in black-and-gold.

"To Sorrento? And I?" Johnnie said, slowly.

"You? Oh, I hope you will get your health back soon again," said "Galatea," earnestly. "I do sincerely hope so. It is too bad your face is spoiled—all your good looks gone. That sear across your nose is really frightful. You must take care of yourself."

Johnnie stared at her, helpless; sluggish memory began to wake, bestirring itself like some serpent uncoiling its folds, ready to dart a murderous sting. Was it centuries ago, or only yesterday morning, that Dr. von Arloff had said his son was bound for the South of Europe to join a party of friends, going thence to his post at St. Petersburg, an *attaché* of the American Legation there?

Johnnie now turned and walked to the window, looking at the homely place without. Presently something crossed his dull vision. A tall form, clad in a gray traveling-suit, swaying a stick lightly, lounged down the platform. This man glanced in, nodding slightly to Johnnie. He walked with insolent grace; he was sure of his triumph.

Johnnie went back to Imogen's chair.

"Is Claude von Arloff going with you?"

"Yes; he is one of our party. Claude is such good company; he is always sure—he is perfectly well-bred, too. I detest *gaucherie*."

And "Galatea" shuddered.

"Woman," cried Johnnie, "have you no heart, no pity?—to go to Sorrento with him! It was at Sorrento we met and loved. Yes, by Heaven, I shall always believe you loved me there. You promised me—you promised me—"

His voice broke down.

"Yes," said "Galatea," "it was at Sorrento—it was in the garden by the lake. I remember it perfectly. We had been out all day, and I was so tired. I believe I would have promised you anything for sake of peace. You did nothing but make love to me—you smothered me with sweets. They sickened me!"

"Is that all?" said Johnnie, getting on his feet.

"All?—all of what? I don't know what you mean! I don't think I am bound to you!" A defiant light began to shine in the statue's eyes. "It is your fault; you



STREET IN THE BUND, SHANGHAI, SHOWING MODES OF CONVEYANCE.

were always telling me I was so beautiful—telling me always that I was worthy of a king's homage. It is your fault if I am vain."

She lifted her head slowly, like some splendid flower, swaying, weighed down by its own perfect sweetness. She smiled.

"I could not stay with you here, as you look now, Johnnie. I should get dreadfully tired of you."

"Perhaps you will go to St. Petersburg!" flashed out Johnnie, a quiver of rage going over him.

"Ah, I *should* like that," said she.

Johnnie pulled himself together. What was the use?

"Good-by!" he said, calmly. He walked to the door, then stopped and looked back. "I can wish you no worse fate than to be the wife of Claude von Arloff. Marry him and suffer!"

"Thank you," said "Galatea," placidly. "Good-by!"

It was a late Fall day of that same year, and Johnnie, with the faithful Angel by his side, walked up and down the garden-path in the warm, fruity sunshine. Angel held a crumpled letter in her hand. Johnnie's face was sad.

"Claude is no brother of mine!" Angel was saying, very

angrily; "nor is Imogen a sister!"

"Hush, dear! Forgive him!—forgive them!"

"Forgive! Forgive untruth!—forgive treachery!—forgive all base, ignoble motives! Do *you* forgive them, Johnnie?"

"She told me that day at Drayton," said Johnnie, dragging the words up slowly one by one, as if they were dead things—"she told me she was tired of me!"

"Tired of you!—tired of you! Oh, heartless! What did you say?—what did you do?"

"Well, I am not vain—not in the least!" Johnnie caught his breath a little. "I fought my battle, and you helped me, you, sweet!" He caught her hands. "Angel, be my angel for ever! Let us live one life—a love life!—strong, sweet and noble!"

A sob, a struggling sigh.

"Oh, Johnnie, I love you so! I have always loved

you. But are you sure? I am not jealous, but are you sure?"

"Sure? Wait!" Johnnie held the sweet face back away from his shoulder. Think a little. Are *you* sure you won't get tired of me?"

"Tired of you!"

Then Johnnie held Angel to his heart again, and

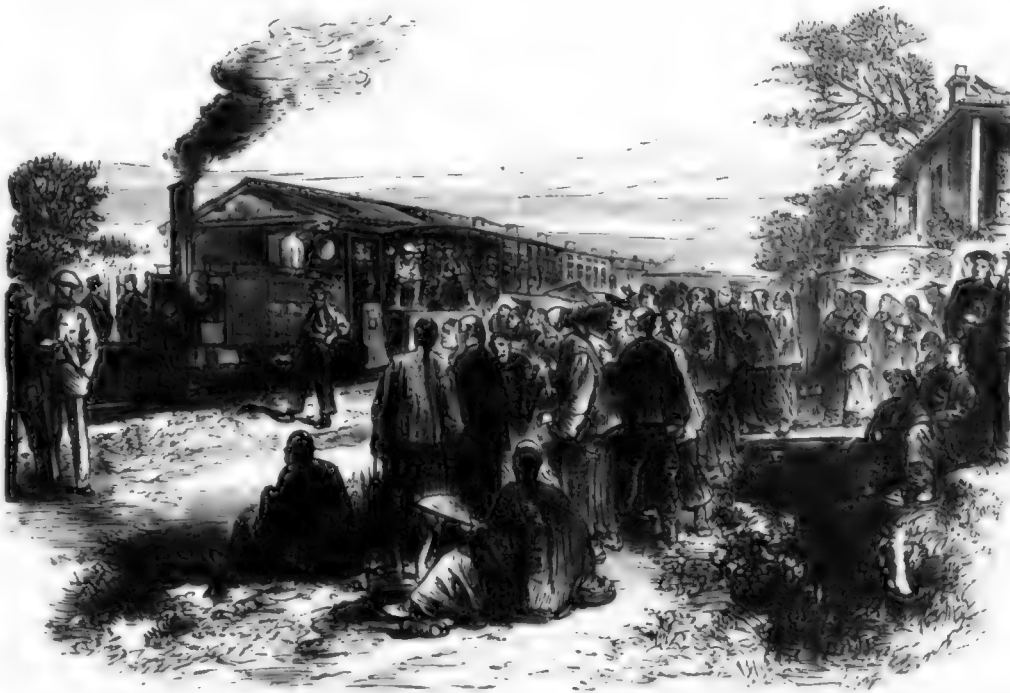


TEA-STEAMERS, SHANGHAI.

bending to the hidden face,
he strove to whisper to
her—to tell her how he felt
that blessed above all men
this man Johnnie Forrester
was.

"Kiss me once more!
One kiss, sweet and strong
as love! Strong as love
and death!"

As they came down the
piazza together, they stood
at the window of that
room—Johnnie's sick-room.
The lace draperies still
fluttered; some late red
lilies and zinnias and
china-asters filled the red-
and-yellow bowls; in its
corner the tricksome
"Puck" still poised in
graceful mockery; the
marble thing seemed to
glance mirthfully past the
lovers toward some past
hours it wot of; just then



THE FIRST RAILWAY IN CHINA.

NOTES ON NORTHERN CHINA.

BY COLONEL T. W. KNOX.

I NEVER tried but once to ride in a Shanghai street-car (wheelbarrow). The barrow-man had partaken too freely of the cup that both cheers and inebriates, and the result was that before we had gone a block he lost his balance, and so did his vehicle. The latter was the worst loss, as it turned me over backward and landed me in the dust of the street. I concluded to take the rest of my ride on foot, and ever afterward, during my stay in China, I was opposed to this rude and unsteady conveyance, and particularly unsteady when the driver is drunk. The Japanese jin-riki-sha, a little chaise on two wheels, and propelled by a man between the shafts, is rapidly coming into use in the northern cities of China, and driving the wheelbarrow out of existence.

The English and Americans in China have long sought to bless the Chinese, and put money into their own



BRIDGE OF YUN-MIN-YUEN.

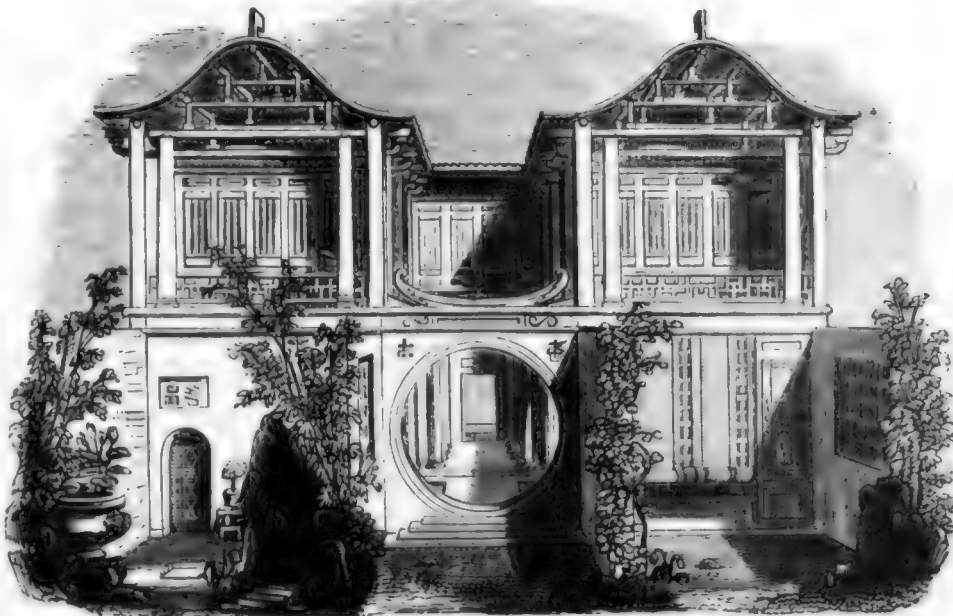
the rising evening air struck the
invisible wires of the harp in
the window.

"Sleepest thou still,
My lute shall wako thee!"

hummed Johnnie. Then he
drew Angel away.

"We need not mind Sor-
rento," he said. "Love takes
strong root in the hardier
northern land." He tore the
letter. "Good-by, Claude!
Good-by, Imogen! We forgive
you!"

CHARLES XII. of Sweden had
a sword in his hand and a
prayer-book in his pocket when
he was killed at Frederickshald,
in 1718.



CHINESE HOUSE OF BETTER CLASS.

pockets, by introducing the railway among the Celestials. All sorts of plans and schemes have been made, and influences brought to bear, but the headway gained in the business has amounted thus far to nothing. Some years ago the English succeeded in obtaining a concession for a line from Shanghai to Woosung, the deep-water port of the great city, a distance of about ten miles. In the face of much opposition from the people living along the line, the road was built and put in operation. Several times portions of the track were torn up and the engines disabled, and on one occasion some of the foreign engineers narrowly escaped with their lives. When the first train went from Shanghai there was a great assemblage at the stations along the route, as well as at the starting-point. The Chinese looked on with a good deal of interest at the foreign novelty, but they did not manifest any excitement either for or against it. The train moved slowly during its entire journey, as there were fears that obstructions would be placed on the track, and an accident would naturally follow.

Nothing happened, however, and it was thought that great point had been gained. The projectors thought they would be able before long to extend their railway system all over the Empire, and some of them indulged in dreams of the most fanciful character. Financially the road was never successful: it lingered along for some time, and was chiefly looked upon as a means of showing the Chinese what might be the great advantages of such a mode of communication throughout the empire. But the Chinese were obstinate: they said they were well enough off with their present means of communication, and did not wish any other, and as to extending the railway through the length and breadth of China, it was not to be considered with any seriousness. Finally, to get rid of the whole subject, and to put an end to the clamors of the schemers, the Chinese Government bought the line and its equipment, and then proceeded to tear up the track, and obliterate all traces of the innovation. Thus ended the attempt to establish a railway system in China.

Whenever the Chinese endeavor to imitate anything of foreign manufacture they generally succeed, provided the article or process is not too complicated. They cannot make machinery of precision, and though they have tried repeatedly, they are unequal to the task of constructing a common watch. On the other hand they display great delicacy of manipulation, and can surpass the majority of European workmen in the carving of ivory and sandal-wood, and in embroidery and fine paintings. They are imitative rather than inventive, and there are probably more inventions in a single year in the United States than in the whole of China in a century. There is little or no encouragement to inventors in China, as there are no patent laws, and the people are so conservative that they are disinclined to adopt anything new, even though they may acknowledge that it is far superior to what they have to do of the same work.

Since the advent of foreigners in China a good many of the artists have adopted the foreign forms of painting. They make no attempt to study the principles of art, but proceed at once to copy what is set before them. They will paint anything—portraits, ships, scenery—all is fish that comes to their net, and anything is artistic if somebody will pay to have it put on canvas or paper or silk. Portraits are their favorite work, and all that they ask for, usually, is a photograph of the person to be represented and a single sitting. On the arrival of strangers in any of the Chinese cities the artists are pretty certain to be around to solicit orders, and the prices they ask are

remarkably low when we compare them with the figures of the portrait-painters in Europe and America. It is rarely the case that a Chinese artist has a studio to himself; several of them have their benches side by side, and they work away in silence, paying no heed to each other, and often refusing to look up on the entrance of strangers until they are first addressed.

Many of the tradesmen of China pursue their avocations in the open air for the reason that the heat is great for a large portion of the year, and also because the rent of the humblest room is more than that of a place where there is no rent at all to be paid. It is very common in the Chinese cities to see shoemakers, tailors, barbers and other tradesmen working in full view of the public, and I once came on a tailor who was fitting a customer with a pair of trowsers, and seemed to be quite oblivious to the fact that the street is not exactly the place for trying on the garments that usually are relegated to privacy when they are to be changed.

It is an hourly occurrence to find the barbers at work in the streets, and a man must be very poor if he cannot afford tonsorial attentions at the prices charged by the lower class of barbers. The stock in trade is very limited, and a barber's entire outfit can be bought for a dollar. There is a rough stool which serves as a box for holding the razors and other things when not in use, and there is a little furnace for heating water, which is little more than a paper lantern with a cup on top. As is well known, the Chinese shave the forward portion of the head, but allow the hair on the back of the skull to grow to sufficient length to be braided into a queue. When the hair is short, the queue is pieced out with silk, which must be of black to correspond to the natural shade of the proper and original growth. When a man is in mourning, he has some white threads twisted into his pigtail; white is the mourning color in China, as black is with us, while black is the tint in ordinary use, and red has an official meaning. The Imperial color is yellow, and thus it happens that all the Imperial decrees are on yellow paper, or are bound with yellow covers. Any person not in the Imperial service or connected in some way with the ruling family who should venture to put on yellow garments would run the risk of getting himself into serious trouble.

Chinese houses of the better class are by no means lacking in comfort, though they require several additions to adapt them to European wants. In most of the reception and living rooms a raised platform is at one end; sometimes it is of stone or brick, especially where the house is a costly one and the material pierced with pipes to allow the passage of heated air. In more economical establishments the platform is of wood, but in either case it is thickly carpeted and made as comfortable as the owner chooses, and in the way that suits him best. In the centre of the platform is a low table on which the articles which are to be used there are placed; these include pipes and tea, and occasionally glasses of samshoo—a kind of whisky made from rice and having the capacities of a reverberatory furnace. Flowers in vases are used to decorate the apartment, and generally there are pictures on the wall, some in frames and others painted directly on the surface. The windows are made of closely-set frames, like lattices, and the wind and cold are excluded by means of panes of oiled paper instead of glass, as with us. Notwithstanding the cheapness of glass and its great superiority to paper, the Chinese, even those in comfortable or luxurious circumstances, generally prefer the latter to the former.

The Chinese make a liberal use of tea, and drink it at

all convenient seasons, as well as at a good many that are inconvenient. They pour hot water directly on the leaves, and do not steep it as we do; I am now speaking only of the upper classes who can afford to throw away their tea before all the strength has been extracted. The poorer people make the most they can of the tea they have; they boil it to extract all that can possibly be obtained from it, and when it can no longer be boiled, they eat the leaves. In Mongolia and some other parts of the north the tea is made into soup along with mutton or chicken; the mass thus formed is not very palatable to a European, but the natives eat it with avidity and consider it a great delicacy.

In the houses, tea is served in little cups, which are brought in on trays and passed around as with ourselves. The Chinese rarely use sugar with their tea, and never milk; in fact, they do not use in their ordinary life any product of the cow, and are thus without butter and cheese. Samshoo, or rice whisky, is served hot in tiny cups like a lady's thimble, and it has a wonderful power of intoxication without half trying. An American friend of mine who tried a liberal dose of samshoo on his arrival in China, told me that he was immediately seized with an impression that his head was swelling like a balloon in the hands of the inflater. It kept growing larger and larger, and finally, there was so much of it that it absorbed all his body and set up to do business alone. In this condition, he performed the somewhat remarkable feat of walking off on his ear, or rather on both ears; his aural appendages grew to such a length that he was able to use them in place of feet, and he waltzed around as merrily as though he had been a young dancing-master freshly graduated from school. But as his head grew large the door grew small, and the apprehension that he would not be able to get through it and go home more than overbalanced the delight at anything else. So he rolled himself into a corner and tried to go to sleep. He succeeded at last, and when he woke it was with such a terrific headache that he vowed to let samshoo alone in future. And I advise all visitors to China to go and do likewise.

The cultivation of tea and its preparation for market give employment to a great number of people, both in the interior and at the seaports. The tea-plant is a low bush growing on the hillsides and also on some parts of the flat country, but the latter is not considered the best. Great care must be exercised in cultivating the plants, and especially in picking the leaves; they must be gathered when green, and the quality of the tea depends upon the condition of the leaves when gathered. The finest of all is known as "yellow tea"; it rarely comes to the United States, as there is no market for it here owing to its high price. I once bought a pound of this tea in Mongolia, on the frontier of Russia, and paid for it in no less than five dollars. At the ordinary profits charged in the tea trade, this would have been worth fifteen or twenty dollars in the New York market. The aroma was delicious, and all who tasted it pronounced it the finest by all odds they had ever seen. Nearly all this tea is sold in Russia, where it is served after dinner in the same way that black coffee is served among the fashionables of the Western World. It is obtained by gathering the blossom of the tea along with the few leaves that surround it, and the infusion of it is of so pale a yellow that a novice thinks on looking at it that it has no strength at all. But if he drinks a cup of it just before retiring, he will have time and opportunity to reflect upon his mistake, as the chances are he will not get to sleep for hours.

The costume of the Chinese is pretty much the same

from one end of the country to the other, but the women have different ways of dressing their hair in different parts of the land. The custom of compressing the feet is erroneously supposed to prevail all over the empire, but such is not the case; it is comparatively little known in the south, and the lower classes do not practice it at all. It originated in Peking two or three centuries ago. One of the Imperial princesses was born with deformed feet, and as all wanted to resemble the princess as much as possible, the fashionable ladies immediately set about compressing their feet to make them look like hers. They also compressed the feet of their young daughters to make them fit to wait on the princess, and the custom having been once made was rigidly adhered to. Around the Court it is still the fashion, and it prevails in the upper classes of society, but is less and less popular every year.

The operation is begun when a girl is four or five years old, though it is sometimes deferred until she has reached her sixth year. Only those whose personal beauty promises well for the future are submitted to the torture of foot-compression, as the possession of small feet would not of itself make a girl desirable in the matrimonial market. She must be pretty in addition, or she will not readily find a purchaser; it is very odd that the Chinese should set such a store on feminine beauty when other people do nothing of the sort, and their doing so shows how unfit the Chinese are to associate with civilized people.

The foot is compressed by means of bandages, which are pulled with such force that the ball of the foot is drawn down till it touches the heel, or very nearly so. The pain is severe, and it continues for days, until the soft bones have yielded to the pressure and taken their new shape. A dissection of a foot which has been thus bent, shows a deep indentation in the part where there is only a slight hollow in the natural foot, and the distortion is so great that it is not easy to recognize the shape of a foot at first glance. Walking with these feet is very difficult, and their owners limp along in a way that is painful to behold. A Chinese gentleman who was questioned about the custom of compressing the feet of the women replied that the women who were thus artificially deformed made the best of wives, for the reason that it was impossible for them to run about and waste their time in visits to the neighbors.

"When you have a small-footed wife," said he, "you know where she is, but when your wife has feet that she can walk on you don't know where you are."

Filial affection is one of the lessons taught to all children in China, and particularly to girls. The Chinese have a great reverence for ancestors, whether near or remote, and this feeling is instilled into the youthful mind as soon as it is able to receive any impression. The boys and girls go frequently to the family burying-ground and make offerings in memory of their departed relatives, and it makes no great difference to them whether the departures were 100 or 500 years ago. During the time I was in China I had on one occasion a lodging that overlooked a private cemetery, and I was considerably interested in the funeral honors that were often going on in this consecrated spot. Nearly every morning a girl of sixteen or eighteen years used to come there with a tray of offerings, and there was generally enough to make a satisfactory meal for a man with an average appetite. There were ducks, sweetmeats, cakes and other things, and generally she brought a pot of tea with two or three cups from which the soothing beverage could be drunk.

She would place the tray on the ground, and her first



THE FOREIGN OFFICE, PEKIN.

duty was to light some joss-sticks and put them in the crevices of the fence surrounding one of the graves. This being carefully arranged, one for each of the ancestors whom she was honoring on that particular morning, she proceeded to say her prayers, and then to dispose of the things she had brought. A receptacle like a high box was opened, and the cakes and meats were dropped inside; only the solids were thus deposited, as the teapot and cups were usually left outside on the ground or on the closed lid of the box. This part of the ceremony ended, she repeated another formula of

prayers and departed, well satisfied, I have no doubt, at the faithful performance of her duty to her ancestors. Whether she believed that her gifts went for the sustenance of her deceased relatives or not, I am unable to say. Perhaps she would have had her faith shaken a little if she had known, as I did, that a couple of men from a neighboring house used to come there a short time after her departure and help themselves to her pious gifts. Perhaps they were relatives, and if so, the devotional presents went for the good of the family.

No Chinese ceremonial is complete without the offering of prayers. The mode of



PRINCIPAL STREET, PEKIN.



AVENUE TO THE TOMBS OF THE MINGS.

sending petitions to heaven is not in accordance with our way of doing the same thing, but it is satisfactory to the men who make them, and therefore we have no special occasion to complain. The Chinese prayers are printed or written on paper, and then the paper is burned; the flame is supposed to waft the prayer to heaven as it goes upward and leaves only the ashes behind. Traces of a similar belief may be seen in some of the Christian forms of worship where candles and incense are used, and it has been asserted that the Chinese borrowed the custom from Europe. The Chinese go about the business in a very



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS, KEIFOO.

matter-of-fact way, and when their prayers are ended they seem to forget all about having been engaged in any kind of worship, and are as ready as ever to make sharp bargains or enjoy themselves. Not only do they send prayers to the gods in this way by means of fire, but they forward money for the use of their relatives and friends. They have silvered paper stamped to represent money, but really having no value beyond the cost of making it. This they burn at the graves of those they wish to provide with necessary cash; and it is largely used at funerals where they start the deceased with a full pocket of what they have found very convenient on this side of the grave. Paper money can be bought in the Chinese shops in any quantity, and the prayers are to be had by the thousand, and of forms suited to every class, age or sex.

The diet of the Chinese is exceedingly simple, unless a man has epicurean tastes and can afford to gratify them. The staple food is rice, and there are millions of natives who have never eaten anything else. The ordinary way of cooking rice is by boiling, and it is boiled and steamed until the grains are all separated, and not left in a pasty mass as is too often the case with us. They do not use knives and forks for eating purposes, and their spoons are clumsy affairs that cannot easily be forced into an ordinary mouth. In place of the knife and fork they make use of chopsticks, which are simply two little sticks like lead-pencils, though much longer than the lead-pencil in ordinary use. They are of ivory, wood, bone, or any other substance that may suit the taste and purse of the user, and are held in the fingers of the right hand while the other supports the bowl or dish from which the food is taken. The rapidity with which a Chinese will stow away his food with these little rods is something wonderful. Rice, meat, or any other edible, will disappear like magic, and the eater will quite probably imitate the example of *Oliver Twist* and look around for more.

Ordinarily the Chinese do not care whether they sit at a table or not, but where they are attainable tables are in general use. This is particularly the case in the houses of the wealthy, where the table is often a work of considerable art, and has cost a large amount of money, and in such instances the food placed upon it is quite in keeping with the rest of the establishment, and is prepared with much care. The Chinese are fond of display at their tables, and are delighted when they can expend a large amount of money for the delicacies of the season. In this respect they are not unlike epicures in other parts of the world, and the love of good living cannot be considered the property of any one nation. One of the things which figures in all Chinese banquets of the first-class is bird's-nest soup, and no Celestial would think he had acquitted himself honorably if he should give a dinner to his friends and omit this delicacy.

The material from which this soup is prepared is a gelatinous substance obtained from the nest of a bird of the swallow species. These nests are found only in certain caverns in the island south of China, and there is great difficulty and danger in collecting them; hence their high cost, and possibly the difficulty of obtaining them is one of the reasons why the Chinese epicures are so fond of them. I have eaten several times of bird's-nest soup, but cannot say I am fond of it; a soup made of the gelatinous portions of calves' feet would suit me just as well, and have more flavor to it; in fact, any soup with jelly as a basis would not be unlike it. Generally it is sold for its weight in silver, and I have seen it placed in one side of the scale while silver money was piled in

the other, until the beam was evenly balanced. Roast pig is another favorite dish of the Chinese; they desire the animal to be young and roasted to a crisp, and there are many persons besides the Chinese who consider roast pig a toothsome article of food. They also serve pork in stews and hashes, and they prepare ducks and chickens in the same way. A ceremonious dinner in China contains a great many courses, and there is little more than capacity enough in the ordinary stomach to give each dish a taste. I was once at a banquet where there were thirty-six courses, twelve of soups and stews, twelve of roasts and hashes, and twelve of fruits and desserts. I tasted religiously of each article that was set before me, and had an indigestion that lasted a week in consequence. We sat at table an hour for each set of courses, and between the sets we adjourned to another room for speeches and smoke. The wines were Chinese and European, so that all tastes were accommodated, and the Chinese took their full share of both varieties. They are particularly fond of champagne, and the consumption of that article among them is steadily on the increase. They are also fond of our potted meats and vegetables, and the commerce in these articles is growing every year.

The Chinese are very fond of dining at restaurants, where they can meet their friends, and the large cities contain many eating establishments of a high order. There is one at Canton which is three stories in height, and has a seating capacity for a large number of persons. Every night it is crowded to its fullest extent, and the carousals are continued to a late hour. Sometimes the dinners are ordered beforehand, and are quite elaborate in character, while at others they are very simple and consequently inexpensive. For the lower classes there are perambulating restaurants which are carried about on the shoulders of men; they have a stock of soup and boiled rice, which is kept warm by a small furnace. Whenever a coolie indicates a desire to eat something, the restaurant halts, and if the customer has the necessary cash he can be accommodated at once. Among the boat population there are floating restaurants which perform the same service as do the perambulating ones on land, and serve the food ready cooked to such as desire it.

From the south of China to the north is a long distance, and by the Chinese modes of travel a considerable time is required to accomplish it. In round figures it is 2,000 miles from Canton to Peking, and a month is considered a short time for going over the route from one end to the other. The great canal is the best route, as it is far superior to the roads; the latter are the most ordinary tracks, quite unsuited to wheeled vehicles, and in many places they are barely practicable for saddle horses. The canals extend everywhere, and though the locomotion along them is somewhat slow, it is by no means uncomfortable. A boat will make from thirty to sixty miles a day, according to the state of the wind, and the crowded or clear condition of the canal. Sometimes the traffic on the canal is so great that boats can only move with difficulty, and they frequently become so blocked that long delays are the result. The Chinese consider the Imperial Canal the greatest work of this or any other age, and always mention it with pride. It has been of immense advantage to their commerce, and with it they are unable to see that they have any use for a railway. They have a strong prejudice against the telegraph, and will not allow its erection for fear that it will interfere with the currents of good luck on which a Chinese always lays great stress.

A short line of telegraph was once erected between

Shanghai and Woosung, on the route where the railway was afterward constructed. The Chinese made no opposition to it, officially or otherwise, but permitted the foreigners to amuse themselves by putting up the posts and wires in any way that suited their fancy. They did not understand the practical working of the telegraph, but supposed the foreigners employed active and invisible devils to run along the wires to convey messages. All went well for a time, until an old native happened to die in a house over which the telegraph wire passed. The rumor went abroad that one of the bearers of dispatches had neglected his business, descended from the wire, and killed the unfortunate Celestial. A mob of infuriated residents made short work of the dangerous innovation.

While Canton is the most interesting city in China for studying the habits of the people and their mode of life, Peking is superior to it in affording a glimpse of the official character. As it is the capital, it is largely occupied with the bureaus of the different departments, and it is difficult to move without coming in contact with an official of some kind or other. Mandarins of all ranks abound, and they are constantly coming and going between the capital and the most distant parts of the Empire. The situation of the capital so far to one side of the country causes a vast amount of journeying that would be saved if the seat of government were in the centre, but the Chinese are averse to change, quite as much so as are the people of some other countries whose capitals are on the borders. The Government is satisfied with the situation as it is, and as the Government is everything, there is little probability that there will be any removal.

The Foreign Office at Peking is one of the few parts of the official machinery that may be seen by a stranger. Here the officials who have the relations of China with other countries in their care and keeping come daily to discuss the state of affairs, and sometimes their dialogues have a good deal of animation. They are a fine body of men, and the group of dignitaries at the "Tsung-lyamun," or Peking Foreign Office, is by no means an uninteresting sight. They never appear there without their robes of office, and each man wears on his hat the button which is the insignia of his rank. The button and plume—the latter worn horizontally—are the recognized designations of the mandarin all over the Empire. One sees them much more rarely in other cities than in Peking, for the reasons already given; but wherever seen they are respected, as the mandarin has considerable power, and does not hesitate to use it. The Foreign Office at Peking is noted for the politeness of its officials, and it is proverbial that when they are unwilling to grant a request they will offer any but the real reason for its refusal, through fear of giving offense.

Peking abounds in temples and palaces, and it has been said that it contains more of the latter than all the rest of the Empire put together. Some of these edifices are magnificent, and were erected at enormous cost; but the most of them have suffered a great deal from the very natural decay that has fallen on them, and from the lack of money to keep them in repair. One of the most elaborate structures in this way is the Temple of Confucius, built in honor of the great expounder of the Chinese faith. It is maintained by the worshipers of the celebrated teacher, who come there every year in great numbers, and each one considers it a pious duty to contribute something, if even a trifle, in order that the temple may not come to grief. The style of architecture is unlike any with which we are acquainted. There are

archways surmounted with roofs of the pattern peculiar to the East, the edges being curved and the cornices decorated with fine carvings. The top of a Chinese roof, where there is any attempt at elaboration, presents a series of scroll-work that makes the structure appear heavy, but at the same time adds greatly to the picturesque effect. Of late years European architects have been borrowing from the Chinese, and also from the Japanese, and have succeeded in adapting some of the Oriental features with very good effect. The Temple of Confucius at Peking has been one of their studies, and the story goes that a French architect was specially sent to sketch its most salient points in the line of architecture.

The temple stands in the midst of a grove of trees, and some of them are said to be of great antiquity. The Chinese are great lovers of trees, and take much pains to preserve them, particularly around their temple and other public places. A man may live in a hovel, but he looks forward to a burial-place in a temple inclosure or in his private cemetery, with shade-trees above his grave, and perhaps a beautiful panorama before his eyes whenever he chooses to come out of his sleeping-place to survey the scene. Burial-places and temples stand in the way of public improvements more than anything else, and whenever a road or canal is talked of there is great difficulty in settling the question of the interference with the rights of the dead or of the religious. As I have stated elsewhere, this feeling is the outgrowth of the great reverence that the Chinese bear for their ancestors, and it is no mere sentiment that can be easily set aside, but the product of centuries of education.

Nearly every visitor to Peking considers it a duty to go to the Great Wall, the famous structure that was intended to preserve the Empire from invasion, but which failed so signally to accomplish its purpose. The journey is not an easy one, as the road is bad, or rather it is no road at all, according to our ways of thinking. The Great Wall is about a hundred miles from Peking, and the most convenient point for visiting it is at the town of Kalgan, where there is a Russian station in which a stranger may find protection in case of trouble. A part of the distance one can ride in a cart, but the best way is to take a mule litter or a saddle horse, as the cart can only be used a short distance, and is a very uncomfortable vehicle at best. The mule litter is a box with shafts at each end, and it is transported by putting a mule between each pair of shafts and allowing the weight to fall on the back of the beasts. The motion is not at all unpleasant, but the fastenings are generally quite insecure, and the box gets an occasional tumble to the ground, which is rendered somewhat exciting when the mules take that opportunity to run away. Mules, ponies, and all other animals with which a traveler associates in this part of China, are specially vicious toward foreigners, and I have vivid recollections of having my hat sent flying through the air by a pair of heels that had been freshly shod. Two or three inches nearer and lower, and these pages might not have been written.

The inhabitants of the region around the Great Wall are not well disposed toward strangers, and sometimes make their visit a trifle uncomfortable. They will not give any assistance to a traveler unless paid about four or five times what their services are worth, and occasionally they offer direct insults both by word and deed. However unwilling one may be to receive an insult without resenting it, the best way in the case of these fellows is to pass on as meekly as possible and get out of the neighborhood of the inhospitable natives. A New England



A CHINESE INTERIOR.

deacon used to say when some one misbehaved himself, "It's all owing to his bringing up," and we may as well consider that the demeanor of the rural Chinese is due to

the defects of their education, and absolve them of any intent to do what they know to be wrong.

The Great Wall may be fairly considered as one of the



A CHINESE BANQUET.

wonders of the world, and it was particularly so at the time of its construction. It was built 2,000 years ago, to protect the Empire against the incursions of the Tartars or Mongols, who were threatening the conquest of China and who subsequently succeeded in their threat. It is about 1,200 miles long, and runs westward from the shores of the Gulf of Pech-i-Li to what was formerly the western frontier of the Empire. For the greater part of the way it consists of a wall of earth, faced with stone or brick, and paved on the top with tiles or bricks. Its width at the bottom is about 25 feet, and it diminishes to 15 feet wide at the top, with a height of 25 or 30 feet. In some parts of its course it is less substantial than this, being simply a wall of earth faced with brick, and not more than 15 feet high. At varying intervals there are towers of masonry, intended for watchmen and soldiers; they are generally 40 or 50 feet high, and the distance between them is usually not more than 300 feet. The wall follows all the inequalities of the surface of the country, winding over mountains and through valleys, crossing rivers by massive archways, and stretching like a sunbeam over the level plain. Think what a work this

SUBURBS AND GATES OF PEKIN.



would be at the present day, and then remember that it was performed twenty centuries ago, when the science of engineering was in its infancy, and the various mechanical appliances for moving heavy bodies were comparatively unknown! The wall failed to keep away the invaders, and no attention is paid to its preservation; the substantial character of the work is shown in the fact that, in spite of the ravages of time, it remains to astonish the engineers of modern days.

At Kalgan, where we visit it, the Wall is crumbling and a part of the archway has fallen out, but it is still so complete that a very little labor would repair it sufficiently to resist the attacks of invaders unprovided with firearms, and without military training and skilled leaders. Chinese history shows that it held the Tartars in check for a long time, but finally one of the attacking generals managed to force a passage at a point that was left uncovered, and having once traversed the barrier, he found his way to the capital comparatively unopposed. Pekin fell, and then began the Manchu domination of the Empire, that has continued to this day.

A considerable trade is carried on at Kalgan between the Chinese and the Russians, the latter bringing goods of their manufacture and the former bringing principally their tea and silks. There is a considerable balance against Russia, as her goods are not demanded to an extent sufficient to cover her purchases of tea; until twenty years ago the Russian authorities attempted to compel the trade to be entirely in the form of barter, and refused to allow the payment of money to cover the balance. As the law said that all purchases of Chinese products should be paid for with "articles of Russian manufacture," the merchants used to have images cast in silver and gold, which they disposed of by weight. No one could deny that they were of Russian manufacture, and in spite of repeated endeavors to put an end to the trade, it still went on. Finding that it was useless to try to interfere with commerce, the Government at length removed the restriction, and since then the business between the two Empires has been very large. Long caravans of camels laden with tea may be seen at Kalgan daily, setting out for their journey over the plains of Mongolia to the Russian frontier post at Kiachta, 700 miles away. The route is a dreary one, as the region is hot in Summer and piercing cold in Winter, and most Europeans who have once traversed it are not inclined to repeat the experiment. But the Mongol camel-drivers spend their lives there, and no sooner have they finished one journey than they are ready to set out on another.

There are numerous Chinese inns at Kalgan, but they do not afford a warm welcome to a stranger from America or Europe. In a Chinese inn you can generally get anything you want except food, drink and lodging; they have things that they call by the above names, but they are little more than apologies for them. The courtyard of the inn is usually filled with an assortment of mules and donkeys, and as they keep up a perpetual braying there is little chance for sleep; and, even if the donkeys would keep quiet, the same politeness is not likely to be shown by the tiny fleas and other living game that the house swarms with, and to whom there is a rapturous delight in preying on a tender skin in contrast to the tough hides of the Mongol plainsmen. If you get a bed at all in the place, it is pretty certain to be nothing more than a bank over a fireplace, and you are likely to be roused at frequent intervals by some chance traveler who wishes to cook his supper and is not particular whom he disturbs. After a night's rest in the tavern, you are inclined to go somewhere to take a little sleep.

Another and much easier excursion from Pekin is to the Tombs of the Mings and the Summer Palace of Yuen-Min-Yuen. The Ming Dynasty was one of the most celebrated that China has ever known; in fact, it was so famous that the present one is somewhat jealous of its exalted character, and has destroyed some of its monuments. For example, there were several fine tablets placed in the Temple of Confucius by the Emperors of the Ming Dynasty, which have been replaced in modern times by tablets on which the glories of the present rulers of China are set forth. The road to the Tombs of the Mings is quite neglected, and at one time there was a proposal to remove the Tombs altogether under pretense of erecting some finer ones elsewhere, but the project was never carried out through fear that it would offend the Chinese reverence for burial-places and make a dangerous precedent on which the foreigners might demand concessions which could not be refused.

The approach to the famous Tombs is along a colonnade or avenue, which reminds one of the description of the celebrated Avenue of the Sphinxes, at Luxor, in the days of the glory of the Thebes. It is known as the "Colonnade of Gigantic Statues," and is more than a mile in length; for a part of the way the figures are of men, and they stand in a double row through which the roadway is carried. Many of them are 20 feet high, and some even more than this; they are hewn from single blocks of stone, which must have required great engineering skill to transport them from the quarries where they were cut. Another part of the Colonnade consists of figures of elephants and other animals, the elephants being of the natural size and the other beasts somewhat larger. If the surroundings were kept in an attractive condition, this approach to the mausoleum of bygone rulers would be one of the finest in the world, and it is to be regretted that, while the present Dynasty may properly revere its own ancestry, it does not hold an equal reverence for the great men that were not related to it.

The Tombs are in a large building like a temple; in fact, it serves as a temple where the devout people who choose to make the journey there may go to say their prayers. Some very ancient trees stand in the inclosure; they are reputed to be 500 years old, and to have been planted by one of the Emperors with his own hand. It is probable, however, that if he did plant the trees he did so by proxy, as the Emperor of China is not supposed to soil his hands with any practical industry. It is true that there is a custom for the Emperor to open the season of planting by plowing a furrow in a strip of ground near the Temple of Heaven, at Pekin. The plow is really held by one of the high officials of the Court, and the Emperor contents himself by looking on and giving his approval.

The floor of the building containing the Tombs is somewhat higher than the surrounding ground, and a series of steps leads up to it. There are little inclosures between the rows of steps, and on these inclosures there are tablets bearing pious inscriptions erected by those who wish to do reverence to the memory of the august personages who repose within. There are several priests in charge of the place, and they are said to be descended from those who kept the Tombs in the time of the Mings; they are inclined to be civil, as they have learned by experience that they may thereby make something. There is really very little for them to show, as the Tombs are fully exposed to view, and no guide is needed to enable a stranger to find them; the Tombs are covered with tablets and gilded inscriptions, but as they are all in Chinese, and our knowledge of that language is

somewhat limited, we will not stop to decipher them. The famous Garden of Yuen-Min-Yuen is about eight miles from Peking; it was a Summer Palace of the Emperors, and was said to be one of the finest things of its kind in the world. The palace was destroyed by the combined forces of the English and French at the capture of Peking, in 1860, and it is quite probable that the park would have been obliterated at the same time if the invaders had possessed the means of destroying it. The park contains about twelve square miles; the country where it is situated is broken into gentle undulations, and there are some hills two or three hundred feet high. Advantage was taken of the natural condition of the ground in laying out the park, so that every variety of hill and dale, meadow and woodland, could be presented; there are numerous canals, pools, rivulets and lakes, with their banks thrown up or diversified so as to imitate nature. The Chinese display great skill in the production of miniature parks, and there are several of these in the Garden at Yuen-Min-Yuen; there will be a complete representation of a landscape, with forests, rivers, bridges and meadows, in a space not more than a hundred feet square, and every feature will be accurately preserved. The trees are dwarfed to make them of the proper size, and the streams, not over a foot in width, have the meanderings of rivers, while the bridges that traverse them are on piles, as though they were models of huge structures for the navigable watercourses of the Empire.

The garden or park contained a handsome palace for the Emperor, and some thirty or more smaller buildings for the residence of the officers of the court when it was in its Summer quarters. The Emperor's palace was on an artificial hill, and was an attractive structure about two hundred feet long and of proportionate width and height. In front of it there was a fountain playing into a pool in which there were large numbers of gold-fish, and a stairway rose from each side of the pool; it curved so that the two ways met in front of the main entrance of the palace. On this stairway and in its vicinity was the favorite promenade of the ladies of the court, except when there was a reception or some other ceremonial that required them to remain out of sight. The windows of the palace were lofty, and the general architecture of the building was not unlike that of one of the smaller palaces at Versailles. There are rumors that a foreign architect was engaged on the work, but the Chinese strenuously deny that such was the case, and certainly the probabilities are against it.

The destruction of the palace and the robbery of the treasures it contained were severely condemned at the time by the nations who did not take part in the affair. The French and English justified themselves on the ground that it was necessary to make their power felt by the Government, and while they did not wish to injure any private property, they would do as much damage as possible to that of the Imperial authorities. The Emperor had fled to Tartary, where he subsequently died, and the Government was in confusion. The invaders struck the blow, and certainly it was a severe one. The property carried away amounted to many millions of dollars in value, and some of the English and French officers loaded themselves down with diamonds and precious stones of a lesser degree to an extent sufficient to lay the foundation of respectable fortunes. I have a friend in the English army who told me that the loot he obtained at Yuen-Min-Yuen was worth not less than ten thousand dollars, and that others made much more than this. The French took so much, that the art curiosities sent to Paris formed no inconsiderable part of the decora-

tions of the Palace of the Tuileries, and some of the private apartments of the Empress Eugénie were entirely adorned with them.

When I was in Shanghai an interesting story was told me of a marauding expedition in which an American was engaged, and which afterward led to a great deal of diplomatic correspondence. It seems that a French missionary who had been in Corea and spent some time there, had fallen in with this American, and told him of the wonderful things he had seen during his career in carrying the gospel to the heathen. The American was an attentive listener, as he was on the lookout for something in which he might turn an honest penny, and was not particular as to the means he employed to turn it.

There was nothing particularly startling in the first part of the narrative, but by-and-by there came something that roused the listener to a pitch of excitement which he was careful to conceal. He saw that the honest penny was coming in sight, and an enterprising man might grasp it.

"The Kings of Corea," said the missionary, "are buried on the seashore, and they have been so buried for a great many generations. Their tombs are built in full view of the sea, so that they may have the benefit of every breeze that blows."

The American did not see anything wonderful in all this, and ventured to say so to the traveler.

"Of course there's nothing very remarkable in that," replied the latter; "but the remarkable thing is the way they make the coffins for the kings—every coffin is of solid gold and is an inch thick."

"Well, now you're talking," said the Yankee; "coffins of solid gold and an inch thick—and how many did you say there were of them?"

"They tell me," continued the missionary, "that there were not less than a hundred of these kings, and from what I saw I think they were pretty near the truth. I went to the Tombs of the Kings, and was permitted to see one of the coffins, and they are certainly what they said they were, solid gold and very heavy."

The American took out his notebook, and said the information was so interesting that he must send it to the Antiquarian Society of New York. Under pretense of making an article for the benefit of the antiquarians, he learned all that he could of the location of the tombs and the facilities for reaching them.

The next day he hunted up an acquaintance in whom he could trust, and told him the story. Then he proposed to get up an expedition for plundering the tombs and bringing away as many as possible of the golden coffins. As there was a prospect of making a handsome thing out of the affair, the friend, who was a German, consented to join the enterprise and link his fortunes with the American. They went to work as secretly as possible, chartered a small steamer, and engaged men for the expedition. Provisions were brought, and suitable tools for plundering the tombs were conveyed on board the steamer. Of course the men were not taken into the secret lest they should "give it away." They were told that a coal mine was to be opened in one of the islands on the coast, and they were engaged to preserve order among the native laborers.

The expedition sailed, and in due time reached the coast of Corea. There were the tombs, exactly where the missionary had located them, and they certainly appeared numerous enough to contain a hundred coffins. A Corean fisherman, whom they lured on board, confirmed the truth of the tale and carried joy to the hearts of the adventurers. Fortune was within their grasp.



THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. — "WHAT IS THE MATTER, GENTLEMEN?" EXCLAIMED THE VOICE, IN TONES OF THE STRONGEST SURPRISE. "YOU SURELY ARE NOT MOLESTING A LADY!" — SEE NEXT PAGE.

Their plan was to land at night, and endeavor to surprise the custodians of the place so as to prevent their giving any alarm. They would then proceed to open the tombs and transport the coffins to the steamer, and they intended to work at a lively rate so as to take in as many as possible before resistance came to their operations. The men were informed as to the real object of the expedition and promised a share of the plunder, and as they were not particularly troubled with scruples they readily agreed to go in and win.

The steamer stood off in the daytime, but she returned at night with all her lights carefully concealed. The weather favored the thieves; the sea was calm as a pond, and they had not the least difficulty in getting their working force ashore. They surprised the custodians,

or thought they had done so, and then they attacked the masonry of which the tombs were composed.

An old adage has it that the best laid schemes of men and mice are liable to slip up. It was so in the enterprise under consideration; there was a weak point about it that the schemers had not thought to cover.

The masonry of the tombs was so solid that the picks could make no impression upon it, or at all events what impression they could make was too slight for unalloyed satisfaction. Vainly did the projectors wish that they had brought drills and powder to blow up the sleeping-places of the dead rulers of Corea; wishing was all very well, but it wouldn't bring the needed materials and tools. They hammered away all night without succeeding in getting to the inside of a single tomb; the Coreans

were evidently honest builders, and when they made tombs for their kings they determined that the work should last. They didn't intend to have any dead kings coming out nights to wander around and disturb the living ones.

As day broke it became evident that the alarm had been given somehow, and the hosts of Corea were gathering to interfere with their plans. There was a large town fifteen or twenty miles away, as they had learned from the missionary, and they had calculated that it would take at least a day to assemble a force sufficiently large to drive them away and bring it to the scene of action, and by that time they had hoped to have gathered enough of the coffins to make a handsome profit on the money they had invested in the enterprise.

They retired without a single coffin to bless themselves with, and they did not retire a minute too soon. A Corcan army was coming for them, and coming with a determination to make it very warm for the sacrilegious invaders. There is not the slightest doubt that every

man who fell into their hands would have been put to death, and without any attempt to make his death an easy one. The Coreans are among the most cruel people in the world, and prisoners in their hands are not likely to receive kind treatment. Especially would they have been inclined to deal severely with men who came with the purpose of robbing the graves of the kings whom they held in reverence.

The expedition returned to Shanghai and the men were discharged. Very soon the story became known, and reached the ears of the authorities. The American was arrested by order of the American Consul, and for some months he had the pleasure of occupying the consular jail. The German was arrested by the consul of his country, and there was considerable correspondence with the Imperial authorities touching the disposition to be made of the culprits. It was finally determined to release them. They speedily disappeared from Shanghai, and the places that had known them were not further troubled with their presence.

MY TOAST.

By A. M. HEATHCOTE.

"Give us," they cried, "a toast!"
All were in merry trim;
Each, except me, could boast
One who had smiled on him.
Dora we'd toasted, Kate,
Margery, Etheldred;
Now it was getting late,
It was my turn, they said.

"She that you love the most,
"Give us the name!" they cried.
Forced to propose a toast,
"Lillian!" I replied.
"Lillian" sounded well.
Blushing eighteen no more;
Why was I bound to tell
That she had passed three-score?

"Has she blue eyes—your queen—
Hazel or black?" said they.
"Kindly and clear and keen,
And of a tender gray."
Why was I forced to add,
"Spectacles large and blue,
Now that her sight is bad,
Shelters their gaze so true."

"Golden or brown her hair?"
"Soft," I replied, "and light."
This I conceived was fair,
Since it is nearly white.
"What is her voice in tone?"
"Gentle and soft and low."
Was I obliged to own
Sorrows have made it so?

"And do you love her best
Under the whole blue sky?
And for her lightest 'hest
Would you be glad to die?
Would you that, for her good,
Troubles should fall on you?"
"Gladly," I said, "I would."
That at the least was true.

Then as their glasses rang,
Dancing with flashes red,
"Lillian!" out they sang;
"Here's to her health," they said,
"Gray-eyed and blonde—a belle—
"Blushing eighteen—no more!"
Lillian sounded well,
Why should I tell them more?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

"Isn't it lovely?" cried Ada Conyers, and she stepped back a pace or two, and stood, with clasped hands, and in an attitude expressive of intense admiration, before an elegant robe of violet satin, whose soft glossy folds hung from the pillows of the couch, across which it was thrown, to its very foot.

"Lovely indeed," replied her cousin, Kate Effingham. "You could not have selected a prettier costume for our masquerade, Ada, than this dress of a French marquise. It will be distractingly becoming. Of course, however, with a meaning smile—"that's not your sole reason for choosing it."

"Now, Kate, none of your insinuations," said Miss Conyers, in an injured tone. "I knew just how it would be when I selected this costume. As if I couldn't transform myself for one night into an antiquated French-woman, without being accused by an uncharitable world

of doing it to please Count de Montreville. Is it my fault that he comes from Paris?"

"No, dear—only your misfortune," responded Kate; "but don't grow so indignant, Ada, or I shall be afraid to tell you that Mrs. Washington Jones inquired the other day if my cousin from St. Louis was really going to marry a 'Parishioner.' She'll be sure that your fate is sealed when she sees you in your marquise dress."

"She may think what she pleases—a miserable old gossip," said Ada. "I chose it because it was becoming, and for no other reason. I am tired to death of shepherdesses, and flower-girls, and wood-nymphs. The rustic style never suited my taste."

"That's well," said her cousin, demurely, "for you'll offer no competition to the charms of the eldest Miss Jones, who, I hear, is to appear as Bo-Peep—crook, pink ribbons and all."

"What! the tall, scraggy one?" said Ada, contemptuously. "I fancy she'll not have much trouble in counting her sheep. But, Kate, what other costumes have you ferreted out?—for this grows interesting."

"Only a few," replied Miss Ellingham. "George Tremaine wishes to be Antony, principally, I suspect, because Miss Wilhelmina Jones has chosen to be Cleopatra. Being rather hazy, however, as to the proper costume for a Roman warrior of that period, he came to me for counsel. I strongly advised green velvet smalls and a peaked hat, so, the first Italian brigand you chance to meet in the crowd may be safely addressed as Mare Antony. I have tried my best to discover your cousin's intended disguise, but all in vain. He may be anything, from Apollo to a Zulu Chief, for aught I know."

"You may be sure of one thing," said Ada, emphatically. "Whatever costume he chooses will be in perfect taste. But, Kate, it's too bad that you, as hostess, should be cut off from all the fun."

"Just my opinion," said her cousin, plaintively. "Fancy my feelings when I see you girls flitting about in your rainbow robes, while I stand there condemned to white muslin and native simplicity."

"Couldn't you violate rules for once?" suggested Ada, inquiringly. "After you and Aunt Ellingham receive the guests, what's to prevent your slipping on a mask and mixing with the company? You could have plenty of sport, and return to your post before the hour for unmasking."

"I have no costume," said Miss Ellingham, despondently, "and it takes some time to change one's dress. No, Ada, it couldn't be done."

"Oh, as to that," cried Ada, eagerly, "there are a thousand things you might use to conceal your white muslin. Ask Miss Fleming here. She prepared my costume so beautifully, I am sure she could think of something."

The individual thus appealed to—a pretty, delicate-looking girl of eighteen or nineteen, with dark eyes, clear olive complexion, and of rather foreign appearance—came slowly forward a step or two.

She was assistant at one of the largest dressmaking establishments in the city, and had just brought home the marquise dress which so greatly excited Ada's admiration.

It had been a weary job for the poor young dressmaker, for Ada, though she lavished her compliments and smiles alike on all around her, from her seamstress to her suitors, was at heart a most difficult person to please, and had given and countermanded so many orders on the subject of this very costume, that one less patient and skillful than Elise Fleming would assuredly have lost all courage.

She ran her eyes, critically now, over Kate's round, rosy face and plump little figure.

"The grand style would not suit you," she said, smiling. "You should have something quaint and arch. What do you say to a Mother Hubbard dress?"

Ada clapped her hands triumphantly.

"The very thing, Kate!" she exclaimed. "That long, loose cloak will completely hide the muslin dress, and the old-fashioned bonnet, with a cluster of feathers and a scarlet bow, will be ever so cute and becoming. I knew we could trust to Miss Fleming."

"I will do my best," said Elise, modestly, "if Miss Ellingham wishes to order the costume."

And Kate, though still looking a little doubtful, yielded to Ada's entreaties and gave the order.

"Now, be sure to bring it yourself, Miss Fleming," said Ada, as Elise turned toward the door. "I want

you to help me in putting on my own costume, and there might be some alteration to make in it, even at the eleventh hour."

She smiled sweetly as she spoke, and the young girl returned the smile, though with a slight effort.

A look of utter weariness came over her expressive features as she passed down the steps of the elegant mansion and made her way into the street.

The struggle for daily bread was a hard one, and Elise was alone in the world—utterly alone; but she was not the girl to shrink from any amount of labor, if it rose before her in the form of duty.

Mechanically she pursued her way, thinking over the conversation she had just heard between the cousins, and, even as she did so, a look of vague yet intense recollection began to dawn in her eyes.

"De Montreville?" she murmured to herself! "that was the name she called. It is the same my mother has so often repeated to me. She owned that we bore to each other no tie of blood or kindred, yet bid me, if ever I met a member of that family, to give to such a one the sealed paper she wrote before her death, bearing the name of Julie, Countess de Montreville. She bid me appeal to the kindness of these De Montrevilles, and claim their protection. But for me—a poor sewing-girl—to obtrude myself upon this young French nobleman, to assert a claim on his family in virtue of a sealed paper addressed to some relative of his, who may not even now be living—it would be folly, utterly folly. My poor mother must have been dreaming when she counseled such an act. The many troubles she endured—my father's dissipated life, his unfortunate death—all these things must have affected her mentally, and this paper, written just before her death, is probably but some vagary of a mind weakened by poverty and disease. In that case I should be repulsed as an impostor, subjected to scorn, suspicion, perhaps loss of character."

Her countenance fell, and she was silent for a moment.

"And yet," she resumed, as she slowly and thoughtfully continued her walk, "I know, from the few allusions my mother ever made to the past, that in her own country she once had rich and powerful friends. I would that I could place this paper in the hands of the young Frenchman without making myself known to him."

Meanwhile, the two cousins, thus left together, remained silent for several minutes.

Ada laid back luxuriously in her chair, playing with the tassel of her morning-gown, while Kate regarded her intently, but without speaking.

She had begun to suspect that this fair Western cousin, who had lately arrived in the city on a visit to her New York relatives, and whose beauty was the theme of general admiration, was scarcely the sincere, the faultless being she had at first believed her, but even she was scarcely prepared for such thorough selfishness as Ada often exhibited.

This very ball, given in her honor, was but another opportunity for its display.

Not satisfied with harassing Elise, to whose taste she had taken a wonderful fancy, by a thousand contradictory orders, she had concluded by insisting that Miss Fleming should be present the night of the ball to array her in her costume, and see that it was thoroughly *au fait*.

This office Elise might very properly have declined, and Kate wondered not to hear her do so, but, besides being kind-hearted and obliging, she felt a somewhat

natural fear of losing her situation, should she do aught to offend a customer of Miss Conyers's wealth and social position.

"Katie, dear," said Ada, suddenly rousing herself from her reverie, "now that you have really determined to wear that Mother Hubbard dress and see a little of the fun yourself, don't you want to do me a particular favor?"

"I'm not by any means positive that I shall wear the dress," answered her cousin; "but name your favor, Ada."

"Oh, yes, you must certainly wear it!" cried Ada, entreatingly. "It would be too bad to put poor Miss Fleming to all this trouble for nothing. She is so much interested in it—she is going to bring it herself, you know. Now, Katie, I want you, when you are among the crowd, to keep your eyes open. You are so quick, you will easily discover Count de Montreville. There is nothing improper, during a masquerade, in addressing him yourself and entering into conversation. Then ask him—well, any questions that may occur to you. Find out what he thinks of America, its people, its society, and above all," with a light laugh, "of *one* unworthy member of that society into which he is now thrown. I have a fancy for secretly discovering his sentiments. Say, will you undertake the task, cousin mine?"

"Before I undertake to discover the count's sentiments, Ada," said Miss Effingham, rather coldly, "may I be permitted to inquire a little into your own? I have already seen you set yourself deliberately to work to interest several different gentlemen, none of whom, as I happen to know, have you the least intention of marrying. Is the count simply intended as another specimen for dissection? If so, I tell you plainly I refuse to assist in his destruction. He may rush headlong on it himself, if he pleases. I will lend no helping hand."

"Don't be so strictly moral and virtuous, my dear Kate," said Miss Conyers, languidly. "It's positively overpowering to a poor, weak mortal like myself. My intentions with regard to the count, did you say? Isn't it rather reversing the order of things to ask me *my* intentions? They are quite vague just at present. Only

De Montreville is a lovely name, and I should like, above all things, to be a countess."

Ere Kate could reply to this last observation, the door opened and a servant approached with a card.

"The Count de Montreville!" cried Ada, gayly, casting her eyes on the name. "Tell him I will be down in a few moments. Now, dear Mother Hubbard, don't be obstinate, but promise!"

"If I wear the dress, I will do as you wish," answered Kate, rather shortly.

And her cousin, satisfied with this concession, departed to arm herself for conquest.

* * *

The eventful night of the ball had arrived. Ada, after waiting till the last moment in the hope of Elise's appearance, had been forced to make her toilet without any assistance from that quarter, and had complained loudly, in consequence, of Miss Fleming's carelessness and ingratitude, although what reason she had for showing any special gratitude was, as Kate remarked, "a profound secret."

Meanwhile, the subject of these comments was toiling painfully along, her heavy waterproof cloak buttoned to her throat, to protect her against the cold, piercing wind, and a large package, folded securely in paper upon her arm. She reached the house, now blazing with lights from top to bottom, and, after hesitating a moment, concluded to slip around to the servants' entrance, and make her way up-stairs to Miss Effingham's chamber unmolested. She had already reached a staircase which led to the second story, and was congratulating herself on her success in escaping all notice,

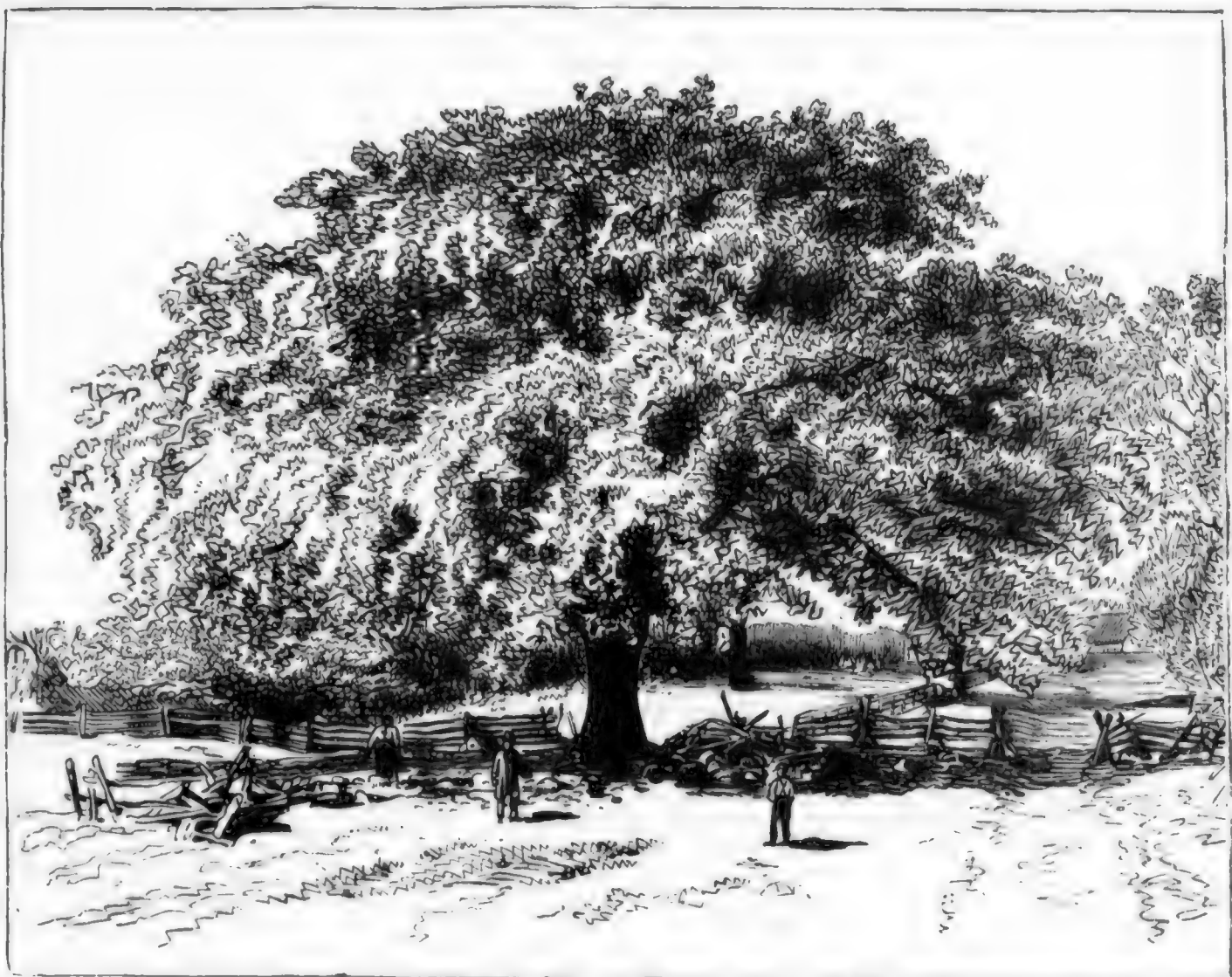
when the door of a dressing-room above was noisily opened, and a large party of young men, some of whom were rather the worse for wine, issued forth, and began, with shouts of laughter, to make their descent.

Elise, with her bundle on her arm, shrunk to one side, hoping to elude observation, but the very act seemed to attract their notice.

"What have we here?" cried one. "A new costume. Stand and deliver your goods, mademoiselle, or tell us for whom they are intended? We can keep a secret."



THE GENIUS OF VICTORY.



THE GREAT COUNCIL TREE OF THE SENECAS.—SEE PAGE 503.

"I have none to share with you," said Elise, proudly, drawing her small figure up to its full height. "I am here on business. Let me pass."

"Not till you show us the costume," lisped one enterprising youth, laying his hand on the bundle. "Is it for the lovely Conyers? Speak, oh, speak!"

"My pretty perfumer—I beg pardon—costumer," said another, whose eyes were decidedly glazed, "now don't be cruel. We only wish to steal a little information. You may trust to our honor. We never betray."

"Trust to *your* honor!" cried Elise, scornfully. "Ay—such honor as there is among thieves. Steal your information if you choose so to do. You shall get none of it from me."

She grasped her bundle tightly in her small hands, and stood erect, all her Gallic blood burning in her cheeks, and her dark eyes sparkling with scorn and anger. The sight sobered even those wine-exhilarated boys, though not more so, perhaps, than the sound of a footstep at the head of the stairs, and a voice which caused Elise to look up, for it had the soft southern accent—that accent of France in which her own mother used to speak.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" exclaimed the voice, in tones of the strongest surprise. "You surely are not molesting a lady?"

"Oh, sir," cried Elise, eagerly, her own voice for the first time trembling with excitement, "will you not make them leave me? They are trying to detain me—to rob me of my package!"

In an instant De Montreville, for it was he, was by her

side. But there was no occasion for him to show his chivalry. Her tormentors, with either sullen or scornful looks, had fallen back to right and left; most of them continued their way down the staircase, and ere the young count had time to demand an explanation, there was no one left to bar her progress.

"Will you allow me?" he said, respectfully, taking her bundle on his own arm, for although his quick eye had, at a glance, discovered by Elise's garb and appearance her position as a workwoman, it had also taken in the vivid beauty and the lioness-like port with which the little maiden had stood at bay.

"You must excuse the rudeness and insolence of those young men," he said, gravely, as he followed Elise to the threshold of a door, where she paused. "They have been drinking wine, else they would not have so presumed."

He bowed politely and left her—left her, as Elise afterward remembered, before she had even thanked him for his kindness.

Still trembling from the excitement of her recent encounter, she entered Kate's chamber, and was relieved beyond measure to find it vacant. It gave her some little time to rest herself and regain her composure. She had spread the costume on the bed, and was admiring its beauty, when Kate entered hastily.

"You here, Miss Fleming?" she exclaimed. "I had completely given you up. I left the parlor for a moment's rest. My head is aching terribly."

She threw herself across the couch, as she spoke, and began dipping her handkerchief in a bottle of cologne-water, which she had taken from the bureau.

"What a pity," said Elise, gently, as she slipped a cool, soft pillow underneath the girl's throbbing temples. "Let me bathe your head a while. Then you will feel better, and be able to play Mother Hubbard with fine effect."

"I'm afraid not," said Kate, with a sigh. "Have you brought the costume, Miss Fleming?"

Elise responded with a pardonable pride by exhibiting her work.

"Put it on," said Kate, authoritatively; and the little sewing-girl, nothing loath, threw the scarlet cloak around her, and drew on the large, old-fashioned bonnet, with its scarlet and gold-colored bows, and its soft, curling feathers, slightly over the rich, dark rings of hair that saved about her forehead.

Kate, in spite of her headache, was enchanted with the pretty little picture; but she shook her head with a smile when Elise asked if she were ready to don the dress herself.

"My head pains me far too much," she replied. "I couldn't do justice to that or any other fancy costume." Then, with a sudden impulse: "Miss Fleming, why can't you wear it yourself? You've had a great deal of trouble about this ball, and it's but fair you should enjoy some of the pleasure. Put on the mask. Nobody'll detect you, and it will be quite amusing to hear the comments."

Elise hesitates, her face turning crimson. She had the true French love of pleasure, and but few opportunities to gratify it; but she had also a large amount of pride, and, in spite of Kate's good-natured suggestion, rather shrank from entering a company of people, who, in the social scale, would inevitably be considered her superiors.

Then a thought flashed across her mind. The paper-sealed paper! Might she not have some opportunity, in the crowd, to approach De Montreville, to find out, in an indirect manner, whether he knew aught of her or hers?

She felt sure she should recognize him now from that encounter on the stairs. She had heard one of the young men near her pronounce his name, and had noticed so keenly his height, his bearing, and, above all, his accent, that she could not be deceived.

Yes, she would certainly take this chance which had so strangely fallen in her way. If it proved nothing else, it would be, at least, a break in the monotony of her life.

"Miss Effingham," she said, turning a face aglow with shame and excitement toward Kate, "you will not mention it—you will let no one know."

"Not a soul," said Kate, merrily. "There, that's right. Go at once, and have as jolly a time as you can."

She watched Elise don the little gauze mask, with its edge of silver fringe, and steal lightly down the stairs; then, after resting a few moments longer, rose and prepared to return to her guests.

"Poor little creature!" she said to herself. "I hope she'll enjoy it."

And soon after, surrounded by a gay throng in every imaginable costume, laughing, jesting, and trying her best to penetrate each fresh disguise, Kate had temporarily forgotten both her headache and Elise's very existence.

Meanwhile, the Count de Montreville, after concluding a waltz with a certain beautiful French marquise, and receiving from her such convincing proofs of her identity that he felt it would take no Solomon to pronounce her name, had resigned her to her next partner, and was

leaning abstractedly against the wall, watching the gay scene.

Suddenly he felt a touch on his shoulder, and, turning, found himself face to face with a little old woman in a scarlet cloak, who bent over a crutch, with such an elaborate affectation of age as amused him beyond expression.

"In the name of Cinderella and her fairy godmother!" he exclaimed, "who are you, my small friend, and where did you come from?"

"I am Old Mother Hubbard," she quickly replied, in French. "Do not waste your English on me, monsieur. Speak to me in your own language, the soft tongue of France that I love so well."

Her gentle, musical tones, the perfect purity of her pronunciation, surprised the count not a little. He glanced at her in surprise.

"Willingly," he replied, "would I speak in my own tongue, and especially to one who understands it so well. If a lady of your venerable age does not disdain compliments, I should say that, even among my own countrywomen, I have never heard our language more beautifully spoken than by yourself."

"Are ladies *ever* insensible to compliments?" asked Elise, with a roguish flash of her eyes. "But you must not be surprised to hear me speak French. I am many hundred years old, you know, and I belong to all climes and nations."

"Doubtless," answered the count; "but, like some of your contemporaries in literature, you are ever young. From what quarter of the globe does your ladyship come this evening to attend our ball?"

"It matters not how far I have traveled," answered Elise, firmly; "but this much I can say: I have come hither with some difficulty and danger to myself, simply that I might speak to the Count de Montreville."

"You evidently know me," said De Montreville, with a highly amused smile. "This grows interesting. Shall we adjourn to the conservatory, my good Mother Hubbard, or must some darker and more melodramatic spot be found ere you can make your communication?"

"By no means," said Elise, delighted at the prospect of escaping from the parlors, and accepting the count's arm. A few steps brought them to the designated spot, where the dim light of a swinging lamp falling on the glossy leaves and shrubs, and the soft splash of the fountain in the centre, did indeed render the place sufficiently melodramatic for almost any communication.

It was entirely deserted by the gayer couples, who had all repaired to the parlors, and with a sigh of satisfaction Elise sank into a low rustic seat.

"And now, ancient and mysterious sibyl," said De Montreville, who still considered the whole affair as a jest, "will you not speak and tell me whither you come?"

"I come," said Elise, with a sudden inspiration, "from your own country—from France. I come from one who bears your name—Julio de Montreville."

"Ha! my mother!" exclaimed the young nobleman, in surprise. "What mean you by this?"

"She bids you," continued Elise, firmly, "execute the task which I shall give you: but seek not to penetrate my disguise. There is a paper—a sealed paper, which is intended but for her eye. Will you, if I convey it to your hands, ask no questions, but see that it reaches her in safety?"

"And you?" queried De Montreville, in astonishment: "do you not intend to tell me aught of yourself—how you became possessed of this mysterious paper?"

"I can tell you nothing at present," answered Elise, her tones a little tremulous; "but if your mother, after reading that paper, cares to communicate with me, go to Miss Effingham. She can tell you where to find Old Mother Hubbard."

"I begin to believe this an enchanted house," said the young nobleman, passing his hand thoughtfully across his brow. "Twice this evening have I been forcibly and unexpectedly reminded of my mother."

"Twice?" inquired Elise, in surprise.

"Ay, twice!" said the count. "In my mother's private sitting-room at the Château de Montreville, there hangs a portrait of one of her earliest and dearest friends. They were playmates in childhood, were educated at the same convent, and grew up inseparable; but widely, alas! did their paths diverge in after life. My mother married the Count de Montreville—a nobleman of high rank and wealth—whilst Mademoiselle Dubois unfortunately became fascinated with a young English artist—a man of some talent, but little principle—who gave lessons in the town in which she resided. Against the remonstrances of all her friends, she finally married this man, and by the act so angered her father, a wealthy manufacturer in Marseilles, that he not only disinherited her, but refused ever to see her more. She left France with her husband, and her after fate has always been a matter of obscurity. It was rumored that they had emigrated to America, and my mother has often since made efforts to discover some trace of her unhappy friend, but all in vain. Pride probably sealed her lips, and kept her from applying for aid to those who had known her in more prosperous days. This evening, on the staircase, I saw a face—the living, breathing likeness of the portrait that hangs in my mother's portrait. It was that of a poor sewing-girl, whom some rude boys had insulted as she came to bring her work. But you tremble—you are cold! I have detained you here too long with my story. Pardon me, and we will adjourn to the parlors."

"Not now, monsieur," said Elise, rising. "Mother Hubbard must bid you adieu. It rests with yourself whether we shall ever meet again."

"Then the matter is decided!" cried De Montreville, eagerly, seizing her hand. "But grant me at least one favor. Remove your mask, though but for a moment. Let me have one glimpse of your countenance before we part."

Without replying, Elise turned toward the door of the conservatory. As she reached the threshold, she paused, and, slipping aside her mask for one instant, revealed to the count the lovely, laughing face of the portrait he knew so well.

When the Count de Montreville, after a night spent in restless and troubled dreams, rose the next morning, and summoned his valet to assist at his toilet, that estimable personage delivered to his master a sealed packet, which he said a lady closely veiled had just left at the door. On the paper was written, "Remember your promise, and seek not to find me save by your mother's authority."

The young count kept his word, and, though racked with curiosity, to say nothing of a deeper feeling, bravely repressed his impatience, and refrained from asking Kate the question which was always in his mind.

The sealed paper was at once dispatched to his mother with a full account of all that had occurred, and the count, while waiting for an answer, continued his visits to his friends, the Effinghams, but his manner was absent and preoccupied, and Ada, after vainly trying all her arts

to rouse him from his abstraction, declared, with a haughty shrug of her shoulders, that Count de Montreville had completely changed, and she no longer considered him either interesting or agreeable.

Two months had elapsed since the night of Miss Effingham's ball, when Elise, worn and weary, after a hard day's work, ascending the staircase to her humble apartments, was surprised to find her door ajar.

A look revealed two figures awaiting her.

The first she knew at a glance, but who was this stately dame that, robed in velvet and furs, stood by the hearthstone?

One long searching gaze the countess gave, then drew the little sewing-girl tenderly into her arms.

"Armand was right," she said. "This is indeed Elise's child. You have your mother's eyes—your mother's smile. Will you share my home henceforth, dear child, and love me as your mother did?"

"Madame, you are too good," faltered Elise, as if in a dream.

"Nay," said the countess, gently, "the obligation will be on your side. Your grandfather, influenced by a good priest, who had been your mother's friend and confessor, revoked on his deathbed the will whereby he had disinherited her, and you, as his only grandchild, are now sole heiress of his wealth. You will find many to fawn upon and flatter you, but none who can care for you more truly than your mother's oldest friend. I have none to love but Armand. Will you fulfill your mother's last wishes, and be to me as a daughter?"

Elise hesitated, and her eyes, as if involuntarily, sought those of De Montreville.

The look, so full of eager hope, of love, and rapture, which she met there, caused her to blush crimson as she turned toward his mother.

The countess's quick eye had caught the glance which passed between them, and a sudden light shot into her own.

"My daughter!" she exclaimed, joyfully, drawing the young girl once more to her heart; and these two words proved, indeed, the prophecy of Mother Hubbard's future fate.

THE GREAT COUNCIL TREE OF THE SENECA.

THE great Council Tree of the Senecas, on the Old Castle Farm—Kanadesaga (Geneva, N. Y.)—of Jerome Loomis, is now owned and occupied by his children. This large elm is, in fact, a double tree—the two bodies branching just above the ground. Its measurement (August 21st, 1879), is as follows: Trunk, just above the ground, but near the crown of the roots, 25 feet; two feet above the last measurement, or about three feet from the ground, 21 feet 3 inches; trunk of west branch, 13 feet 6 inches; east branch, 15 feet 2 inches. The last two measurements five feet from the ground. Spread of the whole tree, 120 feet.

This noble elm is situated east of the ridge on the farm, on the east side of the old Pre-emption Road, and a little to the east of north from Old Castle, and was in the midst of the cornfields of the Seneca Indians at Kanadesaga. To the north of it was a fine peach orchard, destroyed by Sullivan's army, September 8th, 1779. Under the edge of the tree is the figure of a person with his foot on a stone. This stone is about four feet long and twenty inches wide, with a hollow scooped out toward the end, and was used by the Indians for pounding corn in, and is in the same place where it was used and left by them.



A NOVEL BURGLARY. — "HANGING TO ITS TAIL WAS A BLACK IMP OF A NATIVE, STICKING HIS FEET INTO THE STONES AND MAKING GOOD HEADWAY TOWARD THE WINDOW."

A NOVEL BURGLARY.

"DAVY, start the ball."

The speaker was a red-faced, jolly-appearing old sea-dog, one of a party of skippers who, during a month together in port, met on board each other's vessels and entertained themselves in spinning yarns and in sundry and divers ways. It was agreed that each evening a member of the party should tell a story or sing a song, and on the night in question Captain Davy Haulback was called upon as above. The company was composed of five skippers, all old and hardened in the service. Not one but had faced wind and weather in almost every sea and ocean on the globe—a good party to listen to, and no mistake.

"Well," said Captain Davy, taking a very black pipe out of his mouth, and banking its fire with his thumb, "I dessay you don't expect a song from an old fog-horn like me; the only singing I'm good for is out in a gale, and then, I reckon, I kin reach as high as any of 'em."

"So ye kin, lad; so ye kin," spoke in a portly old fellow, with a fringe of whiskers under his chin, "an' we ain't lookin' for no song. Give us the yarn."

"Wal," said the old sailor, settling back into a cloud of smoke that seemed to come from his eyes, ears and mouth all at once, "there's only one yarn I kin tell, and that ain't worth much. You all are mindin' to the old brig *Screamin' Murther*, Moffat Brothers, owners, considered A No. 1 at Lloyds, and good for nuthin' outside."

"Yes, yes," came from the smoky listeners.

"Wal," continued Captain Davy, "I ate the first duff as was ever mixed on her; was her first skipper, and a screamer she was, and no mistake. We went into commission in '49, in Liverpool, loaded with an assorted cargo, and bound for Calcutta, and, giving due consideration to the old hulk, it ain't for me to say that we didn't get there all right. Most of the load was provisions for

her Majesty's troops, and after unloadin' we lay by thirty days light, waiting for orders. Wal"—and the old man gave a special laugh—"I was a yonker, and nuthin would do but what I must see the country; so, with a brace of particular cronies, we hired a couple of horses and two niggers, and started; and a queer country it was.

"One o' my friends had an invite to visit a friend, and the second day out we met him, and, bless your souls! such a rig-out you never see. He was a native and black, and had one of those albino men as a servant. Even the horses they brought for our use was off color. The one they gave me was perfectly black, except a pure white band about the neck, and I would have sworn that it was painted. The one the owner rode was pure white, except the head and tail, which were black, while the albino man rode a mustang, evidently from America, but

"We soon got under way, and surged ahead with a motion something like that felt on a Greenpoint Ferry boat when the wind's against stream and the river's full of ice—neither one thing nor the other."

"The road was a fine one, lined on both sides with tall palm-trees, planted so close together that the vines growing on one caught into those on the other, and formed a regular green wall, in and out of which ran lizards and insects of all kinds of colors.

"At the end of this long avenue was the house of our friend, built of white stone, looking more like a fort than anything else.

"There ain't no use telling all of the curious things we saw there before we turned in, so I'll come right to the p'int of my yarn.

"About ten o'clock we were showed to our rooms by a couple of natives, but you may be sure all this wasn't



A PIECE OF BLACK-LEAD.—THE GRAPHITE MILLS AT TICONDEROGA, N. Y.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

'twas spotted and marked so that the man and horse looked almost exactly like one animal.

"I never wanted to ask a question or two so bad in my life, though of course it wouldn't do. I reckon we rode about seven miles before we came to two large palms that were used as gate-posts to a high fence or wall of stone, and there we got off our horses.

"A second later an elephant hove in sight, coming up the avenue. It was covered with a blanket of some rich stuff, and when it came near us the driver made it kneel down and salute us, and then he put up a foot-ladder for us to climb aboard.

"As I went up its side, the animal threw up its trunk, and then I saw it was a white elephant—not a dirty gray, but a real cream-white—and as the driver helped me up, there bein' nuthin' to get hold of, I looked him square in the face, and, by the tarnal, he, like the other fellow, was the whitest pink-eyed man the sun ever shone on.

"I began to get the drift of the thing then. The boss either had his servants to match his live stock, or his live stock to match his servants.

calculated to make a man sleep, and it was a long time before I began to doze off.

"How long I slept I don't know, but I awoke up all of a start. The moon was streaming into the room, making it as light as day. Then I heard a curious scratching outside the window. I jumped up and looked out, and there, against the wall, was the strangest sight I ever saw.

"About fifty feet from the ground, on an L made of white stone, was a small window, and within ten feet of it was a big animal crawling away for dear life. Hanging to its tail was a black imp of a native, sticking his feet into the stones and making good headway toward the window.

"It was such a curious performance, and so like the whole arrangement of the place, that for a moment I didn't say a word; but then, before I knew it, I let out a regular Indian yell. There was a wild scratching for a minute or two, and down went the two. The man must have swung off into a tree, for I saw two or three leap off into the bushes. A minute later a crowd of blacks,

whites and half-breeds, headed by the owner, came in and wanted to know what was up. When I told him, the old fellow grabbed my hand and thanked me for saving his property."

"What was it?" interrupted one of the listeners.

"That's just what I'm getting at," replied Captain Davy. "It was a gang of highwaymen, and the only way they could get up the stonewall was to catch one of the big lizards that live about there in the rocks, head him up and hang on to the tail; and so powerful were its claws that it hauled the man right up. It's a pretty big yarn, but it's a fact, and the owner of the place told me it was a common trick of the dusky devils to make the lizards do their dirty work."

A PIECE OF BLACK-LEAD.

By F. W. RUDLER, F.G.S.

A PIECE of black-lead appears to have been named on much the same principle as that followed in naming the Speaker of the House. The Speaker is a man who does *not* speak; the black-lead is a substance which contains *no* lead. The original pencils were made indeed of lead, and some of these, quaint in form, have been preserved. As the original pencil was a lead-pencil, the substitutes for lead retain the name. It is true, too, that a piece of black-lead presents characters which at first sight are strongly suggestive of a metal; but it is easily shown that these characters are only superficial and delusive. If we split open a lead-pencil, and extract the thin rod which forms the axis of the cedar cylinder, we obtain a body which resembles a metal, inasmuch as it possesses a dark iron-gray or lead-color, coupled with exactly that kind of lustre which we generally regard as characteristic of metallic bodies. The surface of a compact piece of metal always presents a peculiar brilliancy, due to the fact that much of the light which falls upon the surface is thrown back instead of passing into or through the substance; in other words, the light incident upon the surface is neither absorbed nor transmitted to any considerable extent, but is almost wholly reflected and scattered. Now, there are but very few substances, except metals, which possess such a condition of surface as to produce this metallic sheen. Iodine is one of these non-metallic bodies that look like a metal, and black-lead is another.

It is mainly in consequence of the metal-like lustre of black-lead that the material is so largely employed as a polishing agent. When the housemaid rubs the powdered substance upon the cast-iron grate or fender, she produces a reflecting surface which has a metallic appearance; and, at the same time, the thin coating which is thus applied serves to protect the underlying metal from rust. In like manner, though for a different reason, black-lead is extensively used for polishing certain kinds of gunpowder, especially the coarse-grained powder employed for blasting in mining operations. The powder is placed, with the finely-divided black-lead, in revolving barrels, and the corn thus receives a glaze or varnish which protects it from absorption of moisture.

Any conclusion as to the metallic nature of black-lead which may have been suggested by the lustre and color of the mineral is likely to be rudely shaken on noting its specific gravity. By merely poising a piece of black-lead in the hand, we may observe how light it is, compared with ordinary metallic bodies. In fact, the specific gravity of black-lead is but little above 2—that is to say, the mineral does not weigh much more than twice its

own bulk of water. Advantage is sometimes taken of this comparative lightness in dressing black-lead for the market. It frequently happens that a rock may contain scales of plumbago disseminated throughout its substance, so as to form what has been called "black-lead ore." In such a case it is possible to separate the two substances by crushing or stamping the ore, and allowing the fine fragments mixed with water to flow over a mechanical contrivance, in which the light scales of black-lead and the heavier stony particles roughly sort themselves by virtue of this difference of density. It is scarcely conceivable that these light scales of plumbago can contain a metal proverbially so heavy as lead.

The false notion that black-lead, in consequence of its lustre and color, must be in some way connected with a metal, is suggested not only by its popular name, but equally by the scientific term *plumbago*, a name derived from the Latin word for lead—*plumbum*. It is worth noting that certain ancient writers make this word do duty for the two distinct metals—lead and tin; in which case the lead was distinguished as *Plumbum nigrum*, or black-lead; while the tin was termed *Plumbum candidum*, or white-lead.

How strangely altered is the modern meaning of these terms! Our "white-lead" has nothing whatever to do with tin, neither has our "black-lead" any relation to metallic lead.

White-lead and red-lead are bodies which, as every one knows, are utterly unlike metals; nevertheless they stand true to their names, and really do contain lead, the metal existing in the one substance as a carbonate, in the other as an oxide. But the case is widely different when we come to deal with black-lead, for this mineral, notwithstanding its metallic exterior, is not only destitute of lead, but when in a state of purity contains no metal of any kind. In most cases, however, there is a small quantity of iron accidentally present, and if the plumbago be burnt, this substance is left behind, with other impurities, in the form of a reddish ash.

It is by burning the black-lead that the modern chemist has got at the secret of its chemical composition. If a small fragment of plumbago be strongly heated in excess of oxygen gas it slowly burns away, and were it absolutely pure would ultimately disappear. As a matter of fact, however, there is always more or less residual ash, due to impurities in the black-lead. At the close of the experiment it is found that the oxygen which has taken part in the combustion has been converted into carbonic-acid gas. In short the outcome of the operation is identical with that obtained when a diamond is burnt in oxygen. A given weight of diamond when completely burnt yields a definite weight of carbonic acid; and if instead of diamond we take the same weight of pure plumbago, we obtain as a product of combustion precisely the same weight of carbonic acid. And just as it is inferred from studying the combustion of diamond that this gem consists of carbon, so the same reasoning leads to the conclusion that plumbago has a similar composition. The black-lead, or plumbago, is in fact a variety of native carbon.

But it is a variety of carbon much less pure than diamond—a fact of which we may be readily satisfied by comparing the quantity of ash usually left when a piece of black-lead has been burnt with that left after the combustion of the same quantity of diamond. It must be admitted, however, that the proportion of ash is extremely variable in different kinds of plumbago, for while some varieties are so impure as to leave a residue equal to one-quarter of their weight, others do not yield more

than one five-hundredth part of their weight of ash. The ash generally consists of silica, alumina, and oxide of iron. It is the oxide of iron which imparts a red color to the ash, and as this color is almost invariably present, some of the older chemists were led to believe that the carbon in black-lead must always be combined with iron; whence they described a piece of black-lead, in the chemical phraseology of the day, as a "carburet of iron." Such a view was originally put forth by the celebrated Scheele, and is to be found in old works on mineralogy. It was shown, however, in the early part of this century, by Vanuxem and by Karsten, that the iron in plumbago is not combined with carbon, but exists in the form of an oxide. Moreover, the presence of the oxide of iron is purely accidental, and its quantity is, in some cases, so extremely minute as to be almost inappreciable. We are thus led to conclude that the black-lead, or plumbago, is not necessarily a compound containing iron, but that, when freed from impurity, it is, like diamond, a natural form of the element carbon.

Like diamond, again, the plumbago occasionally occurs crystallized. But in this case the forms which the murky mineral assumes are extremely different from those of the brilliant gem. The crystals of diamond are always more or less related to the regular octahedron (see illustration on page 509), but the crystals of plumbago are generally six-sided scales. These two types of crystalline forms are geometrically incompatible with each other, and represent, in the language of crystallographers, two distinct "systems." When a substance is capable of assuming a duality of form of this kind, it is said to be *dimorphous*, or two-shaped. Carbon offers, therefore, a good illustration of dimorphism; it crystallizes in one set of solid shapes in the diamond, and in quite another set of forms in black-lead.

Besides these crystalline varieties, the element carbon is capable of assuming conditions which, being absolutely destitute of crystalline characters, are termed *amorphous*. Charcoal, for example, is an illustration of the perfectly amorphous condition of carbon. So, again, that kind of coal which is called anthracite is practically a natural variety of carbon, yet it never assumes definite geometrical shapes. Such examples serve to show that one and the same elementary form of matter may exist in a variety of states, each offering a new set of physical properties. How different the diamond from the plumbago, or either of these from the anthracite and the charcoal! This power of assuming a diversity of physical properties, while retaining an identity of chemical constitution, has been distinguished as *allotropy*—a term compounded of the two Greek words *allos*, another, and *tropos*, a manner or mode. It is assumed that the change of properties in the several allotropic modifications of carbon must be dependent upon variations in the mode in which the component particles of the body are arranged; that it is, in a word, a *molecular* change. It should be borne in mind that while the ultimate particles of matter are termed *atoms*, the groups formed by the association of two or more atoms are called by modern chemists *molecules*. There are reasons for believing that in each distinct allotrope of carbon, the molecules assume in some way a different mode of arrangement.

Up to this point our studies have led to the conclusion that a piece of black-lead represents an allotropic form of native carbon. Such being its nature, it is obvious that neither the scientific word "plumbago," nor the more familiar "black-lead" is an appropriate name. Mineralogists have therefore cast aside these metal-suggesting words, and usually prefer to distinguish the min-

eral as *graphite*. This word, which was originally introduced by the great German mineralogist, Werner, is derived from the Greek verb, *grapho*, to write; and is quite unobjectionable, since it asserts nothing as to the composition of the substance, but merely denotes its use as a writing material.

This application of graphite as a writing medium depends upon the extreme softness of the mineral. Even the gentle act of rubbing it upon paper, as in using a so-called lead-pencil, causes it to suffer abrasion, so that a portion of the mineral is left behind in a finely-divided state, forming a "streak," which by its dark color is distinctly visible. In like manner, the softness of graphite causes it to soil the fingers when handled. The same property has led to its use as a lubricating agent for diminishing the friction between the axles of machinery and the bearings in which they revolve.

Mineralogists are in the habit of examining the "streak" of any substance that falls under their notice, inasmuch as it often affords a means of distinguishing one mineral from another. By the character of the streak is really meant the color of the mineral when in a state of powder, and this is far from being necessarily the same as when seen in mass. The streak may be observed either by scratching the mineral with a substance harder than itself, and observing the nature of the abraded particles, or by rubbing the mineral upon a piece of unglazed porcelain, when a mark is left behind. In the case of so soft a substance as graphite, it is only necessary to rub it upon paper, when we at once obtain a dark shining streak. There is a rare mineral known as *molybdenite*, which so closely resembles graphite as to be readily mistaken for it; but when rubbed on paper it leaves a streak which, though much like the mark of a lead-pencil, has a slightly greenish tint, and is sufficiently distinct to serve as a means of discriminating between the two substances.

Lead-pencils have become objects of such importance that the finest qualities of graphite, suitable for their manufacture, have considerable commercial value. The only locality in England which has ever yielded pencil-lead in sufficient quantity to be worked is at Borrowdale, near Keswick, in the Lake District of Cumberland. According to tradition, the deposits were accidentally discovered after a great storm, which overturned an ash-tree and laid bare the shining mineral at its roots. Though it is not known when the mineral was first worked, it was undoubtedly a substance of value at least two centuries and a half ago; for James I., in a grant of the manor of Borrowdale, includes "the Wad Holes and Wad, commonly called black cawke." The word *wad* is a local name for black-lead, but it should be explained that by miners elsewhere the term is now used to designate an ore of manganese; it will also be observed that the graphite is called, in the extract from the grant "cawke," a term which is now usually given to the rougher kinds of barytes.

At Borrowdale the graphite occurs in regular masses called "sops," and in pipes and strings which branch out or die away with tantalizing uncertainty. Wad-mining has therefore always been a very hazardous adventure, and men have often been known to work for many years without lighting upon a large and rich nest of the mineral. One of the grandest prizes that ever fell to the lot of the Keswick miner was a large mass of choice graphite discovered in the early part of this century, yielding about 70,000 pounds of the mineral, and worth upward of £100,000 sterling. A section of the workings at the Wad Mine is given on page 509.

Graphite is found in various parts of the United States.

Dixon's Mine, Graphite Mountain, Ticonderoga; Mansell's Black-lead Mine, near Attleboro, Pa.; at Sturbridge, and other places in Massachusetts; Amity and Rossie, N. Y. The Graphite Mine at Ticonderoga has been worked for more than half a century.

employ highly refractory vessels for the purpose of melting metals. Fire-clay is, of course, the material which forms the staple of these melting-pots, but it is found that they are greatly improved by mixing with the clay a quantity of finely-divided plumbago. At first



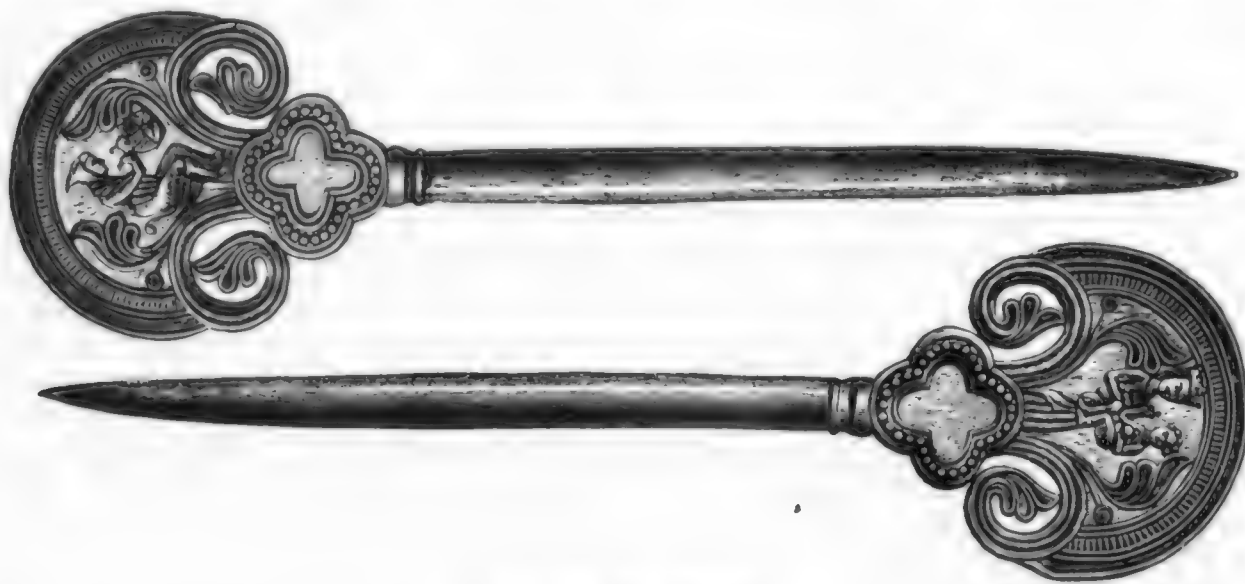
THE GRAPHITE MOUNTAIN AT TICONDEROGA, N. Y.

Coarse graphite, too gritty to be sawn into pieces for the pencil-maker, is often crushed to a fine powder, purified, and re-cemented into a solid block by means of hydraulic pressure. Various foreign bodies—such as sulphur and antimony-ore—may be mixed with the black-lead, since they help to produce a black mark upon paper, but the mark so made is not readily erased with india-rubber.

As it is believed that the deposits of Cumberland graphite are virtually exhausted, recourse has been had to a variety of other localities where the mineral is known to exist, yet it has rarely been found of such high quality as to equal the Keswick wad.

Some years ago, some singularly fine specimens were obtained from Siberia by M. Alibert, a Frenchman, but the geographical position of the deposits unfortunately

sight it may seem strange that a combustible substance like graphite can be used with advantage in the composition of vessels which are exposed to very high temperatures. Practically, however, the black-lead in a well-made crucible is so thoroughly kneaded with the clay that each particle appears to be protected, by a coating of clay, from direct contact with the atmosphere; and of course without air, or some other oxygen-supplying medium, it is impossible for even the most combustible body to burn. Curiously enough, the chemist finds that the Ceylon graphite is really much purer than the Cumberland lead, yet it forms so indifferent a material for pencils that it is consigned to the crucible-maker. The Ticonderoga graphite is adapted for either purpose, crucibles having been made in 1827. Hence we may infer that the exceptional value of the Keswick lead for pencil-



OLD-TIME LEAD PENCILS.

prevented the development of mining operations. A large quantity of graphite reaches this country from Ceylon, but though of great purity, it is used chiefly for the manufacture of crucibles.

In various metallurgical operations, it is necessary to

making depends upon its softness and other physical properties rather than upon its being a chemically-pure form of carbon.

It is to be regretted that the conditions under which graphite occurs in Cumberland have not served to throw

much light upon the probable mode in which the mineral has been formed. At Borrowdale it occurs in association with certain igneous rocks, known to geologists as diorite and diabase—an association which has led, perhaps rashly, to the inference that a high temperature must

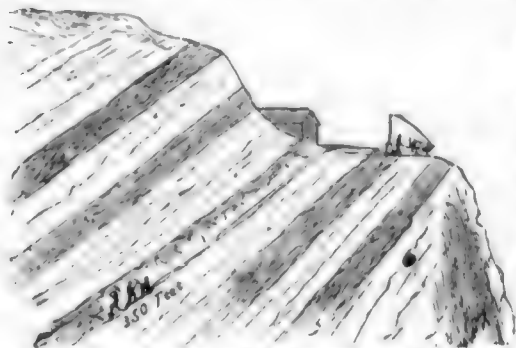


DIAGRAM OF GRAPHITE MINE.

needs have prevailed at the moment of its birth. Such a conclusion is supposed to receive some support from the fact that crystalline graphite is occasionally produced artificially in the process of iron-smelting. Cast-iron is capable of dissolving carbon, and if the molten metal has taken up more than it can retain when cold, the excess of carbon separates on the solidification of the iron, in the form of crystalline scales of graphite, which are known to the workmen under the curious name of *kish*. In spite of the suggestive resemblance of *kish* to natural graphite, it is difficult to believe that the origin of the furnace-product throws much light upon that of the mineral.

Another argument in favor of the production of graphite at an elevated temperature has been drawn from what takes place in the manufacture of ordinary illuminating gas. During the distillation of the coal, a deposit of dense carbonaceous matter gradually forms as a lining in the interior of the retorts, and from a distant resemblance which this carbon bears to plumbago, it has often been called *gas-graphite*. Such a deposit is formed by the decomposition of some of the hydro-carbonaceous vapors on contact with the hot walls of the retort; whence it has been assumed that if similar vapors were naturally formed within the earth, and were decomposed by coming in contact with the heated sides of a volcanic fissure, they would produce a substance identical with black-lead.

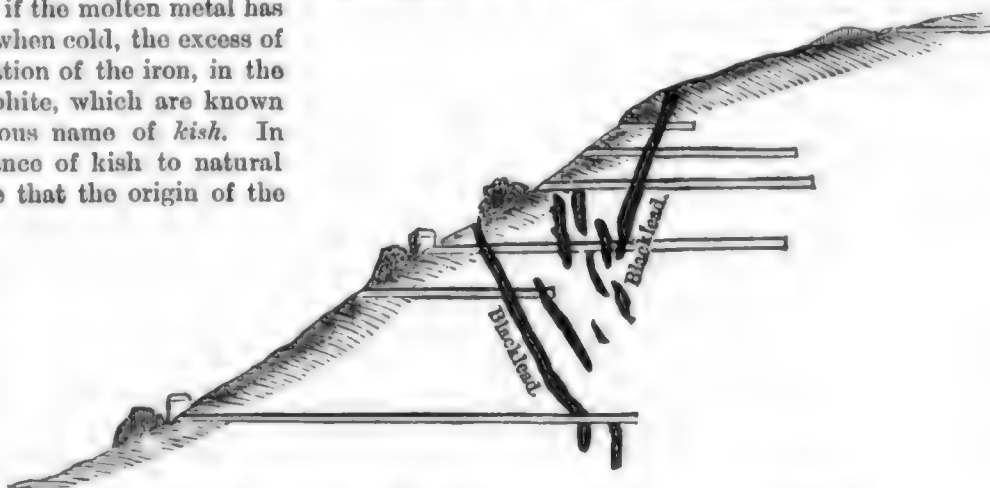
By other chemists, again, it has been suggested, on the ground of experiments made in the laboratory, that cer-

are, is likely to scatter much light upon our path in seeking the actual conditions which have obtained in nature during the formation of the mineral. Indeed, the frequent occurrence of graphite in limestones, as in Canada, points in quite an opposite direction. For it appears to be chemically impossible that the free carbon and the carbonate of lime, or limestone, could exist in association at an elevated temperature without decomposition.

A more hopeful quarter from which light may fairly be expected is to be found in those chemical phenomena

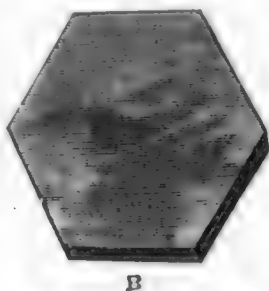
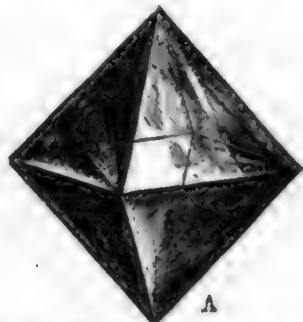


PLUMBAGO CRUCIBLE.



SECTION OF THE BLACK-LEAD MINE AT BORROWDALE, IN CUMBERLAND.

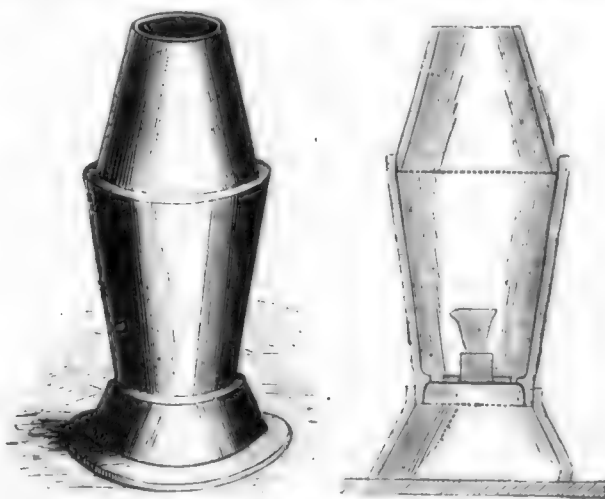
by which vegetable matter has been converted into carbonaceous substances, such as coal. Anthracite, as already explained, is a variety of coal consisting almost wholly of carbon, and it seems reasonable to suppose that if the process by which the anthracite has been formed from ordinary coal—whatever that process may have been—could be carried a stage further, it might yield a yet purer form of carbon, such as we find in graphite. It has occasionally been observed that a dike of igneous rock cutting through a seam of coal has so altered the material in its neighborhood as to produce a substance not unlike graphite. Although the exact mode of formation of black-lead is an enigma which has not



A, An Octahedral Crystal of Diamond; B, A Six-sided Scale of Graphite.

DIMORPHOUS FORMS OF NATIVE CARBON.

tain organic compounds, called cyanides, would certainly yield graphitic carbon if decomposed, under proper conditions, at a high temperature. It may be doubted, however, whether any of these suggestions, ingenious as they



AIKIN'S BLACK-LEAD FURNACE FOR CHEMIST'S USE.

yet been satisfactorily solved, there is nevertheless a strong belief among chemical geologists that in many cases it must represent one of the final terms in the carbonization of vegetable matter.

But if we admit an organic origin for graphite, what are we to say when the mineralogist declares that he has found graphite in meteoric bodies? Startling as the assertion is, there can be no question that a form of free carbon, closely resembling a piece of black-lead, is not unfrequently found as a constituent of meteorites. Admit that our terrestrial graphite is an altered product of vegetable life, and you are almost driven to conclude that the meteoric graphite represents the alteration of celestial organic matter. Can it be possible that in looking at a piece of meteoric graphite you have before you a relic of the vegetable life of another world? The idea is fascinating—so fascinating that it seems a pity it should be cruelly dashed to pieces by the chemist. Yet, to tell the truth, M. Daubrée, a great authority on the chemistry of meteorites, has exactly imitated this meteoric graphite by decomposing the vapor of bisulphide of carbon with metallic iron at a high temperature; and there are strong reasons for believing that we have here a rational explanation of the origin of the meteoric mineral.

Still, it is by no means certain that an experiment made in the laboratory, and yielding a certain result, must needs be identical with the means used in the great laboratory of nature for attaining the same end. Nature is wealthy in resource, and it is likely—nay, certain—that more operations than one have in many cases been brought into play to produce a particular kind of mineral; the same point has been reached by several paths. Possibly, therefore, the graphite from the igneous rocks of Cumberland, and the graphite from the Laurentian limestones of Canada, may have been formed by totally different processes; while the genesis of the meteoric graphite may have been altogether different from either of the others. After all the experiments which have been made in the laboratory, after all the books which have been written on chemical geology, we are bound to confess with frank humanity that neither chemist nor physicist, neither geologist nor mineralogist, has yet succeeded perfectly in laying bare the secret workings of nature in giving birth to some of our commonest minerals. As to the origin of a piece of black-lead, it is certain that upon that subject "Science" has not yet said anything like its last word.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A WRITER in the *New York Commercial Advertiser* relates some experiments made by him with petroleum as a lubricant upon a sewing-machine and a lawn-mower. At first the machines worked beautifully, but after a time they came to a full stop. He says: "Here was a dilemma; the linen-lawn dress could not be made, and the garden-lawn could not be mowed. Both the refractory machines were at once sent to the machine-shop. When they were taken apart it was discovered that the constant use of petroleum had caused a mineral glaze to form upon the metal, preventing the action of the parts. Careful filing and polishing restored the running powers, and this advice was given by the machinist: 'Clean machines with petroleum, but be careful to wipe off every particle of the oil with a cloth and then apply machine or sperm oil.' Petroleum will remove denser oils and is itself easily removed. For protecting metal from rust it is admirable, but it must not be used where there is friction."

THE Geologists of Pennsylvania are busy in studying the geology of natural gas. The burden of evidence seems to favor the proposition that in the Ohio Valley, from the Kanawha to Lake Erie, gas-wells need be looked for almost alone along the anticlinal axes, in accordance with the theory that the volatile gas, seeking the highest levels, accumulates mainly, if not wholly, in those rock chambers which lie highest in the folded strata—under the roofs of the geologic domes and ridges.

NO MORE interesting and novel facts are brought out in the tardily published results of the great *Challenger* Exploring Expedition than those which relate to the fishes of the deep sea—that is, those dredged from a depth of from 1,800 to 3,000 fathoms. The bones and ligaments of all of these (which outwardly present great diversity) are very soft, and the muscles loosely connected with each other. "This is partly due to the expansion which they undergo in being raised quickly from regions where the water permeating all their bodies is under immense pressure; but the tissues must be loose to admit of such permeation, or they would be crushed and ruined under a weight which shivers solid glass to powder. "Many of these fishes are blind, or have only rudimentary eyes, of little, if any, service; many have phosphorescent organs, or secrete phosphorescent slime; others have distensible stomachs and wide mouths, so that they are actually able to engulf fishes larger than themselves—before dinner.

AN English electrical journal describes how bars of file-tempered steel may be strongly magnetized and great permanency obtained. An old file, for example, is placed in a coil of moderately-sized wire, with one end resting against a block of iron; one of the wires from a dynamo is connected with one end of the coil-wire; to the other end of the coil-wire is attached a small block of iron, which rests against the free end of the file. The other wire from the dynamo is attached to a good-sized hammer, the face of which is past injury by the spark. It is clear that, when the block to which is attached the coil-wire is struck by the hammer against the end of the file, it gives a shock, while at the same instant the current passes through the coil, which, being instantaneous, will not injure it, even though very powerful. By this plan of combined mechanical and electrical shock the molecules of the hard steel are jarred into position.

IN the preface to their just published work on "Bacteria," the eminent French professors, Cornil and Babes, assure us that bacteriology is now a natural science of sufficient importance and completeness to take its proper place in hygiene, etiology and pathological anatomy, both in the theoretical discussions and in practical applications of these branches of medicine. So far as is possible at this "beginning of wisdom" in respect to bacteria, this book may be regarded as the standard work. Its full title is: "Les Bactéries, et leur rôle dans l'Anatomie et l'Histologie Pathologiques des Maladies Infectieuses." Every disease suspected to be due to micro-organisms, from chicken-cholera to human leprosy, is discussed with care.

A NEW natural bridge has been discovered in this country, which is of great interest, yet unlikely to rob the older-known example in Virginia of any of its glories. This new aspirant for fame as a "natural curiosity" spans a shallow cañon in Arizona, about twenty miles from where the Atlantic and Pacific Railway crosses the boundary between Arizona and New Mexico. The little cañon has been cut through a soft red sandstone; but at this point a layer of tough, gritty rock above resisted decay along a transverse ridge until the water had worn a passage underneath. There was left a level span, resembling a cantilever, rather than arch, which is 65 feet long, about 15 feet wide, and about 50 feet above the stream.

A THIRD society (at Chicago) has been added to the societies already existing at Boston and Washington "for psychical research." These societies, following the lead of the English one, are for the scientific investigation of the mysterious phenomena exhibited under the names of "mind-reading," "thought-transference," "clairvoyance," "sleep-walking," the "faith cure," "magnetic healing," and the like. They discuss all the pretensions of Spiritualism, the reputation of haunted houses and ghosts, and the physical conditions which accompany these facts or fancies of the mind.

THE Observatory at Nice, France, has recently completed a dome, designed to cover a colossal telescope which is to be supported and turned, not by the ordinary machinery, but by floating it in a bath of water which surrounds the dome. This system of suspension is said by *Nature* to be so perfect, that, in spite of its great weight, a single person can turn the dome completely around the horizon. How well this device will stand the test of experience remains to be seen. Frost is rare at Nice, but to guard against a possible freezing the water will be saturated with salt.

THE Japanese, after long reluctance, have adopted a patent law, compiled from the patent laws of America and Europe, but differing in peculiarity that no article not manufactured in Japan can acquire the benefit of the law. This allows a Japanese to "pirate" any foreign invention the owner of which does not set up a factory in the Empire.

THE Cooper Union having more applications than it can cover, because of lack of room and money for further educational scientific work, the Cooper heirs propose to add \$100,000 to the bequest of \$100,000; and the trustees hope that other benevolent persons will soon increase the endowment to \$1,000,000.

DR. C. HART MERRIAM, a prominent member of the American Ornithologists' Union, has been appointed by the Commissioner of Agriculture a special agent to investigate exhaustively the relation of birds to agriculture.

ENGLISHMEN are delighted to find that the Alpine edelweiss is easily grown in their gardens, taking readily to all sorts of soils and situations.

THE most highly-prized clam of the Pacific Coast (the *Tapes claminea*) has been introduced to Atlantic waters by the United States Fish Commission, which has brought about 800 (all that survived the journey out of 5,000), and planted them at Wood's Hole, Mass. They seemed to take well to their new home, but whether they will survive the shock of the journey, and live and breed there, remains to be shown. Our Eastern hard clam or quahaug (*Venus mercenaria*) was long ago sent to San Francisco Bay and successfully acclimated, while the Atlantic soft clam (*Mya*) accidentally planted there with consignments of small oysters, has increased so rapidly that they are as abundant on the shores of San Francisco as of Boston Bay.

EXPERIMENTS made under the direction of the administration of the Dutch State railways with various paints on iron plates are reported to have proved that the red lead paints resist atmospheric influences much better than those of brown-red and iron oxides. The red lead paints adhered closer to the metal, and possessed greater elasticity than the others. It was also found that better results were attained if before the paints were applied the plates were pickled, instead of being merely scraped and brushed. The test-plates were pickled in muriatic acid, washed with water, thoroughly dried, and, while warm, carefully oiled.

MM. CROVA AND GARBE claim to have discovered a means of determining and automatically recording the exact amount of energy stored in electric accumulators and so regulating the discharge as to be able to ascertain the quantity still held in reserve at any given moment. The machines used in their experiments were of the Planté storage type as modified by Faure.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

If you visit a young woman, and you are won, and she is won, you will both be one.

A CURIOUS fact is natural history—That so many fishes frequently go in seine.

A YOUNG man wanted to teach school, but couldn't tell horizontal from perpendicular, and when asked what "circular" was, said it was a fur-lined cloak.

"I do think that thirteen is really an unlucky number," said a pert young miss, who had just entered her teens; "it is too old for dolls and too young for beaux!"

"Isn't my photograph excellent?" said a young wife to her husband. "Well, my dear," replied he, "I fancy there's a little too much repose about the mouth for it to be quite natural."

At a party a gentleman passed a branch of thyme to a young lady, his sweetheart, in the presence of her mother and all the guests, which she refused, and said, "It is not time I want, but opportunity."

"I SAY, papa, heard the news?" "No, my boy. What is it?" "Why, they aren't goin' to have the lamp-posts any longer!" "I am surprised! What is the reason?" "Why, they're long enough now!"

A WITTY deacon put it thus: "Now, brethren, let us get up a supper and eat ourselves rich. Buy your food, then give it to the church, then go and buy it back again, then eat it up, and your church-debt is paid."

A POOR fellow, on being asked what was the nature of his distresses, replied "that he had five *outs* and one *in*; to wit, *out* of money and *out* of clothes; *out* at the heels and *out* at the toes; *out* of credit and *in* debt."

"WELL, how are you to-day?" asked the doctor. "My rheumatism has gone. I rubbed my knee well with your lotion," replied the patient. "Your knee? But you said it was your arm." "Yes, but the exercise cured me."

"Is THAT about the right length, sir?" asked the skillful barber, as he finished cutting his customer's hair. "I like the sides and back," was the response, "but I wish you would make it a little longer on the top."

A GIRL who married an old miser for his wealth, but pretended that she married him only for love, was surprised, when she asked him for some money for the first time, at his replying: "True love, darling, seeks no change."

ARITHMETIC, in former days, said, "One and one make two": But now we have advanced so far that that style will not do. And blushing bride and happy groom, whose lonely lives are done, Say, with the parson's full consent, that "one and one make one."

WHEN Sir John Douglas, who was a great favorite with the populace was contesting Glasgow, a dog began to bark at one of his meetings. A voice in the crowd shouted out, "Hey, Jock, is that your dog?" To which came the witty rejoinder, which set the assembly in a roar, "No, sir; I'm dog-less!" In another contest, a certain member, being asked by one of the "black squad" as to what taxes he would take off, settled his questioner to the great amusement of the audience, by declaring, "There is one tax I intend to take off for your special benefit, and that is the soap-tax!"

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

"It's a great comfort to be left alone," said an Irish lover, "especially when your sweetheart is wid ye."

WHEN the architect spoke of the great nave there was to be in the new church, a pious old lady said she "knew to whom he referred."

"Isn't it strange," remarked a lady, "that the Miss Smiths are so gross?" "Not at all," was the reply; "their father was a grocer."

"THAT artist is a friend of yours, is he not?" "Well, yes; he used to be, but one day he was fool enough to ask me how I liked his pictures, and I was fool enough to tell him."

"Who was the first man?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her prodigy. "Adam." "And who was the first woman?" He hesitated a moment, and then shouted, "Madam."

"STEEL your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls. I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

"NO ONE would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman to a dandy who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they cannot see your ours."

A POLITICAL orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, said that on the battlefield he was always found where the bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of the auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon," said another.

"HER eyes," remarked the proof-reader, "are her strongest attraction. They draw your attention and admiration in spite of yourself." "Ah, yes," replied the cashier, "a kind of a sight draft, as you might say."

"SIR," said an exasperated Irish judge to a witness who refused to answer the questions put to him—"Sir, this is a contempt of court." "I know it, my lord, but I was endeavoring to conceal it," was the irresistible reply.

"SO you are married at last, Charlie. I hear that your wife is a very energetic woman, and keeps things stirred up. Of course you married her for love?" "No," said the husband, bracing up, "I married her to cure my dyspepsia."

"DOCTOR, I came to see you about my younger brother." "What is the matter with him?" "One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?" "I am afraid I should limp, too."

A BOASTER in a hotel was telling of the many parts of the world he had visited. A fellow at his elbow asked: "Have you ever been in Algebra?" "Oh, yes," said the boaster. "I passed through it on the top of a coach about a year ago."

THEODORE HOOK once dined with a Mr. Hatchet. "Ah, my dear fellow," said he, deprecatingly, "I am sorry to say that you will not get to-day such a dinner as our old friend Tom Moore gave us." "Certainly not," replied Hook; "from a Hatchet we can get nothing but a chop."

THE mayor of a certain city was one day questioning the boys at a school for the poor, and he asked them, "What are the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?" He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last a little boy near the bottom said, "I know, sir. The mayor and corporation going to church, sir!"

HE BOILED IT DOWN.—At the close of the war with Mexico a prize was offered by an institute in one of the rising settlements in the Far West for an essay on the war. The successful essayist certainly deserves praise for the brevity of his production, which was as follows: "Chapter I. Cause of the war—Texas. Chapter II. Result of the war—Taxes."

THE editor of a Western paper thus plunges into personal journalism: "We dislike very much to speak about such a matter, but feel we must. We are the owner of two umbrellas, but were unfortunate enough to loan both a short time ago, since which time it has rained most of the time. Will the parties who have them please return them to us?"

"WHAT would you like for dinner to-night, dear?" asked a young wife, affectionately, as her husband was leaving for his office. "H'm! let me see—" he mused. "How would sweetbreads do? I am very fond of them. We used often to have them at home, and they were delicious." "That will be just lovely!" said the young wife, enthusiastically; "and I will go round to the baker's and order them myself!"

THE Germans would seem to have set their affections upon the Irish bull. Here are some specimens: "After the door closed," writes a novelist, "a soft female foot slipped into the room, and with her own hand extinguished the taper." "The chariot of revolution," says a Berlin journalist, "is rolling and gnashing its teeth as it rolls." "The Ladies' Benefit Association," notes a reporter, "has distributed twenty pairs of shoes among the poor, which will dry up many a tear." "I was sitting," writes another novelist, "at the table, enjoying a cup of coffee, when a gentle voice tapped me on the shoulder. I looked round and saw my old friend again."



FLORA.—FROM A PAINTING BY EISMANN SEMENOWSKY.

